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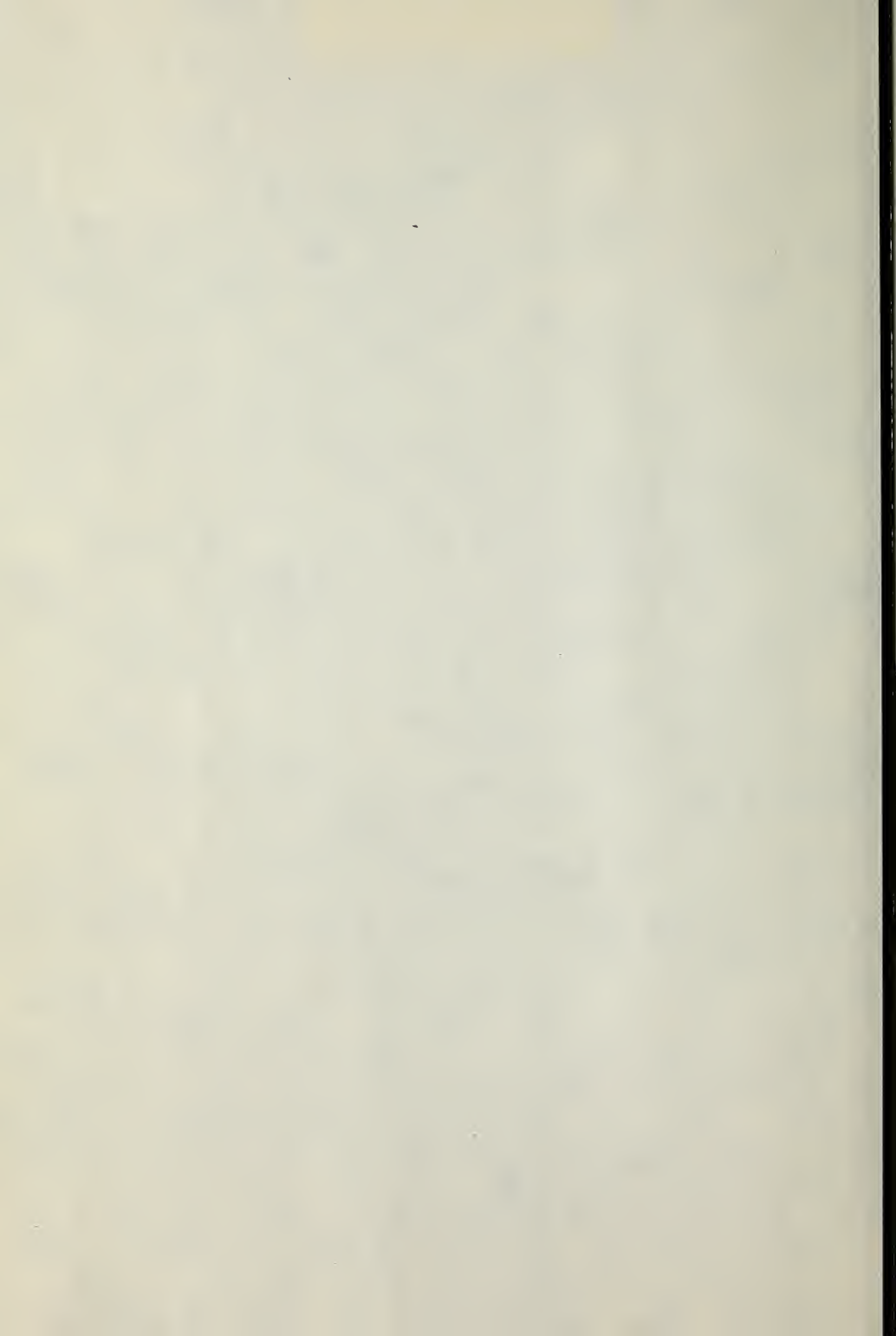
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THE
KITTOCHTINNY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

ORGANIZED, FEBRUARY 3, 1898.



PAPERS READ BEFORE THE SOCIETY FROM MARCH, 1905, —
TO FEBRUARY, 1908.

With Appendix, Containing Report of Proceedings Commemorating
the Tenth Anniversary of the Society, February 25, 1908.

ARRANGED BY THE SECRETARY AND EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

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In Memoriam.

Captain John H. Walker, December 16, 1900.
Rev. James F. Kennedy, D. D., September 6, 1901.
B. Latrobe Maurer, Secretary, July 1, 1902.
John M. Cooper, Esq., December 4, 1903.
Capt. W. H. H. Mackey, January 4, 1904.
F. H. Shumaker, Treasurer, February 28, 1904.
Thomas B. Kennedy, Esq., June 19, 1905.
James W. Cree, Secretary, November 12, 1906.
Gen. J. F. Boyd, March 23, 1907.
Rev. J. Agnew Crawford, D. D., Sept. 19, 1907.



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ELECTED 1906.

O. C. BOWERS, Esq.

ELECTED 1907.

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EARLY HIGHWAYS.

I

BY JOHN G. ORR, ESQ.

THE THREE MOUNTAIN ROAD.

[ONE]

Centuries of observation have taught man that countless paths stretch through space for the convenience of innumerable worlds that move with inconceivable velocity, yet, with perfect safety and with such quiet that "there is no voice nor language their speech is not heard." He has learned that our world travels on a way of its own in its annual journey around the sun, bringing the constant fulfilling of the promise "while the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease." These are the ways that Jehovah hath made for the moving of His creations and they continue in use only at His pleasure. As we look upward on any clear night we behold the Milky Way, which seems to encircle the universe with its myriads of worlds, so far away that even the power of the greatest telescope can discern no more than a mere thread of light. This is a path of God's creation that we may admire with awe but can neither fathom nor understand.

In all his history man has had an undying desire to enlarge his knowledge of the world, partly for pleasure, partly for his enrichment and then subdue it for his own power and glory. This desire which had its birth in the cradle of the human race has led him on and on and on until he has passed around the world and explored its remotest corners and in his wake follows his civilization.

A paper read at the postponed March meeting of this Society, held April 6, 1906, at the residence of Irvin C. Elder, Esq.
The regular April meeting was omitted.

As this pioneer goes forth he starts the path that guides his return and opens a way for those who follow. He blazes a way through the forests, leaves his track on the plains, or makes his way over hills and mountains. These paths may grow in importance and develop into better ways as they stretch from place to place. In time they become great highways over which passes the commerce of a country. These are his "ways" that need develops and use makes permanent until they traverse a county, a state, a country, and a continent. A knowledge of the development and gradual growth of a path in a new settlement into a public highway would be of historical value and use in helping to mark the settlement, growth, progress and improvement of the communities through which it passed. The path or trail of our country around which clusters the greatest interest is the one across the plains from the Missouri to the Pacific. Along it were enacted terrible tragedies that speak of the inhumanity of man, along this trail marked by blood, great sorrows whose story touches our hearts had their birth and untold suffering was endured. It grew into a post road and pony express over which the riders carried the letters nineteen hundred miles in eight days making fifty miles without a stop. This great trail was the forerunner of the Union Pacific railway, which has changed the transportation of the far east.

Washington Irving in Deidrich Knickerbocker, writing of the early beginning of New York, says: "The sage council as has been mentioned in a previous chapter not being able to determine any plans for the building of their city, the cows in a laudable fit of enterprise took it under their peculiar charge, and as they went to and fro from pasture established paths through the bushes on each side of which the people built their houses which is a cause for the rambling and picturesque turns and labyrinths which distinguishes certain streets of New York at this day."

Until steam revolutionized the industries of the world, commerce between nations and the marts of trade was largely carried over the roads and highways. Travel for business and pleasure was along these ways. The armies of invading conquest and those of defence advanced or retreated over

them, as the the fortunes of war favored. Ways for convenience have been opened as needed since the world began, and frequent mention is made of them in history, sacred and profane. Many of these ways for lack of need have disappeared from the face of the earth. Some lie buried so deep under the dust of centuries that there is neither trace of their beginnings or endings, and many over which generations after generations have journeyed in quest of pleasure, in search of wealth or in pursuit of ambition are yet in use as highways.

The earliest roads of which we have accurate knowledge are the Roman roads built over two thousand years ago, the most noted of which was the Appian way. They were remarkable for keeping a straight line regardless of obstacles that could have been avoided. The solidity of their construction has never been excelled and many of their foundations are now in use. These give evidence of the good methods of road making, in the days before the Christian era, and would make profitable models for the roadmakers of today. Over these roads marched the Roman legions as they went out to the farthest confines of the great empire or returned with banners flushed with victory, whose victors were to be crowned with laurels amid the plaudits of an admiring populace. Then all roads led to Rome.

THE PIONEER ROADMAKER.

It is of interest to know that the art and wisdom of good roadmaking was introduced into Britain by the Romans, and after their departure good roads gradually disappeared until there were none left. For a period of one thousand years after there were no good roads in that country because there was no need of them. There was no intercourse between distant parts of the country, therefore no trade. The pathways through the forest or across the moors were sufficient for all purposes. As late as 1735, about the time of the first agitation for a road through our own valley, George the Third and Queen Catharine were a whole night in going from Kew to London, a distance of less than ten miles. We read of a foreign prince who later on his way up to London from Portsmouth was fourteen hours at a stretch

unable to leave his carriage or get anything to eat because he stuck in the roads. In 1750 the Duke of Somerset on his way to London sent his servant on before him to give notice that persons having knowledge of the holes and sloughs along the way should meet him with lanterns and poles to help him on his way.

The first professional roadmaker in the history of English highways was one without experience when he took his first contract and blind from childhood. This pioneer roadmaker was John Metcalf—"Blind Jack of Knaresborough." It had been determined in 1765 to make a good substantial road between Minskip and Farnsby, and Metcalf put in a tender for three miles. He knew nothing about it, but he had proved himself in other ways a clever, enterprising man, and as there was nobody to be had who understood the business any better than he did, he got the contract. He made his own surveys and superintended the work personally, and, notwithstanding his blindness, made a good job of it. He was road making and bridge building for thirty years, and seems unquestionably entitled to be regarded as the pioneer of English roadmaking. It was not until fifty years after he began that Telford and Macadam were heard of in this connection. He led the way, and actually carried a road across a bog in almost precisely the manner in which Stevenson afterward carried his railway across Chat Moss. Blind Jack of Knaresborough led the way, and then the development of a splendid coaching system made an imperative demand for good main roads and called forth the men for the work. Macadam did not appear in the business till 1815. He brought roadmaking to the highest point of perfection just in time to see the whole coaching system superseded by railways and between 20,000 and 30,000 miles of turnpike apparently rendered useless, almost as obsolete as the old bridle paths had been by the introduction of coaches.

THE QUESTION OF GOOD ROADS.

The question of good roads is one of long discussion and agitation and often acted upon by both public and private interests. The steam railway and trolley lines that transport

with comfort, convenience and celerity, seem to have aided in the making of better highways, and the question of good roads is receiving greater attention from the public each year. The Legislature of our own State has enacted numerous laws on this subject of general interest but often without the desirable results anticipated. We are now experimenting with its latest law, and it is to be hoped that it will be given a fair trial. It is gratifying to learn that citizens of Greene and Metal townships are moving in the direction of good roads and thus learn from experience whether this law will bring what they so much need. Much has been said in this county against the law and this first experiment will be an object lesson for or against the utility of the law.

Many of our roads have been open for over a century and have been subject to repair year after year and yet there are some the traveler would be glad to avoid. Our State roads in the summer and autumn are charming, pleasant and picturesque, but the departing frosts of winter dissipate these pleasures of a journey while we give vent to our views of roadmaking in abuse of the officials whom we hold responsible for their condition. The winter of '76 and '77 was a very mild one; no freezing weather from November to March, and the new year of '77 opening with a day of warm sunshine, with open doors and windows and people enjoying the open air as if it were a day in May. These good roads of summer were "knee-deep" in mud and a drive of five miles consumed almost two hours of time. In portions of the state of Illinois residents of the country were unable to get away from their homes, owing to the depth of the mud.

NOTED COUNTY ROADS.

My first purpose in the preparation of this paper was to make it a sketch of the early roads of the northern end of Franklin county. I found this could not be satisfactorily done in one article, and I have therefore made this introductory to any that may follow. I have taken for this paper the road originally laid out from Shippensburg to Fort Littleton, and long familiar as the Three Mountain Road. Later it was extended to Pittsburgh, which city it now enters as Penn avenue, passing through East Liberty to near the site where

the Pennsylvania railroad Station now stands. There are a number of matters on which I might touch. Such as the Indian incursions with their massacres, early residents among whom was Col. McCalmont, noted as an Indian fighter and having a reputation as a civilian; the passage of the United States troops in 1794 to quell the whiskey insurrection; the journey of General Washington on his return from Bedford to Philadelphia; taverns which were "as thick as fiddlers in hell" in the early days of the last century; transportation by wagons, stage lines from Chambersburg to Mt. Union by way of Strasburg and Burnt Cabins; establishment of post offices; erection of bridges; clearing of the forests; migration westward to Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Iowa, and others of equal interest. But these can come later, and I shall therefore devote this paper in the main to the transportation of stock to the eastern markets prior to the using of railways for that purpose.

The most noted roads in our county are the turnpikes leading from Philadelphia and Baltimore westward to Pittsburgh, and were long locally known as the Pittsburgh pike and the Baltimore pike. The travel over the Pittsburgh pike, from 1830 to 1834, is ascertained from a report of Henry R. F. McWertz, keeper of the North Mountain gate, west of Fort Loudon. It is as follows for the year 1834:

Broad wheeled wagons,	6,359
Narrow wheels,	374
Single horse,	1,243
Carriages,	107
Two horse wagons,	779
Gigs,	18
Riding horses,	2,817
Draft horses,	42,330
Heads of cattle,	6,457
Heads of sheep,	2,852
Hogs,	40
Carts,	60
Total,	63,437

The National road through Maryland was intended to reach the farther west. On the old school maps will be found the line as proposed extending through Ohio and In-

diana to Illinois. But new methods of transportation changed this need of a great national road and it was never completed. The Boulevards of our large cities are our latest efforts in good road making, and they are the great pleasure drives of these places.

One cannot touch on the roads of this valley of the eighteenth century without recurring to the Harris Ferry Road, sometimes called the Great Road and "The Big Road" that stretches from the Susquehanna to the Potomac. When the settlers came into the valley in 1730 they followed the Indian paths along which were made their settlements, and from it began the occupation of the western side of the valley. Frequent mention is made of this road, and much of it is repetition, but most of these allusions bring new facts, and information is steadily added. The constantly increasing population made it not only important but necessary that better ways be opened for communication and transportation, and we find as early as 1735 citizens of this valley made petition to the courts of Lancaster county, of which this valley was then a part, for a public highway "from John Harris Ferry towards the Potomac." Its starting point was Harris Ferry and its ending the mouth of the Conococheague. The court in answer to the petitioners appointed six viewers and they made a report of the location of the road. Objections were made as to its course and the Court again appointed viewers. Their report was substantially the same and in May, 1744, was confirmed and the road ordered to be opened.

With some of the early roads that led for a long distance between important points there is tradition that they followed Indian trails, but tradition is often in error. How many of these roads followed the trails of the Indian can only be definitely determined by careful search of early deeds and other records that give information of the owners of the lands through which they passed. Doubtless some of them were Indian trails and the road known as the Fort Loudon road was one of them. The Indian trail that led out of this valley developed into a bridle path for the white settlers local uses and for his way to the county seat at Shippensburg and points further east. Later it became the Military road over

which General Braddock was to receive supplies for his army, it then became known as the Old Fort Loudon road. Governor Morris, under date of February 28, 1755, writes from Philadelphia to Sir John St. Clair: "There is an open road from this town to the mouth of the Conococheague which I am told is a very good one by which any quantity of provisions may be carried and along which the northern forces may march and join the Europeans at Winchester with only crossing three small ferries, but there is no wagon road from Carlisle west through the mountains, only a horse path by which the Indian traders used to carry their goods and skins to and from the Ohio while that trade remained open." Some of the old maps show a road from the top of the hill west of Shippensburg passing westward through the lands contiguous to Culbertsons Row. This road is now discernible on the Lininger farm, owned by Dr. Maclay; the Aleck McCune farm, Oberholtzer, and Michael Harglerode farms, through the Stouffer farm and Bishop farms, passing near Salem church in Hamilton township. Passing near Rocky Spring Church it runs through Cheesetown; then farther on it crosses Dennis creek, and passing north of St. Thomas it reaches Fort Loudon. It was built in 1765. This has long been known as the Old Loudon Road, and most likely was the path that led westward from Shippensburg to Fort Loudon, where in later years it was intersected by what was the Forbes road and now the turnpike.

That portion of the valley west of Shippensburg through which the State or Three Mountain road passes had in it many settlements before 1750. It was well covered with forests which the settlers were slowly clearing. The only places west of Shippensburg that could lay claim to villages were Fort Loudon and what was a few years later christened Chambersburg. The trading point of this section was Shippensburg and from necessity there must have been paths or roads of some kind leading to it. In 1754 the settlers fleeing from the savages to the protection of the forts at Shippensburg and Carlisle had something more than the pathless forests to guide them. We find from the public records of

Cumberland county that before 1771 there was a road that crossed Herron's fording, one mile east of Orrstown.

A CUT OFF TO THE NEW WEST.

As the pioneer strengthened his defences and increased protection was given, the incursions of the Indians were less frequent and less formidable. Emigration westward steadily increased and as the country west of the Alleghenies was growing in population there was need of better and shorter communication between the west and the east to give better markets for the products and sale for the manufactures of the east. The older settled part of the State quickly saw the advantages to be gained by such roads and began the agitation of a shorter way to this promising field. This took definite shape when at the January sessions of the Cumberland county court in 1771, "upon petition of sundry inhabitants of Lurgan and Letterkenny townships and others of the county of Cumberland setting forth that the want of a public road from the west end of the town of Shippensburg to Cissna's gap, and from thence across the mountains to intersect the Great road leading to Fort Pitt near the Burnt Cabins or Fort Littleton is of great inconvenience to the petitioners and the public in general who have occasion to travel in the extensive new country to the west, and that they conceive such a road will be the nearest and best way of any now in use or that may be made to that part of the country and praying the court to appoint proper persons to view and lay out a road from the west end of Shippensburg aforesaid to Herron's ford where the road now crosses to Cissna's gap by Andrew Naylor's old palace now the property of John Cissna and from thence to lay out a bridle path leading to Fort Pitt." The court appointed John Johnston, Samuel Culbertson, William Young, James Moore, Alexander McConnell, James McCammon to view and lay out the same.

This was the first public road from Shippensburg westward over the mountain and was long known as "The Three Mountain Road." In an article written by the late Dr. William C. Lane, entitled "Strasburg in the Olden Time," and printed December 22, 1874, I take the following: "At this early day

wheeled vehicles were scarcely used and merchandise was carried over the mountains to Western Pennsylvania by pack horses, long strings of which, with their tinkling bells and laden with salt and iron and goods of various kinds were accustomed to pass through Strasburg on their way to their distant destination. A wooden pack saddle was fixed upon the back of the horse, over which were placed bent bars of iron, on the curved ends of which sacks of salt and iron bars and utensils were strapped. Each horse carried about two hundred pounds and many days were spent in crossing the rough country over which they journeyed. It will be remembered some eighty years ago when the western counties of the State were sparsely settled the manufacture of iron and other commodities were yet unknown and that the entire supply of the wants of the people of that section as roads were few and rough and the mountain passes inaccessible for wagons, all goods for the western districts were necessarily carried on the backs of horses. As the road through Strasburg from Baltimore and Philadelphia to the west was the shortest route then traveled and the one that the packers usually selected, the consequence was that in these early days Strasburg was a place of considerable importance. Many pack horses were loaded there with merchandise and salt for Washington county. Salt was then worth \$8.00 per bushel and other articles of trade brought correspondingly high prices."

At the April sessions 1771 the viewers reported there was necessity for the road and have laid it out by courses and distances as follows: "Beginning at the west end of Ship-pensburg west 78 perches which brought it to the top of Cemetery hill, north 74 degrees west 855 perches nearly three miles to the foot of Lee's hill north 40 degrees west 150 perches where it crossed Herron's Branch, south 75 degrees west 310 perches to the point where the 'diamond' of Orrs-town now is, 165 feet short of a mile thence south 54 degrees west 280 perches to Andrew Neill's old place, north 70 degrees 882 perches, south 86 degrees west 285 perches, north 68 degrees west 285 perches, north 68 degrees west 165 perches, south 60 degrees west 9 perches to Cissna's gap. The court

having taken the report into consideration hereupon order and allow that the said road as before described and laid out be to all intents and purposes a public road and highway and the same as such to be opened forthwith 20 feet wide cleared and repaired in pursuance of the act of assembly," etc.

Emigration from this valley to the west of the Alleghenies steadily increased and traffic and travel demanded better facilities. The General Assembly of Pennsylvania answered it by the opening of a State road in 1786. In an article entitled "General Washington in Franklin County," which I read before this Society in 1898, the history of the building of this road is given. Its starting point was Widow Miller's Spring, Cumberland county, passing through Shippensburg. At the west end of Shippensburg it followed in the main the old survey to the top of the mountain, known as Cissna's Gap, and was opened with a width of sixty feet. Dr. Lane in the article quoted from further says: "When the new road built by Skinner was ready for travel, wagons to a great extent superceded pack horses as a mode of transportation, and then the streets of Strasburg were filled with long strings of heavy, broad wheeled wagons, with their teams of splendid draught horses, many of whose necks were surmounted with bearskin housings and rows of jingling bells. Taverns then abounded and nearly every fourth house was a hostelry whose yards were nightly filled with wagons and whose bar-rooms were crowded with noisy and hilarious teamsters. These were lively times for Strasburg and the wild pranks of these rude men are embodied in many a thrilling story. The stores were also numerous and even the citizens of Chambersburg often visited them for the purchase of goods."

The building of the turnpike by way of Ft. Loudon diverted some of the travel and traffic from this road: The turnpike was somewhat longer but it was a better roadbed and the regular teams largely used it, but volunteers largely used the "dirt roads" and the increasing population and growth of the country added to its traffic.

THOROUGHFARE FOR STOCK.

A time of much importance and perhaps the busiest period in its history of almost a century and a quarter, was between the years of 1827 and 1861, covering a period of a generation. During these years cattle, mules, horses, sheep and other stock passed over this highway to Philadelphia and New York markets in large numbers. The feeding of this stock, the boarding of the drovers and other business incidental to the stock traffic, helped to make trade for the taverns and stores and profited the people generally along the road by making a steady home market for all their products. This stock traffic started in 1828 and grew year after year until about 1854 when it reached its largest volume and then increasingly grew less until no "droves" passed over it to market.

I spent the first twenty-five years of my life at Orrstown along this road, and I am therefore familiar with the travel and transportation that passed over it, as well as many of the events that occurred during this period along its route. I readily recall events back to 1844 concerning this community, and will speak partly from my own knowledge, partly from information learned from others equally familiar with these occurrences, and from written records to which I have had access. In 1851 I was a boy of twelve when this road was at its greatest as a thoroughfare, and the stock traffic reached its high water mark. I had no knowledge of the time of the beginning of this driving of stock to the eastern markets when I took up the writing of this paper nor of the pioneers in the business but from a conversation one day with Hon. W. W. Britton of Strasburg I learned about the beginnings of this business which grew into such great volume.

JOHN MURRAY'S HISTORY.

John Murray, a cousin of the late William Britton, of Upper Strasburg, was born on the ocean between Ireland and New York. His parents and uncle settled at Sunbury, Pa., and afterward emigrated to the Western Reserve and acquired several tracts of land in Geauga, now Lake county, Ohio. The home was twenty-nine miles west of Cleveland. Grass grew luxuriantly and Mr. Murray turned his attention to the

raising of cattle. He raised large herds of cattle of excellent quality, bred from stock that the Connecticut people brought with them when they came to Ohio. Red and brindle were the prevailing colors. They were large in size, well formed, active, and well adapted for work oxen.

In the summer of 1828, at a gathering of some kind in his community, Murray met a Pennsylvanian. In their conversation the stranger remarked there was a demand for oxen in Chester county and advised Murray to drive a lot of cattle to the east and make the venture. Murray, after a consultation with his sons, of whom there were six, concluded to try it. When it was told in the neighborhood a number of the neighbors insisted on Murray taking some of their surplus of cattle along to market. They did not insist on his buying but simply to drive them with his own and do the best he could for them. In due time he reached Chester county and found a ready market for his stock and realized much more than he anticipated. He was the pioneer in the droving business in Northeastern Ohio and he and his sons continued in it until 1860. This was the first drove of cattle that ever crossed the "Three Mountain Road," and to John Murray who had the courage to venture belongs the honor of the pioneer in the cattle traffic.

A few years after Murray took his first drove East others took up the business, notably the Warners, Scotts, Powers, Fallertons and others and followed the road as long as they found the business profitable.

A WESTERN STRANGER.

"When William Britton came from Ireland he located in New Brunswick, a province of British America. A few years afterward he came to Pennsylvania in search of his relations. He was told they had located near Sunbury, Northumberland county, where he followed them. The people there told him they had gone "out back" to a place called the 'Western Reserve' in the State of Ohio. Mr. Britton finally decided to take up his residence at Strasburg, which he did in 1826."

The year 1838 was an exceedingly dry one. Vegetation of all kinds was literally burned up. Mr. Britton then lived in

Strasburg, where P. M. Shoemaker now resides. He had a small haystack near the barn. One afternoon in September a stranger came by and asked Britton to sell him the hay, saying he had a drove of cattle on the road that had been poisoned the day before by eating St. Johnswort, and that some of them would probably die and others needed attention. Next morning two large oxen were lying dead and others were too sick to travel. While the hides were being taken off the dead steers Murray spoke of the Western Reserve and Britton asked him if he knew any people there named Hewitt or Murray. He replied:

“Yes, my mother was a Hewitt and I am a son of Herbert Murray and my mother’s brothers live with us. And now what do you know of the Hewitts and Murrays?”

Britton replied:

“My mother is Letitia Hewitt, a sister of your mother. And thus after long years of separation the kinsmen found each other.

THE ROAD TRAVELED.

The cattle intended for Philadelphia, Baltimore and New York markets that passed over this route came into the State by way of Pittsburgh or near by. They were largely from Ohio, but Indiana, Illinois and Kentucky furnished many, and occasionally a drove made the long journey from Texas. They were in good condition for market, in weight from twelve to fifteen hundred pounds and upwards. The Texas cattle were readily recognized because of their larger size and their big horns which sometimes had a spread of three and a half feet. Owing to the long drive they were not in as good condition for market as other cattle and their large range of pasture before starting on the road made them more easily stampeded. The help that looked after these Texan steers rode horseback and carried a lasso with which they were very expert. From Dr. R. W. Ramsey, a member of this Society, I have this incident. Along about 1858 John Ramsey, the Doctor’s father, kept the tavern along this road in Aughwick valley, it having been known as Ramsey’s

tavern for over a half century. One day in the droving season a drove of Texas cattle, one hundred in number, turned in at his place for the night. They were under the charge of the boss, the leader and the driver, but there were on horseback dressed in buckskin, costume Indian in style, well decorated with paint and beads. They attracted the attention of the community and among these interested observers was one Billy Case by name familiarly known as "Dutch Billy." Billy had some doubts as to the lasso outfit and so expressed them. The boss told him to walk away some distance and he would show how it would work. Before Billy had gone thirty feet the lasso was thrown, fell over his head and he was jerked off his pins. He was convinced without further argument or exhibition. One of the cattle became footsore and sick and it was decided to leave it behind but it could not be separated from the drove until the lasso was used, and it was dragged up the nearby hill where later it died.

In searching for information concerning the stock traffic I came across an account in detail of the last Texas steer which was slain after a long and bitter struggle with a Heresford bull. It was a very interesting story and I proposed to make use of it in this paper. Since with this battle passed out the last Texan steer I was desirous of securing a picture of one of these noted but now defunct animals to illustrate this paper. A diligent search found none in this section and I then tried Texas. I wrote a note of inquiry to the Houston Post printed at Houston in which it was printed in this style.

WILL SOME PHOTOGRAPHER WRITE HIM?

To the Editor :

May I ask of you the favor of an answer to this question?

Where can I get a photograph of a Texas steer, the old longhorn one?

I have written a paper on the days when cattle were driven on foot through this State to Philadelphia and New York markets. I want to illustrate it with a cut of a Texas steer. As a newspaper man I am aware that newspapers know almost everything, hence my note to you.

Chambersburg, Penn.

John G. Orr.

A few days after publication I receive a post card from Houston on which was written: "Compliments of a Texan woman who trusts you will disabuse the Northern mind of the idea that Texans have horns." On the face of the card was this printed information:

"Much of the wealth of Texas lies in her long horned steers. The last census showed that ten millions were feeding on the vast Texan ranges. These lands are owned by cattle syndicates as well as private individuals who keep them for the purpose of grazing long horned steers."

On the reverse side is a picture of the Texas steer which helps to illustrate this paper. The detailed account of the passing of the Texas steer seems from this to have been a myth.

The cattle were kept as much as possible off the turnpike for two reasons, namely, because of the saving of toll, and on account of it being easier on the feet of the stock to use the dirt roads. The droves did not always keep the main thoroughfare but branched off from it on account of pasturage. They crossed the mountains at various points through McConnellsburg, Cove Gap and other places. But the larger part of them came across the mountains by Fort Littleton, Burnt Cabins, Fannettsburg, Horse Valley, passing into the Cumberland Valley at Strasburg, thence to Pleasant Hall, Orrstown, Shippensburg, Leesburg, &c., to Harrisburg, fording the river in low water, and using the bridge at other times. The journey began in early spring time, as soon as the roads were in condition for travel, and the first drove passed eastward in March and they came in increasing numbers until the height was reached in mid-summer. Then came a gradual decrease until the approach of winter, when there was quietness in this traffic until the returning spring. The cattle buyer made his purchases from the farmer or stock grower and gathered his drove as he started towards market, or the seller delivered his stock at convenient points for driving. For a day or two after the start the cattle were troublesome to keep on the roads, but they quickly learned the ways and "followed their leader."

A TEXAS STEER.



COST OF TRANSPORTATION.

They traveled about ten miles a day, making the journey of three hundred miles from Pittsburgh to Philadelphia in some thirty days, and from Cleveland in forty-three days. Cattle that stopped over night at Burnt Cabins made the journey next day to Horse Valley, next day to Orrstown, thence to Leesburg by Walnut Bottom road and then by same stages to Harrisburg. Those staying over night at Fort Littleton and vicinity next reached Fannetsburg, then Strasburg, next stopping place Shippensburg, and so on until they crossed the Susquehanna at Harrisburg.

The cost of taking cattle to the eastern markets on foot at that day was greatly in excess of transportation by rail at this day. From a hotel register kept by the late Jeremiah Zullinger, of Strasburg, I find this entry on April 7, 1853: John Borst, of Ross county, Ohio, about two hundred miles west of Pittsburgh stayed with Zullinger with a drove of one hundred and five cattle. His bill for feeding the drove and the board and lodging for three men and the keeping of one horse over night was \$25.37. This would make the cost from Cleveland to Philadelphia about \$1,000; from Pittsburgh to Philadelphia, \$750. Cattle are now shipped by rail from Cleveland to Philadelphia in thirty-nine hours at a cost of \$45 per car, each car containing twenty head, making the cost of a hundred head of cattle by rail \$225. From Pittsburgh the time by rail is twenty-six hours and the cost \$186.50. The railway has shortened the time by twenty-nine days and cheapened the transportation by \$562.50. In the months of May, June, July, August and September, during the pasturing season, the cost of keeping a drove at the same hotel was from \$9 to \$16 according to quality of pasture, reducing the expenses one-half and more, making the cost of driving to market from Pittsburgh to Philadelphia less than \$400. During these months much the larger number of cattle were driven to market. From this hotel registry I get this entry: "October 6, 1852, J. W. Armstrong with one hundred head of cattle from Vermillion county Illinois driving for Hollingsworth & Jones. Started August 2." This drove had been

on the way for sixty-five days and it would require twenty days more to reach market and the cost to the owner would be about \$2,200.

HOW THE STOCK WAS CARED FOR.

A drove of cattle generally numbered one hundred head, but the number varied, running up sometimes to two hundred, many droves numbered one hundred and twenty-five, but the usual number was one hundred on account of the easier and better control. A drove was cared for by three persons, the "leader," who led the drove with an ox by a rope around his horns, frequently calling in long drawn out notes "suboy" or "sukey," (the remainder of them usually quietly followed). Occasionally a deer or an elk were driven along with the cattle, and a member of this society says he once saw a buffalo in a drove of cattle. The driver at the rear of the drove saw that none lagged or strayed away and kept the cattle moving forward. The chief man was the boss who sometimes was the owner and had the general management from the time of starting until the market was reached. He rode horseback and his outfit was horse, saddle and bridle, and a pair of saddle bags in which he carried the extra clothing of the outfit, and some times his cash. The laundry was a part of the contents but it was not elaborate. A shirt could be worn until past the use of a washerwoman or washed in a running stream and dried in the sun while the cattle rested under the trees, which were plenty. The boss made the bargains and paid the bills in ready cash. In the morning he saw the cattle out of the fields, counting them as they passed out, started them on their way and stayed with them until near the middle of the day, and then while they rested in one of the numerous woods then standing along the wayside he trotted on to the first tavern to make arrangements for the coming night. If the landlord was a new man he made his acquaintance, and if an old friend he exchanged greetings and made inquiries as to droves ahead. When two or more of these bosses met at the tavern there was a "wetting of the whistle" at three cents a drink. Then followed the bargaining for the night's entertainment. If it were in the weeks before

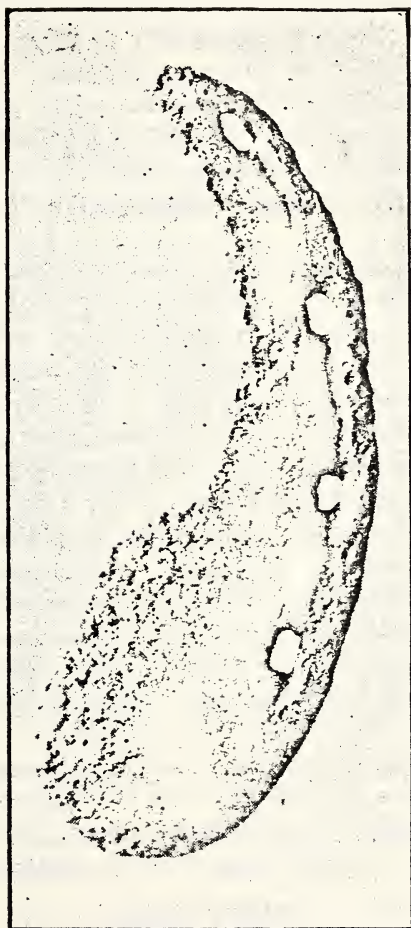
and after pasture season it was the more quickly made, but if in the pasture season more time and less drinking were required. And from one to three o'clock were busy hours. When the bosses were fully refreshed the landlord's horse was brought out, saddled and bridled, and the company set out in search of green fields and running streams. The owners of the green fields and the landlords vied with each other in lauding the good qualities of the grasses, while the bosses on the other hand rarely found choice pastures until the bargain was closed, after which the grass seemed greener, fresher and longer. When all the arrangements were completed the bosses returned to their droves and between four and five in the evening the cattle were turned in for pasture and rest. The first drove that turned into the pasture had what was termed the "first cut," at fifteen cents per head. The second choice was ten cents; the third five. In times of drouth pasture was scarce and had to be supplemented with hay and corn. The owners of meadows along the creeks in such seasons got good prices although the grass was not always of the best.

In the spring time of the year, until about the middle of May, when the pasture season began, the cattle were fed on corn and hay, which were hauled to them and fed on the ground. Every tavern had two or three fields known as "drove lots," which were ample to accommodate the daily travel. The corn was measured out of the crib into wagons and the large ears were broken for the convenience of the cattle. The hay was scattered on the ground and usually all eaten. Considerable corn was left on the ground and gathered by the owner of the lots after the droves had gone. Several bushels were picked up and were fed to the hogs and was therefore clear gain. It required about sixty bushels of corn and a half ton of hay to feed one hundred head of cattle, and these droves used up the surplus corn and hay of the farmers along the road.

The feeding of these cattle on the lots left much refuse, and was an attractive place for wild pigeons, which in those days were very abundant. These spots were favorite ones for the sportsman and he usually went home with plenty of birds.

The cattle followed the lead ox quietly day after day and little trouble was found in the long journey. Sometimes there was a stampede and it required considerable time to get them under control, but the long journey was tiresome and they were not easily stampeded. I recall on one occasion in Orrstown a runaway drove which was a pleasure to every one but the drovers. Elisha Porter, brick maker, a well-digger, &c., was digging a well on the Powder's property along the street. He was making ready to blast a rock in the well and just as he finished a drove passed along. The method of firing the blast was to drop a shovelful of hot coals on to the prepared blast and then everybody had to get under cover. Porter was of a malicious nature and delighted in such deeds. He bided his time and when the middle of the drove was passing the well he dropped the coals into the mouth of the well. The result was an explosion, followed by a stampede of the cattle in both directions, and the efforts of "boss" and hands were long required to get the frightened cattle quieted and on the road again. When this was done the boss made his way to the well to deal out the merited punishment to the offender. A crowd was gathered to witness and enjoy the fun. Porter was at the bottom of the well working as if nothing unusual had occurred and out of harm's way, there being no safe way to reach him. The only relief to the boss who had been nursing his wrath to keep it warm was to stand at the well's mouth and give vent to cursing the cause of his late trouble. The boss got some relief, the lookers on enjoyed it, and Porter had his pleasure. Finally the boss had cursed away his passion and mounting his horse wended his way after his now quiet oxen.

The number of cattle that passed over this road in a season was about 175,000, with a value of seven millions of dollars, and during the thirty-three years of nearly two hundred millions. The aggregate was estimated, by careful persons from the number stopping for a night at Strasburg and at Orrstown, five miles further on. In the height of the stock season droves of cattle, sheep, and other stock were almost continuous from early in the morning until five o'clock in the evening, adding greatly at times to the inconvenience of traffic



HALF OF OXEN SHOE.

and travelers. When railways began to ship stock the number of droves gradually decreased until a drove of fat cattle was a novelty. The last of the driven cattle were chiefly from West Virginia, from which cattle were driven until a later period because there was no railway transportation from that section. The daily average number of cattle to-day arriving at all the stock yards in Pittsburgh is 1,000; sheep, 2,000, and hogs, 1,500. Some days as many as 10,000 sheep, 15,000 hogs and 15,000 cattle arrive at Pittsburgh. If to these amounts are added stock shipped by railways to Baltimore, Buffalo, New York and Boston, we can form some idea of the immense growth of this product west of Pittsburgh since 1828.

This large amount of stock was well cared for and arrived at its destination in good condition. The long journey to market, especially the crossing of the mountain, made the cattle tender footed and they hunted the soft portion of the road on which to walk. This was very noticable in rainy weather, and as they took the side of the road they stepped in one another's footsteps until the roadside looked as if furrowed by a plough. Often oxen would become sore-footed, and to enable them to travel under these conditions it was necessary to shoe them. The shoe was composed of two parts and the illustration taken from a photograph shows the one side of the shoe with its four holes through which the nails were driven. One of these were driven on each side of the ox's hoof to permit the spreading as he walked or stood upon it. A Kentucky drover taught Squire Daniel Gelwicks, of Strasburg, how to shoe an ox, and assisted him in putting up "stocks" in which cattle were securely fastened to be shod. He gained a reputation as a shoer of oxen and had during the stock season a good trade.

SHEEP DROVES.

Sheep were driven on foot over this road in large numbers. Like the cattle, they were managed by a leader, driver and boss. The boss of a sheep drove was usually the owner. The sheep came largely from Washington, Greene, and Westmoreland counties, many from Ohio, and some from Indi-

ana. There were droves occasionally as early as March and as late as November, but they were usually started after shearing time and few after September. During the months of June, July and August they were most numerous. In driving, sheep do not string out like cattle but huddle together, whether it is hot or cold. In times of drouth when the roads were dusty a drove could be sighted three or more miles away by the cloud of dust stirred up by the many feet. At such times the driving of sheep was a dirty and an unpleasant business. These droves of sheep ranged from 250 head to 2,000, and some weeks 5,000 head of sheep passed along in a day, making many thousands in a season.

There was difficulty in bargaining for a drove of sheep for a night's pasturage since it was generally believed that the disposition on the part of the owner or boss was to turn in one thousand sheep for seven hundred and fifty, and a fifteen hundred lot for one thousand. They could not be counted and the sheep drover and the owner of the pasture had often to compromise as to numbers. In crossing the mountains careful watching was required to keep them away from the laurel which was poison to them, and boys along the road were hired to help across the mountains. Prices for pasture ranged from a half cent to a cent a head according to quality of grass. I find an entry in the hotel register which gives the bill for 800 sheep and three hands over night at \$4.75. Another entry, dated August 31, 1857, gives Thomas Starret and C. Emery, of Richland county, Ohio, with 1,600 sheep. Bill \$12.00.

HORSES AND MULES.

Horses were from west of the Alleghenies in Pennsylvania, many from Ohio, a few from Indiana, and a stray lot from Illinois. They were taken in lots from four to twelve, one man taking care of six. The owner was always one of the parties with a drove or lot of horses. They were taken to market in early spring and late fall, and at night were stabled. Taverns made ample accommodations for horses, and I recall a sign at Strasburg which read: "Stabling for forty hed of horses." Often horses were tethered to a rope in pairs of

twenty or more. Two men were in charge of these, one riding at the head of this line on horseback, and one at the rear end in a "tilberry," as it was then called. They usually followed quietly, and I never heard of an accident nor of damages to such droves. They made from sixteen to twenty miles a day. The cost of a horse over night at a tavern was from twenty-five to forty cents, governed in part by the number and the prices of grain and hay.

During the early forties mules were driven in considerable numbers, there then being a demand for them for uses at furnaces and forges. They were chiefly from Kentucky, Bourbon county furnishing many of them. They were driven in lots of from fifty to one hundred and fifty and were good travelers, making thirty to forty miles per day. They were mostly under the control of the owners, one of whom rode at the head on horseback and the other in a buggy behind. After 1842 many forges and furnaces were closed and the demand fell off for several years. After 1850 the demand for mules increased, and at the time of the Mormon war, during the administration of President Buchanan, large numbers for government use passed along destined for various places, many to New York and Connecticut.

Hogs sometimes were driven along with the cattle and fed on the corn left over in the drove lots. The hogs followed the cattle closely and when the number was not too great, one man did the driving. A long pole to which was attached a leathern strap was the driver's whip to push them in their day's journey of ten miles. It required constant lashing and the driver was a busy man. A hog drover was the lowest in the scale of drovers. Hogs were driven in lots of one hundred and fifty to three hundred, and were sold to farmers and others who fattened them for market.

"SPECULATORS."

A class of travelers over this road in the summer were commonly known as "speculators." They were either owners who came up from the eastern counties to meet their droves, or buyers who came to see the stock with a view to purchase. They made their trip in sulkies, and many an hour was spent

in the tavern while they discussed the markets or drove a bargain. This part of the business required much ale, brandy, gin and whiskey and was a source of good revenue to the tavern keeper, who always gave them much attention. These taverns advertised entertainment for man and beast and a bar well supplied with choice liquors.

PROVISIONS AND STOCK PRICES.

Boarding was both good and cheap. There was no market for home products. The supply was in excess of the demand and the consumer therefore got the best and at a low price. The best steak could be had for 8 cents, ham 6, butter 8, eggs 6, and other things in proportion. Dinner at a country tavern was from 15 to 20 cents; supper, lodging, breakfast and horse over night 75 cents. A "cold check," which was bread, butter, cold meat and milk, could be had from 6 1-4 to 12 1-2, according to locality; whiskey, 3 cents; brandies, wines and similar drinks a "fip," which means 6 1-4 cents. Drivers of stock were paid 40 cents per day and two meals. A dinner could be gotten at a cake shop, in the shape of ginger cakes and small beer, for about six cents, which they often made use of. The small boy along the road when he wanted to stir up the drover would cry out, as he ran, "forty cents a day and no dinner." There were no railways to carry these "hands" back and they had to foot it. They were paid the same wages on the return trip but were to make thirty miles a day on an average. They were mostly civil fellows, with a sprinkling of toughs. When supper was over they with the landlord's permission would often put in an evening with fiddling and dancing, and many of them put in the evening out in the open playing "old sledge." The boss generally disposed of his horse and returned by stage. Sometimes he had a favorite horse and took him home with him over the road he had gone with his drove.

Prices of live stock were more unsettled than now, the market was limited and easily overstocked, and local causes, such as the failure of a corn crop, frequently demoralized it, and values would shrink in proportion. In the early '40's Robert Murray, a son of John Murray, sold one hundred oxen

to Isaac Peirson, of Chester county, for forty dollars per head. In 1847 and '48, cows sold at \$5 to \$10 a head; common stock cattle, \$6 to \$8; sheep from fifty cents to \$1.25 per head; stock cattle from \$1.50 to \$2 per hundred, live weight; beef and pork, \$2.50 to \$3.50 net as near as the parties could guess, and as usual the dealer could beat the other fellow guessing.

SKINNER BROTHERS.

Notwithstanding the very low rates charged for boarding and lodging drovers and other travelers, there was very warm competition between their entertainers. The Skinner brothers, George and John, Sen., lived along the main road in Horse Valley, and each owned a large tract of land. In order to gain custom or divert it from his brother, George laid out a road on his land that would shorten the distance from his place to the top of the mountain. This road started near George Skinner's house and crossed the Conodoguinet in the meadow below the buildings, and kept along on the east side of the creek to the line of John Skinner's lands. It there took a more easterly direction and crossed the northeast end of the Wild Cat Knob, thence up a deep ravine locally known as the "Cradle" until it met the main road near the top of the mountain. This new road left the main road and John Skinner's land and buildings off to the west. What success resulted from George Skinner's scheme to do his brother tradition does not tell us, but I am inclined to believe it was a failure.

George Skinner was succeeded by John S. Skinner some years afterward, and it was about this time that two Scotchmen who were drovers and lived in Jefferson county, Ohio, had a drove at Skinner's. They went up to the neighborhood of Fort Loudon and in the darkness of the night stole two fine steers from a neighbor who had his drove in a pasture field at Loudon, and brought their booty with them and turned them in with their drove at Skinner's. They were arrested but there was some miscarriage of justice or a felony compounded as they were not convicted,

THE DROVER IN THE WESTERN RESERVE.

The town of Warren, Ohio, was a place of much importance in the droving days. From an article published in the Cleveland Plain Dealer, June 16, 1896, I learn "that from 1830 to 1840 Warren had more wealth than Cleveland. Simon Perkins was known as the richest man in the State. Frank Freeman, Judge Leicester King, Samuel Quincy and Assail Adams were the rich men of the town and controlled the money market. Cleveland at that time was as far away from Warren as New York is to-day, and its future was not considered as remarkably important in the future of the Western Reserve. If a Cleveland man wanted money from the Western Reserve bank at Warren he was looked on with a good deal of suspicion and his patronage was by no means solicited. Drovers could always get money from the banks and their patronage was eagerly solicited. They brought back eastern money and that was at a premium in the west. The drovers became expert judges of stock and they helped to scatter good breeds so that stock raising became more profitable to the farmer."

The life of the cattle man was full of adventures and there was much danger in it. There were very many and very long stretches of woods, and it was not always safe to carry the large sums of money necessary to carry on the droving business. It took about three months to collect a drove of cattle, dispose of it in the eastern market, and be ready for another business venture.

The drover was satisfied with much smaller profits than most merchants to-day. If he realized twenty-five per cent. over the cost he considered himself very fortunate. He was looked upon as a man of very considerable importance by the community, because he handled ready cash and distributed it in small sums generally. It is claimed that two-thirds of all the cash taken into the Reserve for years came through the medium of the drovers. The notes of eastern banks stood at a premium of two to ten per cent. over those of Ohio and other western banks, and drovers handled eastern money. In a way the drover was king of the road and the farmers welcomed him cordially because he had the money to pay

for what he wanted and money was scarce. The taverns vied with each other for his patronage and the very best that the country afforded was at his disposal anywhere.

THE OLD ROAD.

Across the hills from town to town,
I wind my way along,
And o'er me pass both lord and clown,
In many a hurrying throng.

Beside my way the green grass grows,
The wildwood blossoms spring;
Each leafy tree its shadow throws,
A fair and graceful thing.

When summer skies are bright to see,
And earth is gay with cheer,
The songsters of the field, to me,
With merry notes draw near.

And when the winter fills the sky
With snowflakes everywhere,
Upon my breast they softly lie,
A garment white and fair.

PICTURES OF MEMORY.

From our associations with country roads there come reminiscences whose recollections are of a most pleasing and charming nature. They have entwined themselves around our hearts and have been in our thoughts with such constancy that they have become a part of us and in their characteristics varied as the changing skies of April. It may be some incident of early life that has indelibly impressed the memory and grows the dearer and sweeter as years pass on; perhaps some flower of early spring that greeted us by the wayside whose beauty perisheth not and whose fragrance lingers for our pleasure. One may recall a summer day when under the shade of some great tree he enjoyed through its green boughs a vision of the arching skies whose blue was enhanced by the cloud of fleece that lazily floated across it. There falls on our ear the song of the streamlet as it runs across the road, and leaping down the hillside falls into the bushy ravine. Winter winds blow across our memory and

we see the drifting snow and hear the jingling bells and tingle with the spirit and freshness of youth. Perhaps it is a day when we are leaving the old roof to go out and try our strength and courage in the battle of life. We lingeringly look back on the home where so many months and years of real pleasure have been enjoyed. It is a moment when the mists of sorrow fall and through them we see one with aching anxious heart, whose greatest pleasure lies not in our success but in the waiting to hear the familiar footfall that again brings back into her companionship the absent one.

Possibly in our vision we recall the hour so charmingly pictured by Gray:

The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds;
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

These are the pictures that hang in the halls of memory that fancy has builded along these country roads that enrich us more than any lines the greatest artist can draw on his canvass.

FROM TAVERN REGISTER.

From the tavern register already referred to I gather these notes of a half century since:

1852. Thomas George, Cadiz, Ohio. Cattle and sheep. Cattle in cornfield and hell to pay.

April 24, 1853. John Redman, from Ross county, Ohio, with one hundred head of fat cattle and two hundred and fifty hogs. (Redman was a noted drover, a strapping big fellow always brimming over with fun, and many are the harmless pranks and amusing things told of John Redman).

August 5, 1854. John B. Brown will be in Strasburg about the 20 of August with a lot of cows, calves and springers that he will sell here. Buyers will please notice. For further information inquire of W. W. Britton, Strasburg, Pa. (This entry is in 'Squire Britton's own handwriting).

1854, April 10. Commenced with the daily hack from Shippensburg, to feeding and boarding.

September 11, 1856. Taylor W. Orr, from Mahoning county, 500 sheep.

August 2, 1856. B. F. Harrell, F. Glazier, and Thomas Bedford, with one hundred and fifty mules, and two horses from Bourbon county, Kentucky. All for New Haven, bound for New Haven. All for Fillmore. Bill \$21.

1857. August 25. J. B. Hillegas & Co., Montgomery county, 19 head of fat cattle and 181 of Stock cattle. Bill \$16.

September 1, 1854. W. H. Bigham with fat sheep pastured in clover kneehigh.

May 1. John Wear with 98 fat cattle and 141 hogs. To New York by May 20.

There are many other notes that are of interest.

REMINISCENCES OF CAPTAIN COOK AND WM. HAZELETT.

BY HIRAM E. WERTZ.

Reading the extract in *The Repository* of an address delivered in Carlisle, Pa., by J. W. Shearer, Esq., has recalled to memory an incident, in which I innocently took a part, that led to the arrest of Wm. Hazelett, near Carlisle. On the morning of the 18th of October, 1859, I drove to Chambersburg. I might say here, that at the time, we received mail but three times a week at our Quincy P. O., and no newspapers but the county weeklies, which we received on Wednesday evening. After I had passed the Grindstone Hill Church, I saw a gentleman walking ahead of me, dressed rather ordinary, who had a white blanket, rolled up lengthwise, the ends tied together and hung on his shoulders. When I overtook him, I asked if he wished to ride with me in the buggy. He accepted my invitation and we conversed about different subjects. After a time he asked me if I had heard anything of the trouble at Harpers Ferry, and what was the cause of the trouble. I remarked to him that I had seen no newspapers, but what I heard rumored was, that the employes in the Government shops were striking for an increase of wages, to which he made no reply. We shortly came to the village of New Franklin, when my companion remarked, that if I would let him out of the buggy, he would take the road leading to the right toward the mountains.

In the act of getting out of the buggy, a nice revolver dropped out of his pocket. I felt somewhat surprised when I saw the revolver, as very few persons in the country districts had pistols at that time. School boys had no use for them, as they pretend to have at the present day. He hur-

A paper read at the postponed May meeting of the Society, held on June 1st, 1905, at the residence of Dr. Charles F. Palmer. Read by Mr. T. J. Brereton.

This meeting ended the series for the season, and adjournment was taken for summer vacation until October.

riedly picked up the pistol, thanked me for the ride, he taking the road to the right, and I going on to Chambersburg. Stopping at the hotel where the Washington House is now located, I found a number of my acquaintances, all apparently excited and eager to make the \$1,000.00 reward offered for the arrest of Captain Cook. After listening to their conversation for some time, I asked them what was the cause of all their talk. They told me that John Brown had raised an insurrection at Harpers Ferry and that he and some of his men had been captured while others escaped. Among the latter was Capt. Jno. E. Cook, for whose arrest \$1,000.00 reward was offered. I remarked that I had hauled a strange man in my buggy that morning, and that he got out at New Franklin and went in the direction of Greenwood. At once, quite a number of persons were very eager to start on a hunt in the direction that the then supposed Capt. Cook had taken, and they busied themselves gathering up old flint lock horse pistols and saddle horses. After some time I looked across the street, in the direction where W. U. Brewer now lives, and whom should I see going down Second street but the man that I had left off at New Franklin. I called the attention of M. W. Houser, who was constable, to the fact that the person was the man I had referred to. The man went down Second street to King and up King to Mrs. Ritners, where Brown and his men had boarded while in Chambersburg, prior to going to Maryland. There was some hustling around then to get men to go to the Ritner house to capture the supposed Capt. Jno. E. Cook.

After consultation, Jacob S. Brown, who was sheriff at that time, Captain Charles T. Campbell and Constable Houser undertook the job, but by the time they got there, the supposed Capt. Cook had left, by going out the back way and through the lot and alleys, unobserved by any one. In searching for him in house and outbuildings, Sheriff Brown, in passing through the garden, observed something under a box in the garden walk and after examination it proved to be the blanket, that the supposed Capt. Cook had on his shoulders when in the buggy with me. After unfolding the blanket, a nice carbine was found rolled in it, and the initials W. H.

marked on blanket. There was no effort to follow up at that time, but Constable Houser and Campbell took the afternoon train, one stopping off at Shippensburg and the other at Carlisle. The following morning, the party that stopped off at Carlisle, came back on the Walnut Bottom Road in the direction of Shippensburg, and when a mile or two out from Carlisle, he met the supposed Capt. Cook, and arrested him and had him committed to the Carlisle jail, believing his prisoner to be Capt. Cook and so notified the Virginia authorities, but his name subsequently proved to be Wm. Hazelett. Now, if my memory is not at fault, the Virginia officers got out a requisition for the delivery of Capt. Cook, and when they came to the Carlisle jail for their prisoner, it proved not to be the man they had authority to take to Virginia and had to get a requisition for Hazelett, which consumed a few days. However the Capt. Cook requisition papers served them well a few days later, when the correct Capt. Cook was arrested at Mont Alto by Fitzhugh, Logan and Bumbaugh and placed in the jail in Chambersburg. Let me add here that I felt very sorry for the capture of Hazelett, and had I known who he was and that he had been on a mission to free the race of persons, that I had taken an active part in secreting, feeding and conducting over the so called "Under Ground Railroad" for some years, I most assuredly would have seen that he would have gotten a free and speedy passage over the above named road to beyond the Susquehanna river.

Now as to the requisition of Capt. Cook: after the capture of Cook at Mont Alto, Logan and Fitzhugh took him to Chambersburg, before Esquire Reisher, who committed him to jail. Logan was a very warm friend of Col. A. K. McClure and informed Cook that he (Logan) would see to getting an attorney to defend him. In a conversation with Logan, some time after the arrest of Cook, he remarked to me that he would do anything that the Colonel would ask him to do, that was in reason, even to the extent of voting one-half of the Republican ticket. Logan was an uncompromising Democrat. An instance of his loyalty to the Colonel, I will here relate. In the spring of 1861 when Gen. Patterson established his headquarters in Chambersburg, I was in the town

on the same evening of the General's arrival or the evening following. Soon after night fall Logan came to me and requested me to go with him out to Col. McClure's, who then lived where Wilson College now is, stating that the Col. had sent him word to come to see him on business of importance. We found the Col. on the porch of his residence, in company with a number of army officers. Immediately upon our arrival the Col. called Logan into the house and also an army officer. They were absent about ten minutes, perhaps, when they came out on the porch, and Logan remarked that he was ready to return to town. In our walk back to town, we encountered a number of mounted officers coming from Chambersburg. My impression is that Gen. Patterson had his headquarters at or near the Colonel's residence. When Logan would hear the clank of a sabre or the tread of horses hoofs, he would take hold of my arm, nervously, and request me to stop, remarking that he did not like to hear such noises, recalling, as it did, the time, after Cook's capture and return to Virginia, Fitzhugh and he were requested to come to Charlestown, Va., in order to receive the reward of \$1,000 for arresting Cook. At that time, in going from Harpers Ferry to Charlestown in a stage, guarded by a squad of intoxicated mounted soldiers sometimes ahead of stage, then again behind, then alongside, calling to the officer, who was in stage with them, "Capt. are you sure and sartin that the men in the coach ar'n't some of Jno. Brown's d——d spies? If you are not sure, we had better 'fix 'em' right here" and then they would fire a volley from their carbines, so that I did not know how soon the d——d drunkards might shoot us. Ever since then, he said, he dreaded the rattle of sword. He also said that it was the regret of his life that he had anything to do with the arrest of Cook, and that if Fitzhugh had not watched him so closely, he would have given him a chance to get away. Logan said that Fitzhugh seemed afraid that the Col. would put a spell on him that would cause him to leave Cook get away.

After our return to Chambersburg, Logan requested me to go with him to a room in a hotel and after closing the door securely, he remarked, "Hiram, I have always thought well of

you and believe that what I want to tell you, you will not tell to any person. I feel that the trip I am about to make should be known to some one of my friends, so that in case anything should happen me while away, my wife can be informed as to where I went. I have promised the Col. that I will leave for Harpers Ferry to-night, and spy out all I can as to the strength of the rebel army at that place. If I am not back in four days, you may know something has gone wrong." Well, he was back in due time. I do not know what report he gave McClure, but he told me he drove to Smithsburg, Md., that night and in the morning hunted up an old friend, with whom he had played many games of poker, who was a very strong sympathiser with the South.

He told him he was going to Harpers Ferry to see the rebel army, as his sympathies was with them, and requested him to go along, to which he readily agreed. When we came near Sandy Hook, I informed my friend, that my horse was very tired and I would leave him and hire another to complete the trip. It was not that my horse was too tired to make the trip but he was a good one and I feared that some of the rebel officers might want him for their own use, while an old plug, as there were many of that kind about Sandy Hook, would not be wanted. They got to Harpers Ferry in due time, having no trouble enroute. Went through their camps, finding ten to twelve thousand men. They were removing the machinery of the rifle and musket works but had no idea of invading Union territory. Logan was killed some years ago by being run down by a wild engine in the depot at Lancaster, Pa.

Now to return to the capture of Cook: he was placed in jail that evening and I was informed by a reliable man who was a party to the plot, that he was placed in a room in jail, with rather an insecure outside wall, with the intention that outside aid should break through the wall that night. But for some cause, the programme that was arranged was not carried out. The next day, however, it was arranged to release him by writ of habeas corpus, supposing that it would take at least two days for the Virginians to get the necessary papers for his removal to Virginia. But here is where the

requisition taken out for Cook instead of Hazelett at Carlisle, a few days prior, did its work to the gratification of the Virginians and the utter dismay of McClure, McClellan and a host of others.

Can we not truthfully say, that "The mills of the Gods grind slow but exceedingly fine" and verify the song sung by our brave boys in every camp of bivouac where our glorious stars or stripes were unfurled, or on the march from Cairo to New Orleans, or from the Ohio river to the sea, from the sea to Goldsboro, from Gettysburg to Appomatox and last but not least, by our brave ones in Southern prisons. It has been said by one who was in Libby prison at the time of the great victory of Gettysburg, "though the walls did not fall as they did when Joshua encompassed the city of Jericho the roof seemed to raise and the walls seemed to bend outward" when we heard the glad news and sang,

"John Brown's body lies mouldering in the tomb,
But his soul goes marching on."

(Signed) HIRAM E. WERTZ.

Quincy, Penna., Feb. 25th, 1905.

[The October meeting was held at residence of Mr. Thomas J. Brereton, on the 26th of the month. In the absence of a prepared paper, Mr. Brereton read a number of extracts from a recently published volume on "Carlisle and Western Pennsylvania."]

ARNOLD BROOKS, A TYPICAL NEGRO—HOSTLER, STAGE DRIVER, PHILOSOPHER AND FRIEND.

BY LINN HARBAUGH, ESQ.

The subject of this sketch is not to be confounded with that eminent prelate, Philips Brooks, nor with the late Dr. Arnold, of Rugby fame, nor yet with the notorious Benedict Arnold. The student of biography is merely invited to take a brief glance at a much more humble phase of life as it is exemplified in that remarkable Afro-American citizen, Arnold Brooks.

If biography is properly a department of history, it may fairly be said that a faithful account of life among the lowly is as truly biography as the written lives of eminent persons. Indeed; true biography, as Macaulay shows, should be a history not solely of kings or similar personages, but of the people also over whom they rule.

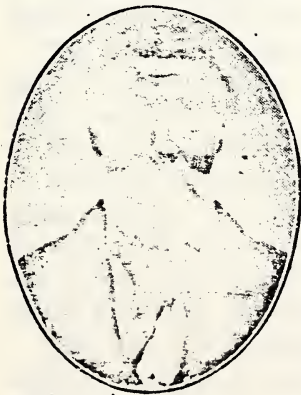
However humble Arnold Brooks may have been in a way, he had nevertheless, traits of character and a personality far enough above the ordinary to attract the attention of many eminent persons in his day.

Benjamin Brooks and Sally, his wife, were pure negroes who made their appearance in Franklin county, Pennsylvania, with the dawn of the last century. Born in slavery, they had spent their childhood days in a land where education for them was forbidden by law; but they were not by any means ignorant persons, and they had brought with them from the South habits of industry and much evidence of good training.

A paper read at the postponed November meeting of the Society held on the 1st of December, 1905, at the residence of Col. James R. Gilmore. The December meeting was omitted.

Most of the early negro settlers north of the Mason and Dixon line were runaways from the South, following the north star in their flight until they found a refuge. An old resident of Southern Pennsylvania writes: "Knowing very little of geography or the points of the compass, the Virginia slaves all knew that the North and South mountains ran into Pennsylvania, and that if they would follow them for a few days and nights, they would reach the land of freedom. Avoiding German settlements on account of the language, they came from the mountains to Mercersburg, where finding that the people spoke English, they settled down and afterwards opened their homes to as many refugees as knocked at their doors or windows in the still hours of the night."

All Pennsylvanians are justly proud of their Commonwealth which so early in its history placed the stamp of disapproval upon human slavery; and yet it is good discipline for our civic pride to recall the fact that between the years 1790 and 1800, there were thirty-seven hundred slaves in Pennsylvania, and that as late as the year 1822, a prominent and wealthy citizen of Franklin county, by his last will and testament, bequeathed to his daughter, amongst other things, "two negro girls, one named Susan and the other Charlotte," and it may be noted also that the testator provided well for their care and support.



Benjamin and Sally Brooks became the joint owners of a little house and lot in Mercersburg, where Arnold and four or five other children were born. The great Lincoln, Gladstone, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes and other eminent men, had the distinction of being born in the same year with Arnold Brooks, whose birth occurred March 17, 1809.

There are no records of the life of Arnold Brooks as a child and youth. If his success in life had depended on early education, there would have been a sad failure to record. Such

opportunities were poor enough for the white population; they were still worse for the negro. Moreover, a study of Arnold's character, does not give any positive assurance that he would have seriously turned to good account every means at hand to improve his mind. He was more of a bee-hunting, chestnut-threshing urchin whose disposition to rove through the country and to the mountains brought him very early in contact with the Nimrods of the community, and he grew up to be a mighty hunter. In due time he became the happy owner of a long barreled rifle and was reckoned as one of the crack shots of his day.

As a young man he began to gain prominence about the time of the founding of Marshall College at Mercersburg, in 1836. He had then become a stage driver and general master of horse in the great livery business of that day. Few of the younger people of this generation have any conception of the magnitude and importance of the overland traffic in the middle and early part of the last century. Men of honesty and courage were in demand in that business, just as they are to-day in the more advanced stages of commercial progress. The fearlessness of Arnold Brooks, his general good nature and his affection for and kind treatment of the horses under his charge, as well as his solicitude for the safety and comfort of his passengers, soon gained for him the complete confidence of his employers.

The Rev. Dr. Theodore Appel in his "College Recollections," already quoted in this sketch, writes: "Arnold Brooks, a tall, muscular negro, full of talk, afraid of nothing by day or night, was chief coachman, who could drive his coach full of students into or out of town according to the most approved rules. He was a hero much admired by the students as well as by his brethren. He always espoused the side of the former, and looked upon Dr. Nevin with great reverence as the head man of the town."

The Rev. Dr. Benjamin Bausman, writing upon another subject, incidentally has this to say of early days in Mercersburg.

"Some colored men working on the seminary grounds overheard the discussions of the students about historical de-

velopment, one of the crucial questions in the new movement. Greatly perplexed, they had recourse to Brooks as to what 'this here divelment theory meant which them thar students war talkin' about so much on the hill.' Brooks was a leader among the colored population of the village, and also a constant champion of Professors Nevin and Schaff. 'Devilment,' said he, 'devilment, I guess they've been enough devilment already. If them students don't look out, the old devil will get hold of them sure.' The same writer on another occasion tells how "Col. Murphey's cosy hotel was crowded with strangers from near and from far. Brooks, his tall, faithful negro hostler, haw-hawed with broadest grin as friend after friend handed his horse and carriage over to him. Everybody that came to commencement in a private conveyance learned to know Brooks. Although his patrons saw him but once a year, he being a sort of door-keeper, not only to Col. Murphey's stable, but on commencement day, to all Mercersburg everybody made him show his snow white teeth with the hearty salutation, 'How are you, Brooks!' Commencement week was Brooks' harvest season, and well he knew and well he deserved it."

The above paragraph has reference to the time when Arnold had retired from his position as regular stage driver; for he had outlived the age when four-horse stage coaches were required, and his high idea of the dignity of his profession, led him to retire from the service before it dwindled down to a common two-horse machine, and finally to a one-horse buggy carrying the mails between Greencastle and Mercersburg.

His association with the students was as intimate as ever, however, and they were accustomed to seek him out on all occasions when the services of a reliable hand in his line were required. He once superintended the departure of a picnicking party to old Parnell mountain, and after they were safely off, he gave a description of the affair to some inquiring friends. Instead of recounting how each bold knight had with him a fair ladie, as the great Sir Walter would have phased it, he announced gravely that the students "had took along a pullet apiece."

During the many years in which stage coaches were run between Chambersburg and Mercersburg, Arnold Brooks was entrusted with important commissions. He had charge of large amounts of money, and valuables of every description, and he always fulfilled his trusts faithfully and promptly. He had as passengers and friends many of the prominent men of the day. Among them were James Buchanan, the distinguished jurist, Jeremiah S. Black and Thaddeus Stevens. Thomas A. Scott and Drs. Nevin and Schaff were his warm personal friends. Indeed it was his good fortune to make personal friends of them all, and such was the strength of his personality that people who had once met him found no difficulty in after years in recalling his face, form and manner of speech.

To him a silver dollar was a wheel. So his friends and patrons of the hotel and stage line who tipped him on occasion were classified and well known to him as "wheelmen, half-wheelmen and quarter-wheelmen." I do not know that he had any special designation for those below quarter-wheelmen.

Arnold was generous to a fault, and improvident as many of his race are, so that in his declining years he found it necessary sometimes to call upon his friends for assistance. In 1852 his house was seized for debt by the sheriff, and after that until his death, he had frequent and at times distressing financial troubles.

It was not often, however, that he appealed in vain to his friends of better days. On September 11, 1865, he received from Thomas A. Scott, by Adams Express "a suit of clothes according to the measure sent, with the hope that the selection will please you." And again in 1870, Mr. Scott's private secretary wrote: "Mr. Scott desires me to send you \$20 which you will please find enclosed."

In his early days Arnold was a Democrat and took an active part in the many political rallies and parades of antebellum days. In a parade at Chambersburg, in 1852, he received honorable mention in one of the opposition papers which stated that "the rear of the procession was brought up by the tall nigger from Mercersburg."

When Col. Murphey and family left for the west, Arnold lost his best friends. He was greatly consoled, however, soon after by a letter from the colonel's son, Cyrus, in which he said: "I wish you were here to go along hunting. I have no doubt that you could shoot some geese with that long gun of yours. If you come out we will give you a lot of ground on which you can build a shanty in which you may live as long as yourself and family lives. If you get into trouble let us hear from you, and we will do the best for you we can."

The gun referred to may be the same one for which he held a receipt dated August 17, 1848, from S. Shillito & Son, for ten dollars and twenty-five cents for part pay of a new rifle.

Besides troubles financial, he had troubles in his immediate household. Time and again he was called on to adjust difficulties for his wayward son, Charles. His other son, Samuel, entered the profession of a wood sawyer and in that pursuit was diligent, deliberate and sure.

His daughter, Cassy, married one Joshua Good, and died leaving a son, Arnold, who has disappeared from the community. His father, Mr. Good, remains with us, a stalwart, huge-proportioned negro, whether measured in inches or by feet.

On one occasion Arnold had to placate the ire of a neighbor who had addressed Charley in the following vigorous English. So great was the writer's wrath and indignation that no provision was made for periods or commas, and in order to be effective the letter ought to be read in one long breath:

"You are hereby notifide not to set your foot on my premises or git in my inclosur as I falt you for my daughter absening herself from home without any just coze. You came here and I treated you as a gentleman shul another and you had her washing for you at least to times a week, and mending for you, you grand villen, she was in to see you and took your close with her you confounded scamp never cum near as long as you live. you came here from chambersburg jale and had not a rag to ware and my daughter without leave

lent you her father's pance and you have them yet you confounded villen if you are so well off why pleas bring back the coat and pance you dirty mean lyin scamp if you dont like this you can come here and you can hear of it, never set your foot here you lyin thief."

Here surely is a model of invective worthy the study of the prospective stump speaker or man of family.

Arnold Brooks, while not irreligious in his speech or conduct, found considerable amusement in playing upon the fears and superstitions of his colored brethren, especially the younger portion. On the subject of ghosts he was wont to thrill his hearers with the recital of the manner in which he would return to earth to haunt the living for weal or woe according as they had treated him while yet in the flesh. So deeply did he impress his brethren on this subject that even to this day some of them can not be induced to visit his grave after the evening shadows have gathered. And there is a noticeable absence of colored hands about the old Mansion house stables on dark and stormy nights when wierd sounds are heard that may not be merely the creaking of rusty hinges or the clanking of halter chains. Some of Arnold's sayings were startling, and yet they were not always to be taken seriously or as a true expression of his religious belief. For instance, when he had the right kind of auditors, he would exclaim: "The idea of a nigger havin' a soul, it's absurd."

Not long before Arnold's death there came a traveling artist who painted a portrait of the old negro, and for a number of years this picture hung above the hotel office door which opened into the bar-room. It was highly prized by the proprietor of the hotel, and in some respects it was a remarkable production. The colored people who frequented the place, declared that the eyes of Brooks followed them as they passed across the room; and this innocent painting or rather the spirit of Arnold Brooks which hovered about it, deterred many a thirsty body from co-mingling with the spirits within the doorway. The limit of forbearance was reached one day when a negro brave, entering the hotel office from the bar-room, happened to glance into the mirror

that hung on the wall opposite to the portrait, and distinctly saw the venerable negro move from side to side on his canvass. It was useless to argue that the opening of the door might have shaken the mirror, and that according to a well known law of mathematics, the portrait reflected in it would appear to move from side to side. This was too much, and the picture had to come down for business as well as superstitious reasons. The painting has long since disappeared, and is supposed to have been burned.

I know of one youngster who considered it a great honor while timidly peeping in at the door of the hotel stables, to have the old negro turn from his work and say: "Here; you no account white boy; go fetch this gray hoss a bucket of water."

The present writer saw Arnold Brooks in the last year of his life at the Mansion house stables. He wore a bright red flannel shirt, open at the neck, exposing a black skin that contrasted deeply with his white wiry beard. Hatless and coatless he was busy with curry comb and brush, pausing now and then to show his white teeth, and to converse sagely or in a humorous vein with the bystander, as his mood might govern him.

There he would often tell of his friendship for the great theologian, Dr. John W. Nevin, calling him "the two-storied doctor," accompanied his observation with a significant tapping of the frontal bone with his forefinger, and throwing out the suggestion that besides the lower floor of the intellectual home of most men, Dr. Nevin possessed an additional chamber above, in which the mystical presence dwelt and labored.

On the 24th day of February, 1873, after a brief sickness, during which he declared that he was willing and ready to go, the old negro was gathered unto his fathers, and in the presence of many of his townsmen was laid to rest at the foot of the lot upon which he had lived so many years. There with his wife and children he sleeps, not in consecrated ground, it's true, but the wayfaring man who would pause near that quiet spot at eventide, when the sun had almost reached the edge of the mountain in the west, might observe

that the steeple of an ancient church has cast a shadow almost over the grave of one who was honest, zealous and faithful to do the right as he saw it, and now rests from his labors forever more.

That he had the shortcomings and grievous faults common to our humanity it is scarcely necessary to affirm. There are some materials out of which one cannot make a silk purse, but in the eyes of a boy ten years of age, who was assuming to see things in their correct proportions—who did not hesitate to render right judgments, Arnold Brooks was the ideal hostler, stage-driver, philosopher and friend.

This brief sketch may suggest, if nothing more, a rich field for some of our capable historians—that of the old taverns and stage-coach lines. If some one would only picture for us these scenes, such for instance as when

THE OLD STAGE-COACH COMES IN.

As even now I pause and close mine eyes,
The scenes of years ago before me rise:

The old stone tavern with its swinging sign,
The crowd of boys along the curbstone line,

The loafers too in goodly numbers there—
And all with eager and expectant air.

The stage-coach running late with heavy load,
Is heard with rumbling sound upon the road.

Then down the village street the swaying light
From mud-splashed lantern glimmers through the night.

Anon with clattering hoofs the horses come;
The coach with pond'rous swing and wheels a-hum

Is drawn 'round the old town pump and post,
While with a nod to passengers and host,

Down from the boot the driver steps with pride
And hastens forward to his leader's side.

He strokes the steaming flank, he pats the nose
And thus to all the four in turn he goes.

Mine host, the travelers, loafers, boys and all
Behold with pride this Jehu lank and tall,

And watch his every move with kindly looks,
For he who brought the old coach in was Arnold Brooks!

"THE MERCERSBURG ACADEMY."

BY DR. WILLIAM MANN IRVINE.

In the year 1796 A. D., there entered Mercersburg, afoot, a young Scotch-Irishman. All his worldly possessions were tied in a handkerchief, which was suspended from a hickory staff resting on his shoulder. This young man, William McKinstry by name, a native of Belfast, Ireland, in 1792, when about eighteen years of age, landed at New Castle, Del. It was his purpose to live in Philadelphia, but an epidemic of yellow fever forced him to change his mind. (That was the epidemic during which Stephen Girard won lasting fame by nursing many patients and giving of his fortune to them.) Mr. McKinstry after leaving Philadelphia, lived for a short time at Lititz, Pa., and Frederick, Md. He had not succeeded well in business and he decided to go to one of the western states, traveling by foot, as we have said. When he reached Mercersburg he chanced to meet another man by the name of McKinstry, who lived in "The Corner," southwest of Mercersburg. They were not related, but the young traveller on spending a few days with his friend was persuaded to remain at Mercersburg. After a time, having served as clerk, he bought the store owned by James Buchanan, the father of President Buchanan. He was highly successful in business, and became one of the leading citizens of Mercersburg.

In the year 1834, Mr. McKinstry saw a statement in a paper that the Theological Seminary of the Reformed Church at York, Pa., and the High School in connection therewith (afterward Marshall College) desired to change their location, provided a new place was eligible and large enough inducements were held out in the shape of money and land. Mr. McKinstry immediately wrote to the trustees of the in-

stitution at York, urging them to come to Mercersburg, and set in motion at Mercersburg a thorough canvass for funds. As far as we can learn, the competition seemed to lie between Hanover, Greencastle, Chambersburg, Shippensburg and Mercersburg. Mercersburg offered the largest inducements, Mr. McKinstry not only giving a large sum of money toward the total, but also donating four acres of land. In this way Mr. McKinstry became the "Father of Education" at Mercersburg. From his efforts in part have arisen Marshall College, the Theological Seminary, Mercersburg College, and the Mercersburg Academy; also several private schools which have flourished at Mercersburg at different times, but all of which have now passed away. The history of education at Mercersburg shows in strong light how the lives of thousands of people may be influenced and moulded by the energy and wisdom of one man.

The Mercersburg Academy is building, partly, on foundations laid in a previous generation. The old Main Building, with many a tradition glorifying its halls, crowning the hill with its lofty pillars, and the original four acres of ground, on which the building stands, at one time the property of Dr. William Magaw, the surgeon who dressed the wounds of Lafayette after the battle of Brandywine, are parts of the equipment which was provided three generations ago; they have formed the nucleus of all education work that has been done at Mercersburg. Even the great elms and maples and lindens on the Campus are the heritage of that former generation. It is not well, however, to dwell at too great length on that part of Mercersburg's history, nor on the history of Mercersburg College proper. That story of energy, triumph and disappointment has been told many times. Furthermore, there are persons in this presence who know the events of those days far better than does the writer. As boys at Mercersburg they shared in those scenes, and the story is a part of their lives. We shall, therefore, limit our sketch to the life of the institution as recorded between the year 1893 and the present, when the system of work was re-organized and the institution in purpose and name became known as The Mercersburg Academy. Such, I believe, was the wish

of the Committee who sent the invitation for the writing of this sketch.

Good traditions in education, as in family life, are a happy thing. While there are other things more vital, those who have traditions are to be envied. Universities like Cornell, Chicago, Leland Stanford, Jr., and schools like Groton, St. Marks, Tome Institute, and Mercersburg feel the lack of tradition. While meditating upon the topic of this paper, the writer envied most keenly, especially for their traditions, some of the schools which it has been his pleasure to visit during the past year—Winchester School, at Winchester, England, in the city of Alfred the Great and William the Conqueror, founded in 1387, A. D. by William of Wyckam, who also founded New College at Oxford University; with its many quaint customs, its Virgin's Court, on entering which the boys uncover their heads, a custom reaching back to the days before the Reformation, its old dining hall with high wainscoat where the boys of today eat from wooden trenchers just as the Winchester boys ate one hundred years before Columbus discovered America; Eton, the largest preparatory school in the world, with 1,034 boys and 72 Masters, probably the richest of all schools, a veritable mother of leaders, her boys worshipping each day in the finest school chapel on either continent, her upper-form boys reciting in the Head Master's room, unique and quaint, on whose wainscoat were cut the names of old Eton boys, such as the poet Gray, Shelley, Wellington, Pitt, Hallam, Milman, Lord Roberts, Swinburne, Salisbury, Rosebury and scores of others—her lower-form boys reciting in a room where names were cut four hundred years ago, whose ceiling is supported by beams taken out of the ill-fated Spanish Armada; Harrow, with its long line of illustrious Head Masters and its 600 boys, noted for their virile, manly type; St. Paul's, the greatest day school in England, founded under the shadow of St. Paul's Cathedral where lie the remains of England's greatest warriors, rejoicing in her long list of alumni, chief of whom were the Duke of Marlborough and John Milton; Westminster School, re-founded by Queen Elizabeth, holding its daily chapel service in Westminster Abbey, each year giving a play

of the Latin Poet Terrence, its boys being confirmed at Easter time in the chapel of Henry VII; Rugby, the favorite school of the middle classes, made renowned by the work and personality of Dr. Arnold. To write a historical sketch of these schools, or even of Phillips Exeter, my own Alma Mater, or of her sister school Phillips Andover, were an easy task. Aye, in these schools traditions and a large body of alumni sent into Church and State would place abundant material on the historian's desk. To give a sketch of so young a school as Mercersburg requires discrimination on the part of the writer and much forbearance on the part of his audience. In this instance the writer feels he is "In the House of his Friends," and he will, therefore, with pleasure give a somewhat personal chronicle of the Mercersburg Academy as it has been made during the past twelve and one-half years.

On Wednesday, October 12th, 1892, the Board of Regents of Mercersburg College met in session at Martinsburg, W. Va. Aside from the annual report read at that meeting the most important item of business was the resignation of Dr. George W. Aughinbaugh, as President of the institution. Dr. Aughinbaugh in 1880, under depressing circumstances, had taken charge of Mercersburg. During a period of thirteen years, notwithstanding the presence of a heavy debt, he kept the doors of the institution open. In 1892 on account of advancing years he deemed it best to resign his office. At that meeting of the Board, a Committee was appointed to look out for and propose suitable candidates for the Presidency of the institution. At a meeting held in Zion's Reformed Church in Chambersburg, March 14th, 1893, the nominating Committee reported that they had conferred with many people, but were unable to name any candidates. After an informal caucus of considerable length, the names of four teachers, living in different sections of the country were suggested to the Committee and the Committee was authorized to ascertain whether any of these men would accept the position and upon what terms. When challenged, each of the four men promptly declined to be considered a candidate. This report was made to the Board of

Regents at their next meeting held at Westminster, Md., April 27th, 1893. In the meantime applications had been received from three other candidates. The Board was considering these candidates when a telegram was received from Pittsburg, Pa. That telegram was sent by the Reverend John C. Bowman, D. D., and it read: "Wait until you hear from Irvine." This telegram changed the order of business. The Board adjourned for several hours; after the recess a new slate was presented by the Committee and the candidates were elected in following order of preference: (We quote from the minutes of Board.) "Professor W. M. Irvine was elected at first choice of the Board; the Reverend H. L. Beam as second choice, and the Reverend L. Cort as third choice."

During the college year of 1892-1893, I was an instructor in Franklin and Marshall College. I was "general utility" man in the Faculty, my chair including the following subjects: Logic, Political Economy, English, Anglo-Saxon and Gymnastics. On a certain day in the early winter of that year I was traveling from York to Lancaster. Dr. John C. Bowman, who is well known to the members of this society, was on the same train. He told me about the vacancy at Mercersburg, and remarked: "That is a big opening, of fine possibilities, and I should like to see you undertake the work." I showed no enthusiasm; for I did not feel any. For several months thereafter Dr. Bowman, on the street and in the class-room, continued to bring forward this subject. Without my knowledge he mentioned my name as a candidate to the Board of Regents.

Two days after the meeting at Westminster, the Secretary of the Board, the late Reverend T. F. Hoffmeier, sent the notification of my election. My first impulse, never having seen Mercersburg, and knowing of its financial troubles, was to write and decline to undertake the work. I was then engaged to be married, and my fiancee said: "Don't decline; go up to look at the place; you may be able to do good to that institution."

About ten days later the inspection was made. I reached Chambersburg in the evening and attended, at the home of

E. J. Bonbrake, Esq., an informal meeting of Mercersburg's friends. As nearly as I can recall, there were present at that meeting Messrs. E. J. Bonebrake, W. Rush Gillan, George A. Wood, W. J. Zacharias, Linn Harbaugh, William Heyser, Isaac Kieffer, M. A. Foltz, the Reverend J. B. Shontz and Dr. W. C. Cremer. The history of Mercersburg and its glories and its tribulations were told at length, but no definite policy for the future, it seemed, could be formulated. I then ventured to say that the policy of having a college would fail, in fact it had already failed; the only policy that could succeed, especially since the institution had virtually no endowment, was that of a first-class Academy or Preparatory School. Two days later, after having visited the Campus and buildings at Mercersburg, I submitted six general propositions to the Board of Regents, saying that if the propositions were accepted, the work would be undertaken.

The propositions after considerable debate were accepted. I immediately resigned my instructorship at Lancaster and my position on the New York Tribune which I had held during six summers. On the 15th of July I packed my "grip," left New York and started down the Shenandoah Valley in search of boys. I, now, often wonder why people gave us their boys at that time. We had little to show but promises; it was all on paper. The canvas was made with all possible speed. When a town was finished and no passenger train was in sight a freight train with the caboose was taken to reach the next town. At one place with only twenty minutes between trains one of the brightest boys ever registered in the school was secured, a lad who led his class at Mercersburg, later led his class at Princeton for four years, and helped to defeat Yale as a member of the Princeton debating team. On one of these trips, late in the summer, Judge Gillan met me. He said: "Doctor, I have taken this trip simply to meet you and tell you that things are not going well at Mercersburg; the chairman of the finance committee has gone to the World's Fair at Chicago with his family. He has collected no money to speak of and the chairman of the repair committee at Mercersburg will not go

ahead unless the cash is in hand. You had better go up to Mercersburg in person and stir things."

A week or two later when I arrived in Mercersburg I found that things needed stirring. School was to open in ten days; no furniture had been set; more than forty rooms were to be papered; two country paperhangers were at work, papering one room a day; one carpenter was working slowly along and two painters stood waiting for the carpenter to nail up a board so that they could paint it. I took in the situation at a glance; what I said to the members of the Board whom I met on that day would not add grace to this sketch. I telegraphed to Chambersburg for five paper-hangers, hired two more carpenters and a third painter, telegraphed for my faculty members and for five boys who were given a reduction in tuition because they had expected to wait in the dining room. Inside of forty-eight hours I had twenty-two men working under me. We drove the work night and day. The paper-hangers couldn't hang paper at night, so they carried furniture and put down carpets in evening hours by way of variety. If any fellow sauntered up from the town to see what was going on we not infrequently said: "Won't you please give me a lift on this bureau, or won't you please carry this board to the top of the building?" On the Saturday night before school was to open, at eleven o'clock, the three painters backed out of the rear door near the ground, finishing the last patch of floor in the building. I have always suspected that those Chambersburg paper-hangers papered the last two rooms on Sunday afternoon; I was afraid to ask questions!

On the following Sunday and Monday we reached our bed rooms by means of ladders from the ground outside. On Tuesday afternoon the Head Master was sent to bed. Hard work until midnight each day, worry, responsibility and the smell of paint, which pervaded everything, combined to give him the sole bilious attack of his life. On Wednesday when school opened he could not leave his room. The opening exercises were held in the Reformed Church without his presence. The Reverend Dr. Ellis N. Kremer, of Harrisburg, Pa., made the opening address. We repeat one sentence of

his which was prophetic: "A new chapter is about to be written in the history of this institution and I believe it will be a glorious piece of writing."

That was a memorable day; it rained in torrents and the new paint stopped in its process of drying; four instructors and forty boys, all strange to the place, made up the school. One boy said: "Everybody is green, even the cook!" And the Head Master on the broad of his back, but with the hope of youth in his veins! Next morning he arose, and "the wheels began to turn slowly."

I wish it were possible to give an extended sketch of that first year, enlarging on the serious and humorous events, the beginning of many organizations which have since grown to great power in the school, my own impressions and ludicrous mistakes, the steady growth of rules, for the school started without any—the "town and gown" rackets, the gradual settling of each fellow into his merited place in the minds of his instructors and fellow students, the warnings given the Head Master by certain members of the Board of Regents not to run the school into debt, the pranks of the boys, their achievements and the virile spirit of manhood which found its home in the school and which came to stay—but time forbids the recital of details at this point.

In a large boys' school something is ever happening; no hour is dull; each day brings its problems, its hopes, its disappointments, its glories. Within the space of a single hour a Head Master, not infrequently, is called upon to rebuke, to commend, to show sympathy, to encourage, to administer justice, to pronounce severe discipline. Any man who has visited Mercersburg Academy for one or two days can bear witness to the fact that it is possible for a school of typical American boys, in a quiet mountain retreat, to lead a strenuous life and lead it every day, or oftener.

It is not possible to tell the story of these twelve years at Mercersburg in detail. Let it suffice to compare the school as it is at present with what it was twelve years ago—in the spring of 1894. At that time the school did all of its work in one building; to-day nine buildings are in use, and two more under construction. The Campus then contained four

acres; to-day by lease and purchase the Academy controls 120 acres. The total enrollment for the first year was 78 boys; the enrollment of the present year will reach almost 390 boys, bringing us to third place in this type of school in the U. S. The number of boarding students then was 50; the number this year is 320; 1,700 different boys have been enrolled under the present administration, as large a total, I understand, as all previous enrollment at Mercersburg since the founding of Marshall College; about 500 of these boys have entered College, having been received at 62 different higher institutions of learning, scattered from Bowdoin and Dartmouth in the North to the University of Texas in the South and the Leland Stanford, Jr., University in the far West. During the past year Mercersburg had boys in 40 colleges, universities, and professional schools; her representatives stood on ten different honor rolls, they played on 41 'Varsity athletic teams, nine of her men were 'Varsity captains during the past year and a half, and more than a score of other Mercersburg lads are managers of teams, 'Varsity debaters and members of 'Varsity musical organizations.

Mercersburg Academy boys have come from 32 states of the Union, from Mexico, Cuba, Porto Rica, China and India. The first class in 1894 numbered eight boys; the class to be graduated in June next number 105 boys, of whom probably 90 will be able to meet all requirements and get their diplomas. The Faculty in 1894 numbered four men; to-day 22 men are on the Faculty roll. The course at that time covered three years of study; to-day, in order to meet the increased college requirements, it is a five years' course. The total receipts in 1894, for tuition, were \$9,000.00; the receipts this year will exceed \$90,000.00. The old debt of \$4,400.00 has been paid, several thousand dollars have been added to endowment and \$140,000.00 have been expended in improvements. We have passed the era of coal stoves, kerosene lamps and pump water. To-day all our buildings are heated with steam, lighted with electricity, and pure mountain water, the best in the State, is found in unlimited quantity on every floor in the school; baths, a modern system of drainage, a hospital for contagious diseases, and a school infirmary with

physician and two trained nurses in constant attendance, add greatly to the comfort of the boys.

The internal workings of the school have been made to keep pace with the improvements and equipments. The growth of the Faculty has been mentioned. Until two years ago, only unmarried men were employed as instructors, because these men had to live in the dormitories to keep order during the evening hours. Now the Heads of Departments may get married and the new arrangement insures greater permanency among the best men of the Faculty. The wives of these Faculty men are a help to Mrs. Irvine in the social life of the school. The curriculum requirements at Mercersburg, partly because of the increased entrance standards at the best colleges, have steadily enlarged in both quantity and quality. Many boys who were graduated from Mercersburg five years, or longer, ago, would not to-day be rated even as Seniors in the school. The curriculum has been extended largely in the Departments of Modern Languages, Natural Sciences and Mathematics.

Daily tasks for work, the making-up of conditions, and re-grading to a lower class give life a serious aspect to many boys at Mercersburg. Since the beginning of the Xmas vacation, eight boys have withdrawn from Mercersburg on account of low grades; fortunately, a greater number of new boys were ready to take their places. The quality of the work at Mercersburg is seen in the fact that her certificate is received in lieu of examinations at any higher institution in this country, with the exception of four leading universities, and those universities do not accept certificates from any school, or academy.

The question of discipline in a large boys' school is a most important one. It requires tact, justice, wisdom, self-control, sound judgment, and power of delicate adjustment, all in one head. If a teacher, in the class-room, can't catch the right boy, or by his personality control his classes, he will be a failure. Book knowledge, geniality, high credentials and lofty purpose will avail him nothing if he can't get right down on the level and make his boys behave properly. As I tell every new man, who enters our Faculty: "If you can't disci-

pline, you can't teach!" If the head of a large school is unable to make his boys feel that he is the Master, it is only a matter of time until anarchy is his portion in life. Smoking, loafing, dishonesty, gambling, drinking, cheating, and many smaller sins will make their appearance, it may be only after a long interval of time, but the Head Master who hesitates is lost. My advice to all Head Masters is given in three imperatives: "Be strict, be just, run a clean school, and success will be yours."

It is simply impossible to retain every boy who enters an academy. In spite of all sifting process, an occasional bad boy will be enrolled. By "bad" I don't mean mischievous, but evil-minded and vicious. His teachers may be able to do him some good, but he will spoil a dozen other lads in the meantime. Dismissal must be a rule in every self-respecting academy. At Phillips Exeter Academy 500 boys have been dismissed in the last nine years—a goodly share of these having been dismissed for low scholarship. Mercersburg on the average dismisses about 25 boys each year for serious breaches of discipline, such as poker-playing, drinking, going out-of-town at night without permission, cribbing in examinations, hazing and impurity.

The discipline of the school has a direct bearing upon every other department of its activities. The evolution of discipline at Mercersburg is one of the most interesting chapters in the history of the school, and it throws more light on "boy-nature" than can be well imagined. When the school was organized in September, 1893, it started without a single rule. The rules and regulations were made as they were needed; to-day they constitute a formidable body of experience and that body is handed to every boy at the time of his enrollment in the shape of a "Mercersburg Blue Book."

A year or longer ago when Dr. Henry Van Dyke was speaking to the boys he said: "Education is teaching a man to use all of his resources." That sentence makes clear the Mercersburg ideal. The German gymnasium aims to make scholars; the great English schools aim to make men. The Mercersburg ideal tries to gather the best from each of these two ideals. We aspire to have our boys marked by scholar-

ship, culture and leadership, with a development that is broad, deep and manly. Aside from what has been mentioned under Faculty, the curriculum, discipline, etc., we shall group our methods of developing a boy's resources under general heads as follows: Literary, Musical, Athletic, Social and Religious.

Few schools emphasize so greatly as does Mercersburg the literary side of a boy's education. No matter who the boy is, nor where he comes from, he must take the regular work of his class in English. His attainments in Latin or Greek or Science may be wonderful, but he will speak or write in English all the rest of his life and he must, therefore, study all of the English possible. In the class-room his study will take the form of Grammar and Rhetoric work, the reading of the best English Classics, writing of Themes, critical study of correct English, preparing essays and formulating outlines of books. So thoroughly is the work done that Mercersburg Academy has gone for a period of three years in which not a single one of her boys was conditioned in English examinations for college entrance. Last year, out of scores of boys who took entrance examinations, only two part-conditions were received.

Along with the curriculum work which is required of all, many other opportunities are given for literary work by the school: The writing of essays for prizes, writing of stories for the Mercersburg "Lit" (there are only two or three other Academies in this country that publish a purely literary magazine) writing for the Mercersburg Academy News, a paper published bi-weekly, telling of the life of the school from week to week; writing for the Karux, the Academy annual; compulsory attendance at the meetings of one of the literary societies, the Irving, the Marshall, the "Scrub"—a boy must work his way out of "Scrub" before he is eligible for one of the upper societies—compulsory work in oratory or debate—all these are helps in the direction of a strong literary spirit. If a boy shows unusual ability in his English work and is a member of one of the upper two classes he can be elected to "The Mercersburg Fifteen," which does purely

literary work. An election to the "Fifteen" is conceded to be one of the highest honors in the school.

The boys receive much pleasure from their music. Between forty and fifty boys each year take vocal or piano lessons, and every boy in school is given an opportunity to sing, in chorus, hymns and college songs. The daily singing in the chapel and the "Step Songs" at Commencement have brought words of commendation from visitors. The best voices of the school are organized into a glee club and any boy who wishes to do so may learn to play the mandolin, banjo or guitar or other orchestral instrument. Music adds great charm to school life.

Mercersburg is a strong athletic school; in fact, some people, who have not seen the school and her fine set of boys and who may be slightly prejudiced, think that she is strong only in athletics. Much of the success is due to good coaches and the system of athletic work which is well-organized. Each boy in school must belong to one of the squads or take calisthenic exercises. Last fall 170 boys reported for the track squad. The system of putting younger boys into squads and letting them play teams of their own weight and class develops material for the first teams. The success of Mercersburg boys on track and field has been gratifying. They have won twenty-five beautiful silk banners and several large silver cups, the Princeton Inter-Scholastic Cup which they won permanently last spring being the most beautiful of its kind. Last year in contests with the leading Academies, such as Exeter and Lawrenceville, Mercersburg won seven championships. During the past three years her track teams have won thirteen Inter-Scholastic championships. Out of the thirteen American Inter-Scholastic track records her boys held four, a greater number than that held by any other American school.

The social life of the school centering in "North Cottage" is a happy and important one. It may interest you to know that during the course of a school-year 1,500 calls are made by boys and members of the Faculty. As many as sixty boys have called voluntarily at one time in "An evening at

Home." These figures do not include at least 400 other guests who are entertained at meals, receptions to classes, receptions to organizations, etc. It is always a delight to have the boys and their friends in our cottage. Almost without exception from the humblest to the highest they are gentle and courteous and show to the very best advantage. They gain a culture and thoughtfulness then which boys of their age need.

Dr. Thomas Arnold, so tradition tells us, said to the boys at Rugby: "The highest point on this Campus is the cross on the chapel and it points to heaven." Many men say that religion, by reason of its bearing on human life, is the queen of the sciences. Mercersburg has always emphasized religion in the training of her men. The traditions of the past with us remain unchanged. The type of manhood we seek to mould is a consecrated type. The boys now have their own school pastor and attend service in the Academy chapel on Sunday morning and evening. The service is a boys' service, direct, simple and dignified. On one or more Sundays of each month noted ministers come from abroad to speak to them. Twelve or fourteen denominations are represented in the congregation and the boy who does not show keen interest in worship is the exception. The sermons and talks are direct to the boys as the prayers are for their needs and temptations, and no lad has ever said that the services are dull. It is a part of a boy's education to be taught to give, and the practical work of the school which is really the flower of the school life may be seen in the education of six Chinese boys at Yochow, China, and the support of the Academy medical missionary in that same Chinese city. Extra sums are also contributed. Last year we sent \$500.00 to Dr. Beam for the purchase of the ground on which he has just erected a new hospital; in another week or two \$50.00 worth of medical books will start for China and the total contributions made by the members of the Academy this year for work in China will almost reach the sum of \$2,000.00.

In England each of the great schools seems to have its own personality; generally speaking the backbone of its constituency is drawn from a certain social class and the out-

put of boys in great part conforms to a certain type. Eton and Harrow receive the sons of the nobility and of the people of great wealth; Winchester, St. Paul's and Cheltenham have the sons of professional men; Wellington gets many sons of army and navy officers; Marlborough enrolls a large percentage of clergymen's sons; Rugby seeks boys from the higher middle classes and she gets many Scotch boys of sterling worth; this constituency together with the fact that she pays her teachers the best salaries that are paid in English schools give Rugbeians a wonderful reputation for hard work and splendid achievement in the Universities and in the English Church and State.

Mercersburg Academy feels that a niche in American Secondary Education is waiting for her. The part she is trying to play is to give advantages as fine as can be found anywhere at a modicum of expense. One can name a dozen of our best preparatory schools, but the fees in those schools, without exception, range from \$600.00 to a \$1,000.00 a year. Many of the best families of this country have moderate incomes; many of our sterling and most highly-cultured business and professional men have salaries of ordinary amount, and possibly several children to be educated. The rates of tuition already mentioned are prohibitive. Mercersburg, by her favored location, like Rugby in England, makes her tuition charges so moderate that these classes of our people can reach them, and at the same time, Mercersburg hopes to maintain so high a standard in scholarship, deportment and manly attainments that even the wealthiest men of the country will desire their sons to be under such training, especially wealthy men who wish their sons to avoid all snobbery and ostentation and to be taught simplicity of life, and democratic spirit.

In connection with this thought, let me say that Mercersburg prides herself on the spirit of democracy that lives among the boys. Each year by means of scholarships and working positions, such as ringing the bell, working in the kitchen, carrying meals to the infirmary, waiting in the dining room, etc., she assists more than sixty boys. These boys are given a liberal reduction in tuition and some of

them have made their own money, firing engines, teaching school, farming, clerking, loading stone on canal boats, etc. Side by side with them in the class-room sit the sons of many wealthy families. Each boy stands on his merits and a visitor would be unable to tell one class of boys from the other. Several years ago when eight class-day officers were elected, such as orator, prophet, poet, etc., four of the eight officers elected were dining-room boys. This feeling of democracy in the school has given a happy setting for the Mercersburg spirit. This spirit pervades every department of life in the Academy and if we were asked to define it, we would say: "Hard work, fair play, clean life." A grandnephew of the late James G. Blaine, unconsciously defined the Mercersburg spirit when he said to his mother several years ago: "I never saw such a place. They don't ask you how much your father is worth, or what position does your grandfather hold? Every fellow stands on his own feet and they simply say, 'Who are you?' and 'What can you do?'"

We feel that the best pages of Mercersburg's history have not yet been written. To stand as the peer of any preparatory school in this country, or abroad, Mercersburg must have, not only the finest spirit in her boys, but also the most nearly complete equipment for her work, and the best Faculty to take charge of that equipment.

During the past ten years six new buildings have been erected, two enlarged and repaired, and another is to be finished next summer. At least ten other buildings will be needed and the first of these, for which we hope to be able to break ground within a year, will be a new gymnasium. Along with the buildings must come endowed professorships for the heads of departments, many more endowed scholarships, lectureships, library alcoves, and funds for special purposes. The total amount of money for all of these additions will exceed one-half million dollars. Will it come to pass? There are two reasons why these plans, under the blessing of Providence, will succeed. First, the fact that the Academy clears several thousand dollars each year; secondly, because every four years, at the present rate of growth, will add 1,000 names to the Alumni roll. It is not wise to en-

large on this paragraph; some of our friends may become frightened. Speaking more seriously, however, the vigor of the Academy in the present must be a sign of promise for the future. If my dreams are too large, I take comfort in the words of Shakespeare as quoted from the drama of Henry V:

"There's a history in all men's lives,
 Figuring the nature of the time deceased;
 The which observed, a man may prophesy,
 With a near aim of the main chance of things
 As yet not come to life, which in their seeds
 And weak beginnings lie entreasured."

Mercersburg has always stood for the moulding of men. The great teachers who labored there, Rauch, Schaff, Nevin, Apple, Gerhart, Higbee, Aughinbaugh, and others kept this ideal before themselves and their students as a guiding star. The form of organization has changed, but the ancient and beautiful ideal still prevails. Those great teachers realized, as do we, that to make men better, in the words of a poet of our own day, "Is the finest and the hardest work in the world!" In itself the work is truly of the nature of a struggle. Great blessings, as we can all attest, come only by struggle. The teachers at Mercersburg realize that in preparing our boys for life, we try to have them see that life, in its last analysis, is "A battlefield ordained of old, where there are no spectators, but even the youngest must take his part, and the stakes are life and death."

EARLY SCHOOL GIRLS OF THE CONOCO- CHEAGUE.

GEO. O. SEILHAMER, ESQ.

A valley that can point with pride to two mothers of Presidents and two ladies of the White House could not fail to have a history crowded with fair maidens and stately matrons. Before we pause to recount the story of these favored ones among women it is my vaulting ambition, that will perhaps overleap itself, to draw a picture of the school girls of the Conococheague in pioneer days who came with their parents and brothers and beaux to this new Paradise of the Peris. With the Irish and German settlers came the school and the schoolmaster, and on the rude benches of these early colleges of the co-eds sat blooming girls, many of whom left fragrant memories still cherished by their posterity. The curricula of these schools were meagre enough, embracing little more than the "Three R's," and the schoolmasters were often illiterate, confessing in their letters and even in their wills to an orthography more eccentric than that of George Washington. Spelling was not a fine art in those days, but the young officers who were ensigns in the French and Indian War, and some of whom came out of the Revolution as generals, had no occasion to wander far from the Conococheague to find wives as gracious and accomplished as any of the matrons of this day who are famous for their charm as hostesses and their refinement and culture. I am sometimes inclined to think that the formularies of the divines of Augsburg, Heidelberg and Westminster were as effective as manuals of etiquette and moulders of the intellect as the more elaborate systems that have become the necessity and glory of this age. They reached the mind through the heart. And I may add that this prosperous College for Women owed

its initiative to a lady of simple faith educated in the traditions of the pioneers.

When young Benjamin Chambers brought his youthful bride, Sarah Patterson, to the house at the mouth of the Falling Spring, that had served as his bachelor home, in 1742, there was a cluster of the McDowell girls at the base of Mt. Parnell; of the Irwin girls on the West Conococheague, where the Irwinton Mills were afterwards built and the mother of President Benjamin Harrison was born; on the East Conococheague, just above the crossing of the South Penn R. R., were the Poe girls, one of whom, Catharine, as a young bride was carried into captivity by the Delawares and became by her steadfastness a heroine of Indian history; and on Muddy Run, below Brown's Mill, were the Potter girls, daughters of Capt. John Potter, the first Sheriff of Cumberland county, and the first soldier to seek to lead his neighbors against the savages at the outbreak of the French and Indian War.

In the Potter home was an orphan girl, Catharine Hamilton, familiarly called "Kitty" all her life, the daughter of Captain Potter's deceased sister, Isabella Potter Hamilton. She was a descendant of the manse of Dunlop in Ayrshire, Scotland, out of which came so many eminent men and women of the Scotch, Irish and British nobility and gentry. She was destined to become the wife of James Chambers, the eldest son of Col. Benjamin Chambers, and his only child by his first marriage. It is not improbable that as a school girl she attended the school of Enoch Brown, the schoolmaster who was killed by the Indians, together with his scholars, in 1764. The stone house, built by Captain Potter, in which young James Chambers courted Kitty Hamilton, is still standing and inhabited. If I were a novelist I would attempt to depict this frontier courtship in glowing colors, but as this paper is sober history I must content myself with a prosaic reference to this romantic episode. At a later period young Chambers as a captain, lieutenant-colonel and colonel of the Pennsylvania Line in the Revolution, wrote many letters to his "Dear Kitty." In one of these letters, dated at the Camp at Cambridge, August 29, 1775, Cap-

tain Chambers, after describing a spirited action on Ploughed Hill, overlooking Boston, said to his wife: "Your son Benjamin sends his love to you. He was with me in all this affair." On another occasion, five years later, Colonel Chambers, writing from the Camp at New Bridge, Hackensack, Sept. 5, 1780, says of an attack on a blockhouse built by the British on the Jersey side of the North river: "There were twelve killed of the first regiment, and four of them within the abattis; in all forty were killed, wounded and missing; three of these in Ben's platoon. You may depend your son is a good soldier. All the officers and men say he behaved exceedingly well. I had not the pleasure of seeing it, as I lay very sick at the time. Ben can tell you plenty of news about fighting." Only a few months ago Mrs. Judith Catharine Pulliam, a daughter of this gallant young soldier, died at Marshall, Mo., aged 90 years, a real daughter of the American Revolution. I have received many letters from worthy ladies in the West and Southwest of Chambers descent. Among these was one that came to me only a few days ago from a grand-daughter of this soldier Ben, and a great-grand-daughter of Gen. James and Catharine Hamilton Chambers, who, as a young widow, is perfecting her art as a vocalist in the University of Chicago.

In the early days of the civil war I saw a carriage, drawn by two horses, enter Chambersburg. Its occupants were the Rev. George Junkin, D. D., president of Washington College, Lexington, Va., now Washington and Lee University, and members of his family, including his widowed daughter, who had been the wife of Junius M. Fishburn, professor of Latin in Washington College. Dr. Junkin had resigned the presidency of the college because a secession flag was raised over the institution. He drove his own span of horses from Lexington, by way of Williamsport, to Chambersburg. Behind him in Secessia he had left two other daughters, Margaret, the wife of Col. John T. L. Preston, and known in literature as Margaret Preston; and Eleanor, the eldest, whom the battle year of 1863 was to make the widow of "Stonewall" Jackson. While in Chambersburg Dr. Junkin met the venerable Judge Chambers. The two old men in their conversations no doubt rehearsed a story often told in

the Junkin and Chambers families of the fortunate preservation of two little girls from sharing in the massacre of the children of Enoch Brown's school. To the one that told the story the other could only have answered—"The other little girl, thus providentially preserved, was my mother."

Dr. Junkin's mother was Eleanor Cochran.

Judge Chambers' mother was Sarah Brown.

Eleanor Cochran's father, John Cochran, lived on or near the site of Waynesboro'. He was a Covenanter, the strictest sect among Scotch Presbyterians. The entire family often walked over the mountain on Sundays to the Marsh creek tent for worship. So strict was Father Cochran that his daughters were not permitted to pluck huckleberries from the laden bushes as they passed. But stern as he was the education of his children was a part of his religion. It is scarcely surprising, therefore, that his daughter Eleanor found shelter at the house of George Brown, at Brown's Mill, to enable her to receive instruction from Enoch Brown, schoolmaster. Naturally enough school girls so educated married well. Eleanor became the wife of Joseph Junkin, and her sister Mary married William Findley, a captain in the Revolution, who removed to Westmoreland county, and was elected to Congress so often that he became recognized as the Father of the House.

Sarah Brown, whose life was saved on the day of the massacre of the school children, as well as that of her school friend, Eleanor Cochran, because she was kept at home that day to pull flax, married Capt. Benjamin Chambers, a son of Col. Benjamin Chambers, the founder of Chambersburg, by his second wife. She was the daughter of George and Agnes Maxwell Brown, both the Brown and Maxwell families belonging to that group of Scotch-Irish pioneers that made the Conococheague valley so memorable. At least one of her daughters, Sally Chambers, who afterwards married Dr. Clarke, of Philadelphia, was accorded greater educational advantages than those afforded by Enoch Brown's school. She was graduated at the Moravian Seminary for Young Ladies at Bethlehem, Pa., with the class that entered that famous institution in 1805. It is a sign of the precocity of our school

girls who sought the higher education at the beginning of the nineteenth century that Sally Chambers was only thirteen years old when she matriculated.

The Bethlehem Moravian Seminary, although conducted by a quaint and simple people, was the first fashionable boarding school for young ladies of wide reputation in this country. It was patronized by the old Dutch families of New York and New Jersey—the Van Cortlandts, Van Zandts, Van Hornes, Van Beverhoudts, Van Vlecks, Van Vechtens and Vanderheydens. I beg you to note there were no Vanderbilts. Many of the well-to-do general officers of the Revolution sent their daughters to Bethlehem. Among these were Martha Washington and Cornelia Lott Greene, daughters of Gen. Nathaniel Greene, of Rhode Island; Eliza Moore, Ann, Faith and Harriet Huntington, daughters of Gen. Jedediah Huntington, of Connecticut; and Eliza Sumpter, daughter of Gen. Thomas Sumpter, of South Carolina. It is certainly a great list for a Young Ladies Seminary when it includes in its first period of twenty years of its history such names as Roosevelt, Livingston, Frelinghuysen, Boudinot, Bayard, Sergeant, Hiltzheimer, Hiester, Butler, Bleecker, Allibone, Aston, Ege and Girard. The school girls from the Conococheague during these twenty years—1785-1805—make a roster astonishing for its length. It embraces Catharine Crawford, daughter of Edward Crawford, of Chambersburg, for a quarter of a century Pooh-Bah of our Courthouse offices, 1800; Elizabeth Crawford, daughter of John Crawford, a brother of Edward, Guilford, 1801; and Martha Crawford, sister of Elizabeth, 1802; Margaret Chambers, daughter of Joseph Chambers, a younger brother of Capt. Benjamin Chambers, Chambersburg, 1801; Eleanor Colhoun, daughter of John Colhoun, Chambersburg, 1801; Rebecca Clopper, daughter of Nicholas Clopper and a cousin of Capt. Benjamin and Joseph Chambers, Chambersburg, 1803; and Sally Chambers, daughter of Capt. Benjamin Chambers, Chambersburg, 1805.

During the lull in the French and Indian War, 1760-64, a young schoolmaster from Lancaster county was teaching in the families on the West Conococheague. His name was

John King. He had been well grounded in the Greek and Latin languages and was ready for college, but limited means sent him to the frontier to teach. He remained three years. The interruptions consequent upon Pontiac's War drove him away. At that time his choice of a vocation was not made. He finally determined upon the ministry, was graduated at the College of Philadelphia in 1766, and licensed to preach in 1767. In the autumn of the latter year he returned to the Conococheague on a visit. I do not know what brought him back, but I believe I am justified in saying that the magnet was the bright eyes of one of the school girls at McDowell's Mill. In 1769 he was ordained pastor of the Upper West Conococheague Presbyterian Church, and in 1771 he married Betsy McDowell, daughter of John, the miller. At that time Elizabeth was "Betsy," Margaret was "Peggy," and Mary was "Polly."

During his long pastorate of more than forty years Dr. King united many of the Betsys, Peggys and Pollys of the Conococheague to the young men of their choice. His marriage record is the earliest, the longest and the best preserved in the Cumberland Valley. His baptismal record is itself a genealogy of the Conococheague that reaches all over the United States. The children of our early school girls, some of them pupils of this good pastor when he was a school-master, like stars thickly studded on the folds of a fan that slowly open and spread, are scattered over an empire so vast that it sweeps from the Gulf Stream in the Atlantic to Hawaii and the Philippines in the far Pacific.

It is one of the interesting facts of frontier history that when people lived far apart they were nearer neighbors, socially speaking, than they are in the crowded communities of today. John Van Lear, an emigrant from Holland, early in the eighteenth century, had a son John, who settled in Lancaster county. John Van Lear, the second, had two sons, Matthew and William, and daughter, Sarah. Sarah Van Lear married William McMahan, the historian of Maryland. William, the younger of the brothers, settled in Guilford township, near Chambersburg. He had six sons, one of whom, Joseph, married Mary Chambers, a daughter of Row-

land Chambers, of Montgomery township, near Mercersburg. Rowland Chambers belonged to an old Cumberland Valley family, but he was in no way connected with the Chambers family of Chambersburg. Joseph and Mary Chambers Van Lear had many descendants of whom few if any remain in this valley.

It is, however, of the elder son of John Van Lear that I wish particularly to speak. Matthew Van Lear settled in Washington Co., Md., where in time he acquired a tract of 1,200 acres of land, near Williamsport. On this plantation, to which he gave the name of "Mount Tammany," he built the well-known Van Lear mansion, that is still standing and in the possession of some of his descendants. Although a settler in Maryland he came across Mason and Dixon's line for a wife, and married an early school girl of the Conococheague—Mary Irwin, daughter of Archibald and Jean McDowell Irwin. They were married by Dr. King in 1782, who in his long lifetime tied the nuptial knot that changed the names of ten other Irwin girls. By this marriage Matthew Van Lear's descendants become connected by family relationship with the children of many of the Conococheague pioneers. Subsequent marriages made this relationship singularly extensive and intricate.

Archibald Irwin, the father of Mary Irwin Van Lear, was the progenitor of a President of the United States and of a Lady of the White House. He was brought to the Conococheague valley as a child by his father, James Irwin, who was one of our very earliest pioneers. The boy, Archibald, grew to manhood on the frontier and in his youth was an intrepid Indian fighter. He was ensign of the company of the "Fighting Parson," the Rev. Capt. John Steel, in the Kittanning Expedition in 1756, under Col. John Armstrong. This service entitles all the maids and matrons among his descendants to membership in the Society of Colonial Dames, a very difficult proposition for most women. In 1757 he married Jean McDowell, daughter of William McDowell, a pioneer who came to the Conococheague when Benjamin Chambers was still a very young bachelor. Elizabeth McDowell, the wife of Rev. Dr. John King, was her niece. The

daughters of Archibald and Jean McDowell Irwin were too young to be pupils of John King, schoolmaster. They were well educated, probably under his teaching, and married extremely well. Besides Mary, who was the wife of Matthew Van Lear, Nancy married William Findlay, Governor of Pennsylvania and United States Senator; Elizabeth married Robert Smith, a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature, of whom presently, as the genealogists say; and Jane married James Findlay, a brother of the Governor, who was an Ohio brigadier General in the second war with Great Britain and for many years a member of Congress from Cincinnati. Nancy Findlay's daughter, Jane, married Francis R. Shunk, also Governor of Pennsylvania, and her son, Archibald Irwin Findlay, married his cousin, Sophia Van Lear, youngest daughter of Matthew and Mary Irwin Van Lear. He was a member of the Franklin County Bar and practiced his profession in Chambersburg. His daughter, Nancy, is living in the old Van Lear mansion at Tammany.

A word is in place as to the grandmother of the Findlays. Elizabeth Brown was not a school girl of the Conococheague. Her father was Cornet Brown, who was active in the defense of Derry in 1688. She was a widow with one son, Samuel Findlay, when Maj. James Johnston, who was one of the Johnstones of Annandale, in Dumfrieshire, Scotland, in pity for her widowhood and to please himself, made her his wife. By her second marriage she had four sons, the Johnstons of Antrim, all of them officers of the Revolution. She also had three daughters. Mary Johnston married William Beatty, Martha married Dugal Campbell, and Elizabeth married John Boggs. Two of the Johnston boys, Thomas and John, had sons and daughters, but the Johnston name is extinct in the valley. Col. Thomas Johnston's daughters were accomplished ladies and are represented in our day by the Moore family of Carlisle, the McLanahan family of Chambersburg, and the Brown family of Greencastle. Major John Johnston married first, Rebecca Smith, and second Anabelle McDowell, both early school girls of the Conococheague. One of his sons, Samuel, married Maria Buchanan, a sister of President Buchanan, but he died soon after his

marriage, sine prole. Elizabeth Brown's son by her first marriage, Samuel Findlay, married Jane Smith, daughter of William Smith, maker of Braddock's road and a colonial Justice of the Peace, to whom the living ladies among the Findlay descendants must look for eligibility as Colonial Dames. William Smith's wife Mary, was a sister of Col. James Smith, a hero of Indian captivity, and the famous "Captain of the Black Boys," who was the first American to defy the authority of Great Britain in arms. The descendants of Samuel and Jane Smith Findlay are scattered all over the Union.

Robert Smith, to whom I promised to recur, was one of two links that not only united the two Smith families of the Conococheague in one chain, but allied them with nearly every family that I have had or shall have occasion to mention in this paper. His mother was Mary Smith, a daughter of Robert and Jean Smith, of an early Chester county family. Her sister Jean married James McDowell, a brother of Jean McDowell Irwin. At least one of this McDowell family still clings to the base of Mt. Parnell,—Mr. Robert McDowell, of St. Thomas. Besides his brother James, for six years a captive among the Indians and noted for his attack with his "Black Boys" on the Indian traders at Sideling Hill, and later for his bold defiance of the garrison in Fort Loudon, she had a brother, Jonathan, an elder in Dr. King's church, who went as a private in a company of the "Flying Camp" in 1776, and died in the service. Jonathan Smith left a wife Jean, but no children. His brother James, when he went on the unfortunate journey that resulted in his captivity, was deeply in love with a Conococheague school girl, but before the young captive returned she was captive of another. He afterward married, but his children were Kentuckians.

William Smith, the father of Robert, was a son of James and Jennet Smith, of "Old Mother Antrim." He was deprived of his commission as justice of the peace by the provincial authorities because of his alleged sympathy with the exploits of his intrepid young brother-in-law of "Black Boy" fame. One of Squire Smith's brothers, Abraham Smith, was

colonel of the 8th battalion, Cumberland County Associators, and saw much active service in the Revolution. He was a member of the Supreme Executive Council of Pennsylvania and he was later a State Senator. One of his daughters, Agnes, married Walter Beatty, of the old Beatty family of Antrim. One of 'Squire Smith's sisters, Rebecca, married Maj. John Johnston, as I have already said, and it was his daughter Jane who became the wife of Samuel Findlay, the younger, and the mother of three distinguished sons. Another daughter, Mary, a typical early school girl of the Conococheague, married Capt. Robert Parker, a distinguished soldier of the Revolution. His mother, Elizabeth Todd Parker, was of the Todd family from which came Mary Todd Lincoln, the wife of President Lincoln. His sister, Elizabeth Parker, married Gen. Andrew Porter and was the mother of Gov. David R. Porter and the grandmother of General Horace Porter. Capt. Robert and Mary Smith Parker had a daughter, Mary Smith, who married Dr. Peter Washington Little, a worthy physician of Mercersburg. Dr. Little's daughter, Elizabeth, was the wife of Robert M. Bard, a brilliant member of the Franklin County Bar; their son is Thomas R. Bard, formerly United States Senator from California.

One of 'Squire Smith's sons, William, laid out the town of Mercersburg, but did not live long enough to see it built. In his will he authorized his executors "to act and do in all manner of thing and things respecting a new town lately layed out by me, and Called messers Burgh, by making Titles to the Purchasers, Signing, sealing and Delivering, etc., in as full, clear and Ample A manner as I myself might or Could do were I alive and Personally Present, According to the plan of the Same." He also directed them to build a house of middling size for his wife and little daughter, Sallie, near where his stable stood.

His little daughter Sally became the wife of Maj. John Brownson and the mother and grandmother of two eminent Presbyterian divines—the Rev. Dr. James I. Brownson, and his son the Rev. Dr. Marcus A. Brownson. Her mother, Margaret Piper Smith, was a daughter of William and Sarah

McDowell Piper. Mrs. Piper was a sister of Jean McDowell Irwin. Before the Revolution the Pipers removed to the West Branch of the Susquehanna, where they were visited by the Rev. Philip Fithian, a Presbyterian missionary on the frontier, who left a charming description of her in her childhood, in his diary: "There is no one in the society," he wrote July 13, 1775, "but my little Wain that can tell you what is 'effectual calling.' Indeed, this little Wain is a lovely girl. She is an only child just ten years old. She seems to me to be remarkably intelligent; reads very clear, attends well to the quantity of words, has a sweet, nervous accent. Indeed, I have not been so lately pleased as with this rosy-cheeked Miss Peggy Piper."

This tangled web of consanguinity by intermarriage was still more inextricably interlaced by the marriage of Robert Smith, the younger son of the 'Squire, with Elizabeth Irwin, daughter of Archibald and Jean McDowell Irwin. They had one son, William, and two daughters, Mary, wife of Dr. Alexander T. Dean, and Sarah, who married John Findlay, son of Col. John Findlay, of Chambersburg. William Smith, son of Robert and Elizabeth Irwin Smith, married Mary Smith Johnston, daughter of Maj. John and Rebecca Smith Johnston. Their daughter, Elizabeth Irwin Smith, married John S. Crawford, son of Dr. William Crawford, of Gettysburg. In the Crawford home I had the pleasure of seeing a portrait of Robert Smith, who was a boy of nine years at the beginning of the Revolution.

Archibald Irwin, son of Archibald and Jean McDowell Irwin, succeeded to the old Irwin homestead and the "Irwin-ton Mills" on the West Branch of the Conococheague. Both the dwelling house and the mill were built by his father. He married for his first wife Mary Ramsey, daughter of Maj. James Ramsey, who built the mill, near Mercersburg, since known as Hiester's. The wife of her bother, John Ramsey, who was the founder of Ligonier, in Westmoreland county, was Jane Van Lear, the eldest daughter of Matthew and Mary Irwin Van Lear. The elder of the two daughters of Archibald and Mary Ramsey Irwin was Jane, the younger was Elizabeth. Nancy Ramsey, a sister of Mary, married

John Sutherland, an Englishman, who lived in Ohio, near the home of Gen. William Henry Harrison at North Bend. The Irwin girls visited their aunt, Mrs. Sutherland, in Ohio, where they met the sons of General Harrison, William Henry and John Scott Harrison. The result of these meetings was that William H. Harrison, Jr., came to "Irwinton Mills," in 1824, to wed Jane Irwin. At that time her sister, Elizabeth, was only fourteen years old. Eight years later she married John Scott Harrison in Ohio. In 1889, Benjamin Harrison, the eldest son of Elizabeth Irwin Harrison, became President of the United States. Jane Irwin Harrison was mistress of the White House during the brief administration of the first President Harrison in 1841. The fine old mansion, built of limestone, in which these two fortunate women, one of them the mother of a President, were born, is still standing, little changed from what it was at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

Through the marriage of Major Ramsey's eldest daughter, Sarah, with the Rev. William Speer, pastor of the Falling Spring Presbyterian Church, 1794-97, the Irwins became closely connected, though not by kith, with the family of the mother of another President of the United States, and of another Lady of the White House. The Ramseys and Speers were neighbors on the east side of the South Mountain before James Ramsey wedded one of the Porter girls, Elizabeth, on Marsh Creek, and brought his bride to the West Conococheague. At that time Elizabeth Speer, daughter of James Speer, was a little girl. After the Revolution, a young Irishman, fresh from the hills of sweet Donegal, came along, and when he talked of love the gentle Elizabeth agreed to cross the Blue Ridge to a home in the Gap, above Mercersburg. For this young Irishman the picturesque gorge and the surrounding mountains must have been very attractive, so suggestive were they of the hills and valleys that he had left behind in Ireland. His name was James Buchanan. Elizabeth Speer Buchanan was a woman of many domestic virtues, and of sincere and unostentatious piety. She was well read, considering the conditions under which she was born and

lived; and her distinguished son bore testimony to her wide acquaintance with and appreciation of the best English poets. I need not say that he was James Buchanan, fifteenth President of the United States.

President Buchanan's sister, Jane, married Elliott T. Lane, a Virginian, who had come to Mercersburg and was a merchant in the little mountain town. It was their daughter Harriet, who, as the protegee of her uncle, was the second Lady of the White House from the Conococheague. Harriet Lane's parents died in her early girlhood. After their death she became an inmate of the bachelor home of her uncle, James Buchanan. During Mr. Buchanan's absences in Washington she occasionally lived with two Lancaster ladies—the Misses Crawford. She had private teachers and attended a school in Lancaster. With her sister, Mary, she was then placed in a boarding school at Charlestown, Virginia, and her education was finished at the Roman Catholic Convent at Georgetown, D. C. Mr. Buchanan's correspondence with her began when she was a school-girl, was continued when she became the companion of his ageing years, and did not cease when he gave her to the husband of her choice. In these letters we catch glimpses of a trip to Bedford Springs, from the Charlestown school, 1845; to Rockaway, from the convent in 1847; and at home at "Wheatland," in 1849. During the next year or two Miss Lane made extended visits in New York, Baltimore, Washington and Pittsburgh, becoming a favorite in society wherever she went. In Pittsburgh she was the guest of Dr. and Mrs. James Ramsey Speer, Dr. Speer being a full cousin of Mr. Buchanan. She had become an accomplished and beautiful young lady, with charming and cordial manners.

When Mr. Buchanan became Minister to England, in 1853, Miss Lane did not accompany him abroad, although she ardently desired to go with him. She joined her uncle in England in the spring of 1854, and remained with him until the autumn of 1855. In England he obtained social recognition for his niece that was very gratifying to both of them. It was not, however, until Miss Lane became mistress of the White House, during Mr. Buchanan's Administration, that

her social ascendancy reached its zenith. Her grace and beauty were the theme of constant comment in the newspapers. Like her distinguished uncle, by whom she was trained, she was very stately. Her form had statuesque majesty. Every movement that she made was graceful. Her manners were frank and cordial. Her features were in the classic mould, and she had a mouth of remarkable beauty. She was a blonde, with deep violet eyes and golden hair.

When the Prince of Wales was a guest at the White House, in 1860, Miss Lane's charming manners elicited universal praise. "The White House under the administration of Buchanan," Jefferson Davis said after the Civil War, when he was a prisoner in Fortress Monroe, "approached more nearly to my idea of a Republican Court than the President's house has ever done since the days of Washington."

Gifted as the Conococheague school girls always were in the gentle art of leading the young men of their choice to the altar none of them had the foresight to marry a President. It may be said for their exculpation, however, that they had only one chance. A venerable lady, who died a year or two ago in the West, used to relate with pardonable pride her girlish recollections of having James Buchanan, then a tall awkward, country boy, for a partner in a dance at Greencastle. If she could have forseen his destiny she might have changed the currents of a lifetime. But the Conococheague girls spread their nets for smaller fish and enmeshed many fine specimens, not of the commoner sort, quoting perchance, these lines from Beaumont and Fletcher's "Rule a Wife and Have a Wife."

"..... He is mine own. I have him;
I told thee what would tickle him like a trout,
And as I cast it so I caught him daintily,
And all he has I have 'stowed at my devotion."

Into the nets of the daughters of the pioneers came United States Senators, Governors, Judges, Representatives in Congress, State Legislators, lawyers, doctors and divines, including College Presidents and Doctors of Divinity. The list is a long one, and were I to name only those that come most

readily to mind it would be at the risk of making this paper read like a catalogue.

Could I call spirits from the vasty deep what an interesting and mazing procession would I be able to marshal for your delight. You would see the school girls of the Conococheague on the rude benches of the log schoolhouses of a century and a half ago. You would see groups of worshippers in the simple churches, each man with his long rifle within reach of his strong right arm. You would hear the war-whoop of the savage and almost feel the fierce blows of his deadly tomahawk. The smoke and flame of burning houses would rise before your eyes. Fleeing women with their children, seeking a place of safety, would claim your gaze. Groups of captives, goaded by savage warriors, would march sorrowfully into the woods. The kaliedoscope would change, and the smiling valley would emerge crowned with peace and plenty. Then again the war drum would be heard, and the young riflemen in round hats and hunting shirts would march to help drive the red-coated soldiery from Boston town, and later the plainer yoeman would follow, some to die of fever in the Jersey swamps, or by the enemy's bullets on the bloody fields of Brandywine, and Germantown, and Paoli. Peace again and a free and expanding country. One by one the pioneers are passing to that bourne from which no traveller returns. Fine stone mansions have taken the place of many of the early cabins, and brick is beginning to replace stone. But the rich and fertile valleys of the Ohio, the Wabash and the Mississippi are enticing the old and the young. There are weddings in the fine houses of the rich and the humbler dwellings of the poor, and eager flights westward from both. The days of the pioneers are past, and this fair valley is left to the belated ones who chose to linger around the old hearthstones and to us, their children. Alike those that stayed and those that went have united in building up a new nation, a new race, a new people. There are no Scotch-Irish now, no Pennsylvania Germans, no Celtic Irish, or Gaelic Scotch, no Cymric Welsh, except among the late comers and a few very old families with whom sectarian and

racial prejudices long served to thwart and hinder the forces of natural selection.

Did it ever occur to you that the names entwined with those of our pioneers through the intermarriages of the early school-girls of the Conococheague, and the school-boys as well, are the keys to a new type? A citation of some of these names is important, if, perhaps, rather prosaic. Lieut. Benjamin Chambers, grandson of Col. Benjamin Chambers, and only son of Gen. James Chambers, married for his second wife, Sarah Lawson Kemper, of the Kempers of Virginia and the Von Kempers of the Fatherland. I need scarcely remark that the children of Benjamin and Sarah Kemper Chambers had a fine old German strain. Gen. James Chambers' gifted daughter, Charlotte, married first, Col. Israel Ludlow, of New Jersey, of Netherland extraction, and second, the Rev. David Riske, of French Huguenot stock. A grand daughter, Catharine Dunlop, daughter of his daughter, Sarah Bella, married Col. Casper Wever, son of Casper von Weber. There is no mistaking that family. It will be observed that these changes only began with the grandchildren of the pioneer. The same thing is true of other early families. Archibald Irwin, the third of the name, and a brother of Jane Irwin and Elizabeth Irwin Harrison, married Martha Sumwalt; his half-sister, Sarah Ellen Irwin, married Dr. Frisby Snively Newcomer, of a noteworthy Conococheague family of German origin. Gov. Francis R. Shunk, who married Jane Findlay, was also of the Teutonic race. Thomas Poe's granddaughter, Susan, a daughter of Capt. James Poe, married Samuel Van Tries, a son of Abraham Van Tries, who, to use a homely phrase was "as Dutch as sour krout," and I believe as good. In the Pomeroy family are found such names as Fulwiler, Slemmer, Van Orsdale and Byers. But the granddaughters, and great-granddaughters and great-great-granddaughters—not to forget the grandsons, and great-grandsons and great-great-grandsons—of Jacob Schnebele, now Snively, perhaps the earliest of the Swiss to come to the Conococheague, intermarried with the Scotch-Irish, so-called, to greater extent than any other. Among the names involved I find Atkinson, Carlisle, Crosby, Cul-

bertson, Doane, Hays, Johnston, Lambert, McCrea, McVicker, Mitchell, Pirtle, Reid, Rowe, Strickland and Thompson.

The tide that began to set in gently more than a century ago, has increased in volume with every ebb until it is now a tidal wave. Some there were, with deep-seated and unyielding sectarian and racial prejudices that thought to hinder and to halt the powerful impulse that was creating a new type of American manhood and womanhood. Their efforts were in vain. The magic of Love was like the "Touchstone" of which Allingham sung so daintily:

"A man there came, whence none could tell,
 Bearing a touchstone in his hand;
 And tested all things in the land
 By its unerring spell.

A thousand transformations rose,
 From fair to foul, from foul to fair;
 The monarch's crown he did not spare,
 Nor scorn the beggar's clothes.

Of heirloom jewels, prized so much,
 Were many turned to chips and clods;
 And even statues of the gods
 Crumbled beneath his touch.

Then angrily the people cried,
 'The loss outweighs the profit, far;
 Our goods suffice us as they are,
 We will not have them tried.'

But since they could not so avail
 To check his unrelenting quest,
 They seized him, saying, 'Let him test
 How real is our jail.'

But, though they slew him with the sword,
 And in the fire his touchstone burned,
 Its doings could not be o'erturned,
 Its undoings restored.

And when to stop all further harm,
 They strewed its ashes on the breeze,
 They little thought each grain of these
 Conveyed the perfect charm."

A FORGOTTEN BATTLE OF THE CIVIL WAR.

LINN HARBAUGH, ESQ.

On the morning of July 29, 1864, several men who had been appointed by the Court to view the route of a proposed new road in the "Corner" south of Mercersburg started out for that purpose. While they were engaged in the work, reports came to them that a force of Confederates was approaching through Blair's valley. The work was quickly abandoned and the viewers returned to town, for it was in the air this time that the enemy was near.

Major Robert S. Brownson, a veteran of the 126th Regiment Pa. Vols., but a physician in times of peace, then mounted his horse and in company with Constable George W. Wolfe, determined to do a little scouting south of town. About two miles out they met a Union scout riding in hot haste in the direction of Mercersburg. The rider did not slack pace to reply to their anxious inquiries, but they gathered from his hasty words that a large body of troops was west of them on the Blair's valley road. Our scouts advanced cautiously and at length gained a point from which the whole extent of the "Corner" road could be seen. A dense cloud of dust met their gaze extending as far as the eye could see in either direction, and it was evident that a large force of cavalry was in possession of the road. Venturing still nearer, they observed some commotion and excitement among the troopers. Many of them were riding hastily back and forth, shots were heard in the distance and a halt had been ordered.

Thus Dr. Brownson and his companion sat upon their horses and witnessed the approach of the Confederate forces, consisting of General McCausland's brigade of mounted in-

A paper read at the March meeting of the Society, held on the evening of March 29, 1866, at the residence of Walter K. Sharpe, Esq. Read by James W. Cree. The meetings for April and May were omitted.

fantry, and a brigade of cavalry under General Bradley T. Johnston, about 2,900 men in all. Major Brownson and Constable Wolfe soon withdrew, the latter returning to town, turned down Seminary street to the corner of Park, and there witnessed the opening of the Battle of Mercersburg, which began about two hundred yards south of the Presbyterian church on the "Corner" road.

On the Confederate side there was a cavalry battalion under Major Sweeny, said to have been a handsome and brave set of men, acting as van guard to the brigades above mentioned. The Union force was composed of 22 men of the Sixth United States regular cavalry under Lieut. H. T. McLean, from Carlisle barracks. Mr. Wolfe, an eye witness to the fight, declared "there never was a braver set of men, nor finer conduct than occurred in this action and the subsequent retreat of McLean's men through town."

As the van-guard of the enemy approached from the direction of the "Corner," the Union force emerged from a vacant lot near the old lime kilns, and dashing to the road, fired the first volley. They then withdrew. The surprise was complete, and the Confederates wheeled and rode back some distance. Soon another charge was made, the Union force again dashing out from their place of concealment, and the Johnnies were again repulsed. This was repeated several times accompanied by rapid firing on both sides, until a large force of the enemy came up. The Confederates had then decided that the resistance could not be very great, and they made ready for a final charge.

This time McLean's men appeared as usual and fired again into the front ranks of the oncoming foe, but in place of falling to the side of the road as before, they turned and rode at a rapid pace into town. Before turning the Presbyterian church corner, the Federals wheeled and fired a volley, then at the public square they made another stand. One more compliment was sent back at the bridge north of town, and still another at the Loudon road. From this point all along the road to Chambersburg, the Sixth regulars harassed McCausland's advance cavalry that night at almost every available point, every now and then sending off a mes-

senger to Gen. Couch at Chambersburg, who was then attempting to communicate with Gen. Averill.

This brief description is a composite of personal interviews with a number of men who were eye witnesses of the battle. The only record of it is that made by Dr. Thomas Creigh in his diary. This distinguished clergyman, for forty-nine years pastor of the Presbyterian church at Mercersburg, wrote in his diary of that day as follows:

“They reach the Diamond. Our few men receive them with a fire, and retreat coolly down the street, the rebels after them and bullets flying. One struck near our house. They commenced passing through town about five p. m., and continued until eight. They had from four to six pieces of cannon. They broke into the stores and did all the damage they could although our merchants had removed most of their goods.”

And yet there is another brief reference to the event on record, from the Confederate point of view. In the “Annals of the War,” General McCausland himself says:

“At Clearspring we left the National road and turned north on the Mercersburg road. We reached Mercersburg about dark and stopped to feed our horses and to give time for the stragglers to come up. After this stop the march was continued all night notwithstanding the opposition made at every available point by a regiment of Federal cavalry.”

The statement is not wholly correct, though Mr. Hoke, in calling McCausland to task, falls into error in the other extreme.

He says: “The only troops to oppose the march of the rebels from Mercersburg, to within two miles of this place (Chambersburg) were a single company of cavalry under Lieut. H. T. McLean, 6th U. S. regulars. This company made no resistance for the obvious reason that it could accomplish nothing with so vastly a superior force, but steadily fell back before the advancing foe.”

The assertion that they made no resistance, whatever, is one that I believe Mr. Hoke would have modified, had he

ever taken occasion to rewrite his work. If for no other reason, at least in justice to this brave handful of men whose services on this occasion, in delaying the invasion several hours, might have been, no one can now estimate how valuable, had General Averill been up and doing as many persons think he should have been that night.

The name given to the opening of the engagement, herein imperfectly described, is not a recent invention. It was spoken of at the time as "a sharp battle," and a citizen of Mercersburg being in Virginia soon after the war closed heard it mentioned as the Battle of Mercersburg. The casualties of this battle are somewhat shrouded in uncertainty. General McCausland says nothing of either killed or wounded. Nor does Mr. Hoke make mention of them. It was rumored at the time that 16 Confederate soldiers had been wounded, six of whom, the surgeons declared, would die. Report had it also that a Confederate soldier had been buried in a field north of town, near the forks of the Loudon road.

A force of 2,900 men makes a long procession on a country road, and it is likely that a large portion of the command never saw any of the skirmishing at the front. Necessarily only a few of the cavalry force were engaged, and yet the recollection of the fight remained so vividly with the commanding general that, in writing of it some years afterwards, he estimated the resisting force as a regiment of Federal cavalry.

The damage done to property during this engagement was very slight. Perhaps the only persons who might have laid any claim were Mr. C. Louderbaugh and several of his neighbors along Park street, for splinters and bullet holes in the fences. These claims might have been filed, and adjudicated and re-adjudicated, finally taking the form of certificates which would have remained for the only proper use and behoof of the claimants, their heirs and assigns forever.

It will be difficult perhaps to imagine or picture the scenes of that night. The mere presence of the rebels themselves did not create much uneasiness among our people, as it had upon former occasions, especially when Stuart suddenly appeared at noonday in October two years before. But the

fight that had just occurred, the rapid and reckless firing and the lively riding and chase through town—all this was entirely new entertainment for Mercersburg and aroused an excitement that drove sleep far enough away from the eyes of the denizens for that night at least.

Then, too, the presence of such a large force of the enemy within the boundaries of Pennsylvania, considering the then existing state of affairs in Virginia, seemed to bode no good and left a broad margin for conjecture as to the mission of this body of cavalry and the outcome of it all.

Standing alone as an event of its kind, the Battle of Mercersburg would long since have been commemorated by a monument. But occurring as it did in the midst of calamities vastly greater in their action and results, it was completely overshadowed at the time, and has now been almost forgotten. Furthermore, the event had no distinguishing feature to make it famous. The Battle of the Kegs has been made notable in history because of the humor of it. The Buckshot War, of which the late John M. Cooper has given us a complete and graphic account, was unique because of its threatening character and bloodless results; the soldiers at Homestead distinguished themselves by their ability not only to fight but to suppress fights, as one of the orators tersely expressed it in welcoming the soldiers home.

Between the battles of that great Civil War there was much hard campaigning, skirmishing and sharp encounter, and consequently great gallantry and heroism that must go forever unsung.

And so the Battle of Mercersburg does not rise out of the ordinary, as battles go, and has nothing in itself that would serve to fasten its incidents upon the memories of the present generation. Within two years of its occurrence, the great battles of Antietam and Gettysburg had been fought, neither of them fifty miles away. The Battle of Mercersburg took place on July 29, 1864, and on the following day, a great part of the town of Chambersburg that had not gone up in smoke lay smouldering in hopeless ruins.

JENKINS RAID.

The following paper written by Mrs. Jemima K. Cree to her absent husband, John Cree, in Pittsburg, gives a graphic account of the stirring scenes and incidents during the Jenkins raid in Chambersburg, June 15-19, 1863. and was also read at the meeting March 29, 1906.

Monday evening, June 15, 1863.

My dear Husband:

Two more days of terrible excitement are almost at an end, and we are all safe in our own houses yet. Yesterday morning report said there had been dispatches received at 12 o'clock saying that the rebels had crossed the river and would most likely make us a visit. In our quiet street we paid but little attention to it, but got ready and started for church; on getting to the main street, judge of our surprise to find the Diamond and the street around it crowded, and six wagons being loaded with large boxes from the town hall. On inquiry I found they were removing the Government goods that were stored there, (clothes that had been sent on for the soldiers that were to come).

The excitement was kept up pretty much all day. Whilst in church the wagons were rattling past, the court house bell ringing, and occasionally a tap of the drums sounding. In the evening some refugees from Martinsburg arrived, and some 30 men from the regular army stopped to rest on their way to Bedford to quell the riots there. But to-day has been a day to be remembered. A dispatch this morning said the rebels were across the river on their way to Hagerstown, and might be here by 1 o'clock. Persons began to pack up their clothing and valuables, making ready for a skedaddle, though most families concluded to stay until they were obliged to go. About ten o'clock a scout came in saying there were a line of our army wagons coming in, five miles long, and that the last of them had been captured by the rebels, who were close in their rear. In a few minutes the streets were alive with men and boys flying or rather galloping in every direction getting their horses away. In the

midst of it, the army train came in, full gallop; the first brought their wagons with them but the panic became so great amongst the drivers that they cut the horses loose, and came into town full gallop, the poor old horses covered with foam and the wagons left out in the road. In the meantime those who could sent boxes and trunks to the country, others moved their best furniture and valuables out of the reach of the public buildings, for fear they would be fired. Mr. Messersmith had the money and papers of the bank removed yesterday, and to-day their best carpets, beds, bedding, pictures, glasses, etc., were brought to Queen street, ready to be taken to their farm at a moment's warning. Aunt Gilmore's parlor carpet, good chairs, etc., etc., with their clothing, etc., are at Mass' and our house, (our parlor is full). Every store, office and shop in town is closed, signs all down and the men are all private gentlemen. There was not time to send goods to the cities as they did before, so they are packed on garrets and in cellars.

You may ask what I did. Well, I did the best I could and that was—nothing at all. Mary packed the silver in Cornie's traveling bag. I rolled up our best dresses and laid them on the bed. We hadn't a trunk in the house fit to put anything in, and if we had, what could we do with it.

There have very few families left town. This evening things seemed a little quiet and we began to hope the danger was past, but a dispatch just now says the rebels are in Greencastle. I write this evening for fear the cars may be stopped running. Everything looks dark, but the eye that slumbers not nor sleeps can protect us from dangers seen and unseen. The men talk of leaving town, for fear of being taken prisoners. The cars have all been sent off, so this cannot go. An extra train has just left. J. Nixon, W. McLellan, the Eysters, McClure, Kimmel and a few more have gone, but left their families here.

Tuesday Eve., Southern Confederacy.

Last night our town was in a state of excitement, persons moving from one part to another, trying to hunt out places of safety for their goods, etc., not knowing whether to go to

bed or sit up. Mary and I gathered up our best clothing, packed them in pillow cases, and in the leather traveling bag. We then put the sacks into a large clothes basket, locked up the house and started for Jane's, each having a side of the basket and a carpet sack in the other hand. We would both rather have stayed at home, but Jane was so nervous and excited, that I was obliged to go to her; when there we lay down with our clothes on, but were at the window every few minutes. About twelve o'clock, we heard the cavalry galloping across the Diamond, and in a very short time they were hammering away, tearing up the railroad, and riding through all parts of the town. They looked quite interesting by gas light; they came in without asking for any officer, surrender, or anything else; they just took quiet and peaceable possession. They encamped on Col. McClure's farm. This morning among the first news I heard was that they had been scouting round, gathering up our Darkies, and that they had Mag down on the court house pavement. I got my "fixens" on, and started down, and there were about 25 women and children, with Mag and Fannie. I interceded for Mag, told them she was free born, etc. The man said he could do nothing, he was acting according to orders. As they were just ready to start, I had to leave; if I could have had time to have seen the General, I might have got her off. Fannie being contraband, we could do nothing about her. I went over to the Gilmores' and we all stood and saw them march up the street, like so many cattle, poor Mag and Fannie in the first line. Mary and Jennie can't speak about them yet without crying. They took up all they could find, even little children, whom they had to carry on horseback before them. All who could get there fled to the woods, and many who were wise are hid in the houses of their employers. Mag had her clothes and child at Jane's, but went home in the evening and promised to come back, but her mother thought there was no danger and made her stay at home.

About 1 o'clock, one of their pickets came into town and told the General there was an armed force coming from Harrisburg, and was very near town. In a moment he was in the Diamond and halloed "to the camp," when the rebels

to their horses, and in less than half an hour, their advance guard, with the wagons, and about 1,000 horses, tore up the main street in double quick, and encamped up the Green-castle road. In the meantime we were all ready to shout and "throw up our hats" that our army was coming. Some of our citizens heard the cars whistle and some even heard the firing of cannon. The rebels drew up in line of battle and waited for hours to receive them. We all expected to have a battle out by Col. McClure's, and even we women were anxious for it, as 1,000 men could have captured the whole force as they were completely panic stricken, but oh! our disappointment, as hour after hour passed and no help came.

In the morning the General issued an order that every store be open again at 9 o'clock, or he would open them and confiscate their goods, (and they opened them.) The General said there should be no goods touched except such as were really useful to the soldiers, and if any disobeyed orders, they would be punished. They behaved nicely, "didn't want any drugs," etc., etc. In the evening after their panic subsided, they brought all their horses back through town, ordered the clothing stores to be opened and helped themselves; then to the hardware, hat and shoe stores. Then to the drug stores; they took from Jacob Nixon six very large boxes full, valued at about six or eight hundred dollars, about the same from Heyser, and a good many from Spangler and Miller. I wish you could have seen the piles of hats, boots, shoes and old clothes lying round the gutters, with the rebels sitting round the steps and curb stones or riding up and down the streets, after taking the drugs, etc. They placed an armed guard at the doors until they were boxed up and then they brought the wagons round and loaded them. What they bought in the morning they paid for in "Confederate money," which we found very useful, as we paid for horses with it. When the rebels came in, some of our smart young men of the 126th helped themselves to three fine horses and left for parts unknown. In the morning our men were called up and told that the town would be fired at once, if those horses were not given up. As this couldn't be done, they did the best they could; they gave them two good horses with new sad-

dles, bridles, etc., etc., and paid \$900 cash for the third horse, which the rebels valued at \$1,000. Our men went around and gathered up all the scrip our merchants had received and gave them and the borough will pay the merchants about cost for their goods and take the horses if the young men bring them back, or hold them responsible if they do not. Everything the rebs asked had to be complied with or "they would fire the town." They talked a great deal about the way our army had acted in many places. General Jenkins said he and many of his men had left their families with only a chimney to protect them, having been burnt by our men. He has pledged his word not to molest "private property," as he did not come to retaliate, but rumor says the court house is to be fired to-night. We are in a dreadful state of agony. God grant none of you may ever pass such days and nights. I keep up better than I thought I could, but Jane is completely unnerved. I stay with her all the time.

Wednesday Evening.

Well this morning's sun rose clear and beautiful and a merciful and overruling Providence has again preserved us from dangers seen and unseen, through another night. The rebs again visited some of the stores, the last goods I saw were four big ugly fellows riding past with as many new bed cords as they could string around them and their horses.

I went down home this morning and there were three men riding round hunting wagons, as they wished to take some more Government stores with them. As I passed the alley, they were hitching up Ludwig's two wagons, but as they are beer wagons they were welcome to them; they had loaded two or three of their own with sugar, coffee, rice, soap, etc., etc., which were stored in a depot here, and they were welcome to that too, for if the Government makes this a depot, let them send some soldiers to protect them. Several of our men made their way through the pickets, and walked to Shippenburg, and telegraphed to Harrisburg that there were but about 1,200 men here without cannon, and that our men would join any force that might be sent, but no help came. The ladies are all for being united to the Southern Confed-

eracy as they would protect us, and this way the Provost Guard, Provost Marshall, and the public men all leave and we are left to the tender mercies of an enemy. Dr. Senseny wants to send "old Curtin" a petticoat, as he believes he is a squaw, and says he would go in for Franklin county being joined to the Southern Confederacy. Only think of 1,200 men staying nearly three days in the county seat and doing as they please, and leaving just when they are ready, and not a man of our great army to come to our assistance.

This morning the court house bell rang to call the male citizens together, where an order was read saying that in an hour every gun, rifle, pistol, or other firearm should be brought and delivered up, and if not done, every house would be searched, and if any concealed weapon was found, they would have to suffer the penalty. Mr. Jeffries had kindly furnished the General with the list of the members of the last summer's "Home Guard." You ought to have seen our "brave men marching bold as lions," every man with his musket on his shoulder, and some with two or three. Vanlear acted as clerk for the rebs and took the name of every man as he handed in his gun, a great many of them were useless, having the lock broken off, etc. Those the rebs broke to pieces and left on the pavement, in breaking several of them went off, being heavily loaded. Another order was that every Union flag be destroyed. The penalty for concealing a gun was to pay ten times the value of it or take a trip to Richmond, the same for a flag. In reading the order about the flags, the General said that if our men found a flag as large as his hand, they always tore the house down to the ground, or burnt everything up, when passing through their country. Wouldn't our men have liked to have called him a _____, but they were all as meek as Moses. About 12 o'clock word came again that Couch with 10,000 men were coming and would be here in a few hours. The rebs didn't believe it, but they soon commenced sending off their wagons, and at length made a general move. When about starting a crowd of our men (about 50) gathered round the court house to see them off, "politely." The General drew his pistol, some of his

aids did the same, and ordered every man to leave and not go in one direction, but every man to his home, and they went, in a hurry. Report said they were about firing the court house, next thing that they had done so. The wind at this time was very high and blowing right up the street, and we commenced taking down the curtains, rolling up bed clothes, etc., but soon stopped, as we found it was a false alarm. We had just time to breathe, when the cry of fire was sounded, and this time it was earnest. They had set a warehouse on fire by pouring a jug of varnish on some things which made a great blaze, but our men broke open a door, got in and extinguished it. The warehouse was filled with flour, there were a few barrels of it spoiled, and the house some burnt, but it was all a small matter. There were about 100 tons of Government hay stacked up at the end of Nixon's lot which every one expected would be burnt as soon as they came. Early on Tuesday morning Dr. Schneck called on the General and told him he had come to intercede, not for himself, but for many poor families, who would be burnt out if the hay was set on fire, and said that if he intended having it burnt the citizens would do so themselves and they could protect the property at the same time. The General agreed to this, but said they needn't do so until they got further orders. The orders never came and the hay is standing to be a dread and a nuisance to every body near it awhile longer. The rebels are very much pleased with our citizens, the "ladies are ladies all true to the Union; they respect them for that, but they don't insult those who differ from them," and our gentlemen treated their officers as if they considered them at least men. There is hardly a doubt but if they had been treated differently, they would have fired the town as they were threatening all the time.

Thursday Morning.

All is quiet, you can see a man riding on his own horse again and hear them talking on the streets. Jennie is better, but suffering from headache. I am "as well as can be expected," but hope to be better, but thankful if I am never

any worse. This letter is badly written and has many mistakes in it, but let any of you try to write under the same circumstances, and see how much better it would be done.

Yours as ever,

J. K. CREE.

I do not know when I can send this, but hope soon. The Scotland bridge is burnt, and the one this side of it. The railroad can easily be repaired.

Your Affectionate Wife.

The rebs left \$500 Confederate money for J. Nixon.

FROM THE CUMBERLAND VALLEY TO THE
WESTERN RESERVE; A SKETCH OF THE LIFE
OF CAPT. SAMUEL BRADY.

REV. E. V. COLLINS.

The winning and making of the West has been the great historical romance of America.

The story of that giant conquest is full of interest, and, as we read, one's heart beats quicker, responding to the pulses of that red blood of the noble race of pioneers who subdued the wilderness.

"I hear the tread of Pioneers,
Of nations yet to be;
The first low wash of waves where soon
Shall roll a human sea.

The elements of empire here
Are plastic yet, and warm;
The chaos of a mighty world
Is rounding into form."

It is the same story of impulses and endeavor which makes up the history of our country from the time of the Pilgrims and Cavaliers of Virginia. It is a romance which teems with deeds of chivalry, of noble heroism, or dauntless courage, of marvelous skill and cunning in warfare; nor is it lacking in tales of the gentler art of love; of tenderness and compassion for the weaker sex, which makes it truly a romance, in every sense of the word.

While this is true of the history of every part of these United States, since the time when the first settlers on the New England seaboard spoke of the inland settlements as being "out West," still the greater interest attaches to those portions of our country which became the western lands of

the Original Colonies; the settlement of the almost forgotten state of Franklin; the opening up of the territory south of the Ohio River, and the winning of the portion first known as the Northwest Territory.

Before the Revolutionary War this vast extent of country, lying between the Ohio, the Mississippi and the Great Lakes, was untouched by civilization, except at a few widely separated points where, along the lakes and the larger rivers in Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, the French had established trading posts and forts. The chain of forts extending from Erie to the forks of the Ohio, which figured so prominently in the French and Indian War, are to be included with these.

The French were the first claimants of this great territory by right of discovery and occupation. While the chain of forts from Erie to the Ohio represent the Eastern boundary of their domain, the French made free use of the Indian inhabitants of the territory in their warfare against the English colonies, and it is needless to say that, through these savage allies, they extended their hostilities much farther to the East. It was no uncommon thing for both half-breeds and Frenchmen to take part in the many forays over the mountains and into the valleys of the Susquehanna, the Wyoming and the Kittatinny.

As is well known, the policy of Penn was always to obtain from the Indians their natural rights to the territory of the Penn grant, by fair purchase. Following this policy with more or less justice, all, or nearly all, the lands of the State were finally acquired by the treaties of Albany and Ft. Stanwix.

The wars between England and France, which were extended to the Colonies in America, acted in restraint of settlements in the western part of the State of Pennsylvania, and also in the Northwest territory. While the French held the lands west of Pennsylvania, and between the Ohio and the Lakes, they did not hold the natural lines of travel by which that territory could be reached most easily. Neither do they seem to have been a migrating nation, for had they been, their colonists might have reached the territory by way of Canada and the Lakes, or by way of the Mississippi valley,

where they also had a foothold. Their colonizing was confined, however, to Canada, and their few settlements in the Northwest Territory were only military and trading posts.

The people with the will and the desire to settle that rich tract were in the English colonies, and when the time came they entered in and possessed it. The colonies of New York, Pennsylvania and Virginia covered and controlled the natural entrances of the East to the Northwest Territory. These gateways were three in number: by way of Virginia and the Potomac valley; through New York and to the south of Lake Erie; and up the Susquehanna and Juniata, and down the Kiskiminitas valleys, being practically the present route of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

We find that the settlements in Ohio trace back to the old colonies by all three of these ways. As a result, along the Ohio and in the southern part, the settlers were largely from Virginia; in Northeastern Ohio, known as the Western Reserve, or New Connecticut, the population has sprung from New York and New England ancestry; while the eastern and central portions indicate plainly, by the nomenclature, that they were settled by those who came into the State from Pennsylvania by way of Pittsburg and the Ohio. It is interesting to note, in this connection, the influence of Pennsylvania upon Ohio, for there is scarcely a county which has not some trace of the Scotch-Irish and German blood of colonial Pennsylvania. Two Governors, St. Clair and Morrow, came from this State; the one a native of Scotland, and the other born in Gettysburg.

Four Generals of the Civil War who began their military careers in Ohio, were born in Pennsylvania, while a generation back reveals the parents of both Rosencrans and Grant living in the Keystone State.

Much of the early prosperity and the development of Ohio was due to the extensive system of canals crossing the State from Lake Erie to the Ohio River, and also to the solution of the problem of navigating the river around and above the rapids at Louisville. For the carrying out of this work, Gov. Brown called in two natives of Pennsylvania, Samuel Forrer and James Geddes, the latter born in 1763 near Carlisle, Pa.

The late President Wm. McKinley, and also his wife, were of Pennsylvania stock, and in addition to their names we may note in Ohio those of Craig, Kernahan, Rea, Finney, Gilmore, Pugh, McCrea, Wilkins, Armstrong, Graham, Harbaugh, McCooks, McKaig, and many others strongly suggestive of an origin in the Keystone State.

Perhaps even more significant are the names of towns repeated: Lancaster, New Carlisle, New Philadelphia, Gettysburg, Chambersburg, Franklin, Bedford, New Harrisburg, Reading and Sunbury.

The permanent settlement of Ohio did not begin until after the close of the Revolutionary War, the first town being Marietta, on the Ohio river.

In Northeastern Ohio there were no permanent settlements until after 1790.

The Cuyahoga river, emptying into the lake at Cleveland, the Portage Path, running south from the great bend in the Cuyahoga to the head waters of the Tuscarawas branch of the Muskingum, and the last named river, formed the western boundary of the territory of the Six Nations, whose great lodge, or castle, was in Central New York, not far from Geneva. The part of the Reserve lying East of that line does not seem to have been very thickly settled by the Indians, but there were a few villages near the falls of the Cuyahoga. These were scattered families of the Onondagas, Oneidas, Mohawks, and Tawahs.

From Ft. McIntosh, at the mouth of the Beaver river, there ran an Indian trail up the Beaver and Mahoning, through Trumbull and Portage counties, crossing the Cuyahoga at Standing Rock about a mile above the present town of Kent, then to the neighborhood of what is now Akron, and from thence on to Sandusky and Detroit. This trail was the great thoroughfare from Pennsylvania to the Upper Lakes, and was in constant use.

The Indians who were allied with the French in their wars with the English and Colonists, made use of this trail on their frequent expeditions to central and Eastern parts of Pennsylvania.

Naturally the country traversed by such an important trail was the scene of many stirring adventures, for while the Indians, and even the French, invaded the valleys of Pennsylvania, their visits were returned in kind. From the frontier, represented at that time by the settlements at Pittsburg and along the Ohio, brave and hardy men, skilled in the ways of Indian warfare, made excursions into the unsettled territory, and taught the Indians to respect and fear them.

All that has been said is by way of introducing the real subject of this paper, Capt. Samuel Brady, who attained a position of note in the days of the Revolution, while under the command of Gen. Brodhead at Ft. Pitt, and also in the years immediately following, when the pioneers of civilization were making their ventures into the unsettled portions of the Northwest Territory.

Every locality had its scouts and Indian fighters, men who were, in those trying times, the local heroes of the venturesome pioneers, and many of them made for themselves names which have remained in the history and traditions of their particular sections of country, as enduring monuments of their truly great work in extending the boundaries of civilization.

Such a man was Brady, whose name has been given to many places in Western Pennsylvania and Eastern Ohio, because they have witnessed stirring scenes in his active life.

The genealogy of the Brady family runs back beyond the time of authentic dates to that mysterious period of Irish history when the only thing certain is the guess of tradition.

The Ulster King of Arms, Sir Wm. Betham of Dublin, has ascertained that the Bradys, McBradys, and O'Bradys go back to the time of King Milesius of Spain, the man who discovered Ireland, although he carefully fails to supply any date for that reign. It was probably sometime between 1500 and 2000 B. C.

The first of the line that really can be vouched for, appears in about the 12th century. The Bradys were no mean race, even early in the history of the island, for we find in the list of notables bearing the name that in the 14th century there were two Archbishops, one of Cashel, and the other of Tuam.

Hugh Brady, the fourth son of Sir Dennis O'Brady, was the first Protestant Bishop of Meath, and with him the prefix O' seems to disappear, reminding one of the old rhyme:

"By Mac and O' you'll surely know
True Irishmen, they say;
But if they lack both O' and Mac,
No Irishmen are they."

However true that doggerel may be, the Bradys continued to figure largely in the life of the Island and of the kingdom, holding high rank in army, navy, and civil branches of the English government.

Hugh Brady, having lost the prefix to his name, came to America from the north of Ireland probably about 1730, and settled on or near the Delaware, in "the Forks," in what is now Northampton county.

The histories of Pennsylvania ascribe his first home in America to the colony of Delaware, but there is no record, seemingly, to prove it, and there is some reason for thinking that the name has been associated with that of Brady because he lived in the Forks of the Delaware near Easton, where a large number of Irish immigrants had settled.

Hugh Brady married some maiden whose Christian name was Hannah, and their children, nine in number, were born, some by the Delaware, and some in Hopewell township, now Middle Spring, Cumberland county, to which place they removed between 1733 and 1738; at least they were settled in the county at the time it was erected, for in the list of taxables of Hopewell township, in 1751, appears the name of Hugh Brady, grandfather of Capt. Samuel.

The farm on which he settled is on the Conodoguinet, and was known afterward as the Hemphill farm. There Hugh Brady spent the remainder of his life, a big, redheaded giant, with a consuming thirst for whiskey, which always earned him great remorse, and the periodical censure of the church. The latter he took as meekly as he did his liquor willingly.

The nine children of Hugh and Hannah Brady were Samuel, John, Joseph, William, Hugh, Ebenezer, James, Mary and Margaret. Of these Samuel and John were probably

born in the Forks of the Delaware, and brought as infants to Cumberland county.

John, born in 1733, is the one in whom we are interested now. He grew up on his father's place, and early took a man's part in the active and troubled life of the valley. He served as a private under Gen. Armstrong in the expedition against Kittaning, on the upper Allegheny, in 1756, and seems to have distinguished himself, for he was rewarded with an appointment as Captain in the Provincial Line, a no small honor in those days.

In 1755 John Brady married Mary Quigley, of Hopewell township. The Quigleys were also from Ireland; the original Quigley of this valley seems to have been James S., who settled in Hopewell about 1730, taking up 400 acres along the creek. The Brady and Quigley families appear to have been on very good terms, for the oldest son of James S. Quigley was named Brady Robert, born 1744. Capt. Samuel Brady was the oldest child of John and Mary Quigley Brady. There is nothing known of his childhood and youth, beyond the fact that, shortly after the marriage of John and Mary Brady, they moved to the town of Shippensburg, and settled on Lot 17, now northwest corner of Main and Queen streets, where the future captain was born in 1756.

John Brady was still living in the valley in March, 1764, and his second son, James, was also born in Shippensburg about 1760. It was probably in 1765 or 66 that John Brady moved from the Cumberland Valley to Woodcock Valley, north of McConnellstown, in Huntingdon county, for the list of assessments in Barree township for 1768 contains the name of John Brady, and credits him with the ownership of 2 horses and 2 cows. Not long after, he sold out and moved to Standing Stone, the present site of Huntingdon, where in 1769 he was assessed for a house and lot. Brady township, in Huntingdon county, was named in honor of Gen. Hugh Brady, a younger brother of Samuel, who was born in Huntingdon in 1768.

In the summer of 1769 John Brady moved to the West branch of the Susquehanna, to what is now Montandon. From there he moved later to the mouth of Muncy Creek,

where he built a small fort, which bore his name, and is not to be confounded with the other fort on the north side of the creek, known as Fort Muncy. It was near this fort that John Brady was shot by the Indians a few years later.

The family of John Brady was a large one, numbering thirteen in all. Beginning with Samuel, they were James, William, John, Mary, William Penn, Hugh, Jane, Robert, Agnes, Hannah, Joseph and Liberty, the last one so called from patriotic motives, she having been born during the war, about four days after the death of her brother, James, in August, 1778.

Some of the family became prominent in local and national history. The younger brother of Samuel, Hugh by name, served in the regular army with distinction, reaching the grade of Brigadier General. As Colonel of the 22d Regiment of Infantry, he led the first charge at the battle of Lundy's Lane. John, who was wounded at Brandywine, later served under Jackson at New Orleans.

Mary Quigley Brady, after the death of her husband, in the spring of 1779, returned to her father's home in Cumberland county. She remained there from May to October, returning once more to the Buffalo Valley, where she died about three miles west of the present town of Lewisburg, in 1783, at the age of 48.

When the first alarms of war were heard in the Province of Pennsylvania, Samuel Brady, the future scout, was with his parents on the West branch of the Susquehanna. He was then a young man in his 19th year. The fighting spirit of his father was inherited by the son, and when Captain John Lowden organized a company of unmarried riflemen, seventy in number, Samuel was among them, having enlisted on the 3d of August. He must have made his mark already, for it is said that Capt. Lowden thought him worthy the rank of an officer. This was objected to by his father, and so on the 31st of August, 1775, he marched away with the rest, as a private.

The record of Brady in that first campaign about Boston is not a long one, but he seems to have been a brave, cool, and capable young man for his years. We are not told the

quality of discipline maintained by Capt. Lowden among his men, but either it was very elastic, or else Brady was a licensed favorite, as the following would seem to indicate: "On one occasion Lowden was ordered to select some able bodied men and wade to an island, when the tide was out, and drive out some cattle belonging to the British. Because he regarded Brady as too young for this service, he left him out of the selection, but, to the Captain's great astonishment, Brady was the second man on the island, and behaved most gallantly." The sounds and scenes of war did not daunt him either, for we are told that on another occasion he was sitting on a fence with his Captain, viewing the British works, when a cannon ball struck the fence under them. Brady was first up, and catching hold of the Captain, helped him to his feet, saying with great composure, "we are not hurt, Captain." Brady distinguished himself at the battle of Long Island, where he won a lieutenant's commission in the company of Capt. Thomas Doyle, which was raised in Lancaster county, and was probably a part of the regiment afterward commanded by Col. Benj. Chambers.

Brady was also at the battles of Harlem and White Plains, and in the retreat across New Jersey. At the battle of Germantown he was breveted Captain, and probably was with the army at Valley Forge. He was also in the winter campaign in Jersey, which was the most remarkable and brilliant of the war. At Princeton, where he was under Col. Hand, of Lancaster, his daring led him into difficulty, for, having advanced too far, they found that they were about to be surrounded. Brady saved himself and his Colonel by his presence of mind. A team of horses was at hand, and cutting one of them loose and putting the Colonel on, he jumped up behind and made good their escape.

It seems that John Brady and his two sons, John and Samuel, were all in the army during this year, 1777-8, and took part in the battle of Brandywine. John, the father, was Captain in the 12th Regiment of Pennsylvania, and receiving a severe wound in the mouth, he was sent home, together with his son, John, who was also wounded in the same battle.

Samuel Brady was with Gen. Wayne at Paoli when that gallant officer was surprised and attacked at night by the British under Gen. Gray. Brady had been on guard, and when relieved he laid down with his blanket buckled around him. So carefully had the British approached, that they were almost on the sentinel when he fired. There are times when even a brave man will run, if it seems expedient. Brady was no exception that night. He ran. He also attempted to clear himself of his blanket, but could not. A British soldier also ran—close behind Brady. As Brady leaped a post and rider fence, the soldier made a lunge at him with his bayonet, but missed his man and only pinned the blanket to the fence, so near the edge, however, that it tore away. Brady continued to run. A horseman overtook him and ordered him to halt. Brady did so, turned and shot him, and then ran on. Coming to a small swamp, he concealed himself. By morning there were over fifty others hiding there, among them another Lieutenant. They compared commissions, and Brady's being the oldest, he took command and marched them to headquarters.

From these incidents in his army life, it will be seen that Samuel Brady, although young in years, was very much of a man, and doubtless deserved the rank conferred upon him after the battle of Monmouth, when he was made Captain, and ordered to join General Brodhead at Pittsburg.

Brady seems to have been granted a furlough late in 1778, which he spent at his father's house in Northumberland county. It was at this time that the attack and capture of Freeland's Fort took place, and Brady was one of the few men who escaped alive. It was at this time, also, that he heard the details of his brother James' death in the preceding August. This brother was one of a party who were attacked when harvesting oats near the mouth of Loyalsock Creek. Being taken by surprise when at some distance from their guns, the rest of the party fled. Young Brady ran for his gun, and as he was about to seize it, he stumbled over a bundle of oats. As he fell he was fired upon by a white man who was with the Indians. The shot missed him, however, and young Brady, having fallen near the guns, obtained possession of his, and began firing. After killing two Indians,

he was overpowered by the others, one of whom struck him with a tomahawk, scalped him, and left him for dead. Some hours later he recovered consciousness, and succeeded in dragging himself to the river, where he was discovered and taken back to the fort. He lived five days, and was able to describe the Indians who scalped him. One was probably the celebrated Cornplanter, and the other the chief Bald Eagle, whose name still remains in Central Pennsylvania, having been given to several creeks and mountains, especially in Centre and Huntingdon counties.

The death of his younger brother made a deep impression on the mind of Brady, and lighted an undying flame of hatred in his breast for all Indians.

Early in 1779 Brady joined his command at Fort Pitt, and in the April following his father was also killed by Indians, having been shot from ambush. This news reached Brady soon after, and fanned the flame of hatred. It is said that he made an oath to kill all the Indians he could, thereafter, and that he never altered his mind.

**"They sent Sam Brady gifts of blood,
With taunts that drops should make a flood,
'And by that blood,' Sam Brady cried,
'No wood shall be so wild or wide,
But over all my feet shall go,
Till every guilty brave lies low!
Not one of all Bald Eagle's tribe,
From me, nor yet from death shall bide
One breath beyond my favored time
To make their lives atone their crime.' "**

This feeling of revenge was a strong factor in Brady's subsequent career, for he became the most daring and skillful and persistent and successful of all the scouts connected with the army at Fort Pitt. The deeds he performed seem little short of marvelous, giving all due allowance for the extravagant admiration of local historians. A brother of the Captain, possibly Hugh, was living in Indiana county as late as 1840, and from him were obtained many of the stories of the great Indian fighter.

Time does not avail now to recount all of his exploits as a scout, which might be given. The fight at Brady's Bend, on the Allegheny, is of principal interest, perhaps, for it was there that Brady avenged the death of his brother.

The Indians had become so frequent and daring in their incursions, that it was thought best to carry the war into their country. For this purpose Gen. Brodhead set out with a considerable force, the advance guard being under Brady. The troops went up the Allegheny, and had arrived at Red Bank Creek, on the present boundary between Armstrong and Clarion counties, without meeting the enemy. Brady and his rangers were some distance in front of the main body, when they suddenly discovered a war party of Indians approaching them. Relying on the strength of the main body to force the Indians to retreat, and anticipating that, when driven back, they would return by the same route, Brady permitted them to proceed without hindrance, and hastened to seize a narrow pass, higher up the river, where the rocks, nearly perpendicular, approach very near to the stream, and where a few might withstand a superior number successfully. In a short time the Indians met the troops, and were driven back. In full retreat they hastened to gain the pass, only to find it occupied by Brady and his men, who poured into the flying horde a most destructive fire. The Indians were a war party of Senecas under the command of Cornplanter on their way to Bald Eagle's Nest, and Bald Eagle was with them. This chief, who had killed James Brady on the Susquehanna, was recognized by the Captain, as the Indians went through the pass. Brady fired at him, but did not learn with what effect until later. When the fight was over Brady searched for Bald Eagle's body and found it, his bullet having pierced the heart. Cornplanter and some few others escaped by swimming the river.

In 1780 Brady was sent by Gen. Brodhead, at the command of Washington, to Sandusky for the purpose of examining the place and ascertaining the number of British and Indians there, that adequate provision might be made for any possible attack on Pennsylvania from that direction.

The journey began in May, and owing to the wet season, the streams were greatly swollen, rendering travel tedious and slow. He succeeded in making the needed observations, took a few prisoners, and started to return. At this time some Chickasaw Indians, who had gone with him from Fort Pitt, deserted, as he thought, to the enemy. The map which had been given him by Gen. Brodhead proved to be very poor and inaccurate, the distance being much greater than was supposed. By the time they had reached the Beaver river on their return, provisions were exhausted, and game was scarce and hard to kill. Moreover their supply of ammunition gave out, the only load in the party being in Brady's gun. With this he started out to find something for their necessity. A deer crossed his path, Brady tried to shoot it, but his gun flashed in the pan, and the deer disappeared in the forest. After picking out enough powder for a priming, he went on, only to meet a party of Indians with a woman and child as captives. Slipping back to where his men were, he instructed them to conceal themselves in such a manner that the Indians would be practically surrounded, and when he gave the order they were to shout, giving the impression of a strong ambush. As he called to his men he shot the Indian in charge of the captives, while the others fled. Seizing the woman, whom he knew, by the hand, and carrying the child under his arm, he fled through the brush. Next day he arrived at Fort McIntosh, at the mouth of the Beaver river, and shortly after, with his men he went up to Fort Pitt by water, where they were received with military honors, in recognition of the difficult enterprise so successfully accomplished.

Aside from the stories of adventure which have been preserved, there is little known of Brady after he went to Pittsburg. Not far below the forks of the two rivers, Allegheny and Monongahela, a small creek flows north and empties into the Ohio. The name of this creek is Chartiers, after Peter Chartiers, a Shawnee half-breed and Indian agent, who owned, about 1740, a large tract of land between the Yellow Breeches Creek and the Susquehanna, on the present site of New Cumberland. In 1744 he went West and settled above

Pittsburg at Old Town. Later he accepted a commission from the French, and was active in the border warfare.

On the Chartiers Creek some of the Quigley family settled, together with others from the Cumberland Valley, doubtless, and here Brady seems to have been very much at home after the close of the war. Joseph Quigley speaks of Brady as being a frequent guest at his father's house after 1780.

From the stories of his prowess, and the description of him by some of the old settlers of Northeastern Ohio, who knew him personally, Brady must have been a man of tremendous strength and activity, and capable of great endurance; a man of nerve and power; a born leader; keen, fearless, resourceful and reliable; trusted by his followers and his superiors in command.

As an illustration of his physical strength and agility, and as showing the Indian estimate of Brady, I will close this paper with an account of the deed which made him the pioneer hero of the Western Reserve, and which suggested to me this sketch of a native of the Cumberland Valley.

About the year 1790 a large party of Tawah Indians from the villages near the falls of the Cuyahoga, just north of the present city of Akron, made a raid to the south of the Ohio river, into what is now Washington Co., Pa., at a place called Catfish Camp, being the present site of the town of Washington. After murdering several families and loading themselves with plunder, they recrossed the river, before effectual pursuit could be made, owing to delay in spreading alarm. Brady gathered a band of men together as soon as possible, and went in pursuit of the Indians. The latter having a good start, Brady was not able to overtake them before they reached their villages on the Cuyahoga. The pursuit followed the line of the great trail already mentioned, which crossed the river at Standing Rock.

Just before reaching the Crossing, at the present site of Revenna, in Portage Co., the Indians divided into two parties, one going north toward the headwaters of the Cuyahoga, and the other proceeding by the trail to a village on the

shore of a small lake, known as Stow's or Wetmore's Pond, in the present county of Summit. Brady likewise divided his party, one following the trail to the north, while the other, under the personal leadership of Brady, pursued the Indians who had crossed the river.

It may be well to explain here that the Cuyahoga, in the upper half of its course, runs in the direction of south southwest to near the city of Akron, where it makes a sudden turn, and, for the remainder of its course, runs nearly north to Lake Erie, at Cleveland. It will be seen that the whole course of the river forms a great loop, not unlike an ox bow in shape. The crossing at Standing Rock was on the upper half of the course, and about twelve or fifteen miles east of the Falls of the Cuyahoga, where the Indian villages were located, and where the trail again crossed the river.

Stow's pond lies about midway of the two crossings, and near its outlet was another village, to which the trail of the main body of Indians led. Although Brady made his approaches with the utmost caution, the Indians were expecting pursuit, and therefore on the lookout. They outnumbered the whites four to one, and it was a losing fight for Brady. Seeing this, he ordered his men to separate, and each one to look out for himself, meeting, if they escaped, at a point already agreed upon, near the present site of Ravenna.

The Indians recognized Brady, knowing him well, and having an inveterate hatred and dread of him, because of the many chastisements which he had inflicted upon them. They let the others go, therefore, and united in an effort to capture him alive, if possible.

Knowing that Brady would probably make an effort to reach the crossing at Standing Rock, the Indians sent off their swiftest runners to intercept him. When Brady came up to the ford, and saw that escape in that direction was impossible, he turned down the river, thinking, doubtless, that he might be able to reach the rapids about a mile and a half below, at the site of the present town of Kent. The Indians were frequently near enough to shoot him, but they were so sure of having him in a trap, that they refrained from doing so, hoping to capture him alive.

About midway between the two possible crossings of the river, it runs for some distance through a gorge worn in the sand rock by the swift current of centuries.

Before civilization touched it, this must have been a wild and beautiful spot. On each side the rock walls, overhanging the water for a distance of about ten feet, rose to the height of twenty feet or more, the ground sloping sharply down to the very edge of the rocks, and covered with virgin forest.

Every foot of the ground was known to Brady, and as he hurried down the river, he found that the main body of Indians had cut off his escape by way of the Rapids. He was surrounded. There was but one possible way of escape, and that involved a desperate chance, but he took it. As the Indians closed in on him from all sides, he made his way to the narrowest part of the gorge. Concentrating all of his great strength into one supreme effort, with a short run he approached the brink, sprang into the air, and landed safely on the other side, at a point where the shelving rock was about three feet lower. Grasping the bushes he scrambled up the bank before the astonished Indians could realize what had happened. Before he disappeared among the trees some of them recovered presence of mind enough to fire at him, and one ball struck him in the thigh.

The Indians started at once for the nearest crossing, the Rapids, about a half mile below. This delay gave Brady a good start, so that, by the time the Indians had reached the spot where he was last seen, he was well on his way toward a small lake about two miles to the northeast.

Being perfectly familiar with the habits and customs of his enemies, and knowing that they would not relinquish their pursuit so long as the slightest hope of success remained, and as he was bleeding freely, he knew they could trace him by his blood, and probably for this reason he did not make directly for the place of meeting which had been agreed upon, lest he should thus endanger his men.

Reaching the lake, he waded out some distance, and then swam to a point of land where a large tree had fallen into the water, with its top among some pond lilies. Here

Brady concealed himself, lying in the water with only his face above it, under the lilly leaves.

Having crossed the river and gained the point on the east side where Brady landed, the Indians took up his trail and followed it to the lake, where it ended at the water's edge. After looking all around the lake, and finding no evidence of his having left the water, they concluded that he had drowned himself rather than fall into their hands, and endure the torture which they would certainly inflict upon him. In their search they at one time stood on the very tree trunk beneath whose top Brady was concealed, and he distinctly heard their angry ejaculations at the escape of their victim.

The Indians now returned to take a more careful survey of the spot where this remarkable feat of agility had been performed. After carefully viewing the scene, and, what is a well known trait of Indian character, being unwilling to admit that any white man could excel an Indian in feats of activity, they finally came to the conclusion that he was not a man, but a turkey, and flew across the river, saying, "He no man; he turkey—he flew," and in order to commemorate this fact, they carved on the rock close by a rude representation of a turkey's foot.

This remained there as an object of curiosity to hundreds of persons; until, in 1856, finding the rock about to be quarried for building stone, Judge Moses Hampton of Pittsburg obtained permission to have a block cut out containing the turkey's foot, which he took home with him.

After remaining in the water until he was satisfied that his pursuers had given up all hope of finding him and departed, Brady made his way to the place of meeting, and with those of his company who had been able to reach the place, he returned to his home.

From lying in the water so long, he was made quite deaf, and the shot which he received after leaping the river, while not causing a serious wound, was nevertheless enough to render him lame for life.

This was the last expedition of the kind in which Brady ever engaged. He never fully recovered from the hardships

of the retreat, although at the time he was a comparatively young man, not over thirty-five at the most.

After the war, Brady remained in the western part of the State, living for a time in Washington Co., and there the dauntless Captain met his fate. No Indian had been able to bowl him over, but an unmistakably German maiden, Drusilla Van Swearingen by name, the daughter of Capt. Van Swearingen, crossed the trail of the mighty hunter, and he surrendered. They were married in 1784, and for a time the couple lived on Chartiers creek in Washington Co., in Strabane township, where Brady already held property and was taxed on 300 acres of land, two horses and two cows. Later they moved to Wellsburg on the Ohio river in W. Va., and in 1790 settled in West Liberty, Ohio Co., W. Va., about two miles west of the town. There on Christmas day 1795, Brady died and was buried at West Liberty, his grave being marked by a simple stone.

The widow of Samuel Brady survived him until 1823. Two sons were born to them, Van Swearingen in 1786 and John in 1790. The former married Elizabeth, daughter of Capt. Wm. Ivess of Ohio Co., W. Va., in 1810. They moved to Manchester, Adams Co., Ohio, where he died in 1859, leaving eleven children.

John Brady married in 1813, Nancy Ridgely, and four sons were born to them. He died in 1872 at West Liberty, and is buried by the side of his father.

In the histories of Pennsylvania the location of this remarkable leap is fixed at some point on Slippery Rock Creek, a branch of the Beaver river, in Butler Co., Pa. The width of the gorge is variously given as from 23 to 27 feet, and the depth of the water as twenty feet. All three of these statements are wrong.

The location on the Cuyahoga, which I often saw as a boy, was almost a quarter of a mile above the Main St. bridge, in the village of Kent. That the leap actually occurred there has been substantiated by the testimony of early settlers in the neighborhood, one of them, who lived only a few miles from the place, being Mrs. De Haven, wife of Abraham De Haven, and a full cousin to Brady.

The account as given by them was also confirmed by Joseph Quigley, who lived on Chartiers creek, and at whose father's house Brady often stopped.

A local historian, who saw the place in 1804, said that, at the time of the leap, the space could not have been more than twenty-one feet, or possibly twenty-two, which is more reasonable, since the present record of highly trained athletes for the broad jump is barely twenty-four feet, under the most favorable conditions.

The water could hardly have been twenty feet deep, for at the time the bottom of the gorge formed a very considerable rapids.

The lake in which Brady concealed himself lies but a short distance from the Erie and also the Penna. R. R., which cross at this point, and it can be seen very plainly from the car window to the south of the tracks.

It is called Brady's lake, and is one of the many natural monuments which preserve to posterity the name of a brave, daring and successful pioneer in the opening up of the great northwest to civilization; a man who served with honor both in the field of civil warfare and in conflict with the cunning and crafty warrior of the forest; a man whom the Cumberland Valley may well be proud to have given to the great work of winning and making the West.

SOME PERSONAL PICKINGS FROM POLITICAL FIELDS OF THE PAST—FROM HARRISON TO LINCOLN.

WM. I. COOK, ESQ.

At the outset of this paper, which you so courteously invited me to prepare to be read before your Society, it is, perhaps, in place for me to say that my political education began when I first learned to read books and newspapers. That was when I was a "kid," well nigh seventy years ago, and when I also come to comprehend the existence of two great political parties, what they meant, their distinctions in policy and purposes—one called the Whig, the other the Democratic; the latter quite as well known by the classic and euphonious title of Loco-Foco.

Under my paternal roof also lived, at that time, my grandfather Cook. He in age an octogenarian, I brat of a boy gradually doffing short clothes. Grandfather was a Democrat of the heroic, stalwart, Jefferson-Jackson mold, somewhat, like Ephraim, joined to his idols. Often he declared, with characteristic emphasis, that he was no more likely to desert his party than his religion, and I felt fully confident that rather than abandon the latter, he would submit to be hanged, drawn and quartered.

My father was a Whig, but I do not think that had anything to do in directing my political inclination. My impression is, that I became a Whig because of the captivating and attractive qualities of that party to my youthful thought and observation—because, indeed, of the two parties, I considered it the purest, the most patriotic, and its doctrines best suited to promote the prosperity of the country. Accordingly, I was known as a "Whig" boy, and whatever marching, yelling and tongue fighting I did, it was in behalf

A paper read at the postponed November meeting of the Society, held on the evening of December 7, 1906, at the residence of T. J. Brereton. Read by Colonel James R. Gilmore.

of that party. Thus, it may be easily imagined how the fur flew when my grandfather and I locked horns in political combat. Neither disparity of age, affinity of relationship, nor the ties of affection, had a place in our thoughts, when I, a presumptuous, arrogant, conceited lad, encountered venerable age, long experience and matured judgment, on the burning questions which formed the platforms of the respective parties. Many times and oft, either in his or my room, we would become so violent and boisterous in our discussions as to imperil the peace of the neighborhood, and my beloved mother often came upon the scene to silence our apparently angry voices.

I am sure the old gentleman did not hate the Whig party with a more bitter hatred than I did the Democratic party, and for more than a quarter of a century I kept that hatred most intensely alive.

At the patriarchal age of four score years and ten, his physical and mental faculties preserved to a remarkable degree, my grandfather passed to the grave, with his political as well as his religious beliefs unshaken. And these beliefs, in their organized force and practice, still exist, bearing every promise of an inexhaustible endurance and an unlimited perpetuity. Not so that glorious and patriotic political party to which I had given my young heart and first vote. Long years ago it vanished into the depths of the past, one by one the splendid pillars of the noble temple were removed from its support, until at last it fell and crumbled, leaving only memories, but memories yet cherished of unswerving fidelity to principle and most patriotic conception of national happiness and advancement. I, still in the flesh, with life and being, may recall the activities and impressions of the contemporaneous past, whether of sadness or joy, of exultation or disappointment, but with the complete realization that the grasp of memory is relaxing to a final extinguishment, and that I too, in the Lord's good time must depart in obedience to the inevitable summons.

I have told you how ardently I loved the Whig party, and how intense my enmity to that of my grandfather's, the Democratic party. Yet, to-day, and for a half century, I

have been rendering homage to my grandfather's political idol—worshipping at the altar of the political enemy I detested so much, speaking for it, writing for it and voting for it. Organized and abhorrent antagonism faced me, and I found that to repel them, to preserve and defend consistently my ideals of religious and civic rights and actions, the Whig party being dead and buried, I had but one alternative and that one to identify myself with the Democracy. To many friends this appeared to be a strange movement on my part; but stranger things than that are happening all the time, and besides this world is a habitation of constant changes, with no one exempt from the processes and evolutions.

I pause to wonder here, if your Society will feel the least interest in these direct personal revelations and declarations. I think it will not, and my only excuse for thus indulging in them is that I felt that I must have a preface, a prologue, or whatever name may be best applied to the introductory to the, perhaps, fragmentary, prosaic, figmental recital, dug out of the musty and dusty pigeon holes of memory, which I am about to inflict upon you.

In the course of a long life I have been somewhat of a student of the origin, purposes and mutations of political parties, as they had birth, and were organized, conformably with our system of government. I, therefore, in presenting this paper designate it "Some Personal Pickings from Political Fields of the Past—from the first Harrison to Lincoln," and I may say here, that the time covered will embrace a period when I was with you and of you, a citizen of your town, the town of my nativity, boyhood and early manhood.

The National Whig Convention which assembled at Harrisburg, December 4-7, 1839, placed in nomination for the Presidency (a second time a candidate) General William Henry Harrison of Ohio, and for the Vice Presidency, John Tyler of Virginia. Among Harrison's competitors were Henry Clay of Kentucky (a second time), and General Winfield Scott. Singularly enough there was no platform either presented or discussed in this convention. As was after-

wards shown, the principles and policies of the party in the campaign, were those promulgated by a number of the Democratic State Conventions, which were in the main, identical.

On May 5th, 1840, the National Democratic Convention, in session at Baltimore, nominated for President, Martin Van Buren, of New York, and some weeks after, Colonel Richard M. Johnson, of Kentucky, was placed upon the ticket for Vice President. Both of these candidates were occupants at the time of the respective positions, having been elected in 1836.

My memory often carries me back to that campaign of 1840. I was then but nine years old, but I can recall it quite as vividly as any incident or event in my early life, and I always arrive at the same conclusion, namely, that compared with it, political campaigns in our modern times, are tame, dull and spiritless affairs.

The contest opened early in May, and from that time until its close with the election in November, the country was in an unparalleled agitation and excitement. It seemed, indeed, as if the people in their frenzy, had abandoned every regular pursuit of life; had ignored the demands of their varied responsibilities, were, in a measure, politically insane, and had reached the belief that party interests and party success were paramount to every requirement of social, domestic or business duty. The contagion was universal. Everybody was infected. In young and old alike, in fact of both sexes; in all classes of tradesmen, industries and professions; in all kinds of business and social gatherings, at the home fireside, party preferences were easily discoverable and party principles, sometimes most vehemently, were freely discussed. No device or method was omitted to keep the enthusiasm at the highest tension, and to employ every possible resource that might conduce to victory. Clubs were organized in every section, and nearly whole communities were enrolled in membership. Every sort of expressive and commemorative insignia, medals, badges, miniature log cabins, hard cider barrels and mugs, canes, scarf pins, and innumerable other articles of political significance proclaimed the party faith

of those who displayed them. These articles were largely suggested by Harrison's military achievements, or by his pioneer career, when his activities were those of a soldier, a civic official or a new settler in the great Northwest—when he commanded armies against Indian foes; when his domicile was a log cabin in the howling wilderness; when coons, possums and other wild game comprised his daily food and hard cider his chief beverage. The popular songs of the day, heard everywhere, were in praise of the prowess and victories of the hero of Tippecanoe. Political poles were almost as numerous as the leaves in Vallambrosa. They were everywhere in sight—in every city, town and village, on public roads, in lanes and barnyards, many of them bearing great flags waving in the breeze, or banners of varied hues, each having portraits of the candidates, or quotations of party principles.

I am quite sure that no mass meetings in our political history ever assembled such vast multitudes of people, exhibited such a frenzied depth of enthusiasm, such a tenacity of purpose and such a novelty and fascination of display, or the demonstrations held in every part of the country, in the unique and memorable campaign of 1840. It should be borne in mind that railroads were but few and far between in those days; that public transportation was comparatively conducted at a "snails pace;" that there was hardly a hint of the speed, the facilities and comforts of travel, so wonderfully developed to our present day enjoyment, nor was the population of the country much more than half as great as now. Yet it was not uncommon to see mass meetings and processions numbering from 1,000 to 20,000 people. How can we account for these vast outpourings of humanity? Easily. There prevailed a most extraordinary worship of sentiment, a most intense devotion to party, and a most determined effort to affect a change in the policies of national administration.

Regardless of expense, of fatigue, of loss of time, of all sorts of discomfort and sacrifices, there were thousands of people in these prodigious crowds who had travelled many miles to participate in the great demonstrations of party

fealty and devotion. They came in huge Conestoga wagons, drawn by six or eight horses, the wagons and horses adorned with flags and pine branches, in other vehicles of every class and style; or horseback and on foot; from farms and stores and workshops, over mountains, hills and streams, sometimes on the road a whole day and night, forgetting all else in their eagerness to reach their destination. No one who ever took part in or witnessed the processions of those days could forget their spectacular fascination—the log cabins on wheels; the live and stuffed coons; the huge balls of variegated canvass, tastefully and expressively inscribed; the industrial wagons with their groups of hardy sons of toil in vigorous action; the chariots of pretty and patriotic maidens, and the thousands of other features, including flags and banners galore, and inspiring bands of music, formed pageants of illustration, of variegated color, and animated expression that thoroughly reflected the sentiment of the time and the impassioned conditions through which the country was passing.

And our good old county of Franklin was on quite as conspicuous a plane of enthusiasm and animation with other sections of the country. There were many events during the campaign of a character to indicate how deeply and earnestly we regarded issues and results. In the political history of the country, I think I am correct in the statement, in national contests she invariably gave a majority for the presidential candidate representing the opposition to the Democracy, save in one instance, and how that come about, will have due reference in another place in this paper. In the life of the Federal party, her majority was for its candidates; so likewise when the Whig party existed, and, with but a single exception, her majority has been for the Republican candidates. In my early days, when Pennsylvania was Democratic to the backdown, our old county was so conspicuously and thoroughly Whig that she was called "The Green Spot," of the party, and it was of rare occurrence, indeed, that a Democratic candidate was elected to a local office. Thus, it can be readily understood by the generation of to-day, the inspiration that possessed its progenitors of

1840, and the extraordinary methods and wild enthusiasm that marked every stage of the contest. It may be remarked here that the juvenile mind, hardly less than that of the adult and matured, was deeply enlisted in the fray. Our Tippecanoe Club was comprised of about 300 boys, between the ages of 8 and 16, and I think it had its origin in the versatile brain of "Alec." McCulloh. Specially reminiscent of it was a procession—a most gorgeous and enthusing affair. Each boy was stunningly rigged, not only in his "best bib and tucker," but with sashes and badges and medals, and as proud of his appearance as (with no offense in comparison) a darkey marshal in a fraternity parade, or a drum major who imagines his importance equal to that of a Napoleonic field marshal. Singularly enough, this procession of Whig boys was headed by a boy of the Democratic persuasion. You ask, why? Well, "Bill" Simpson had a pony, and the ownership of that pony made "Bill" one of the most important boys in town. In the belief that "Bill" and his pony would "set off" the procession a scheme to capture the two was entered upon, and the scheme was successful. Bear in mind "Bill" was a Democrat, and presumably the pony was of the same politics as his master. Anyhow they headed the Whig boys procession, and adorned as "Bill" was with wreaths and garlands and ribbons, he looked like a victorious Roman warrior, in miniature returned from the field of battle, receiving the adulations of a wild and exultant people. He was surely the star feature of the parade. But after the thing was over, "Bill" came in contact with his irate "old dad," who was a Democrat of the rabid sort, and the result was that "Bill" was speedily stripped of his finery and gewgaws, and it was said, given a severe thrashing. Of course the procession took in all of the principal streets of the town, and it was a mighty proud day for Whig fathers and mothers, and, perhaps, correspondingly irritating to those of Democratic following. All along the route the greetings were most inspiring, and the Whig girls helped to animate the scene by waving small flags and white handkerchiefs and throwing bouquets. "Bob" Davis was the orator of the occasion, and the rostrum from which he spoke was a wagon of the primitive build, in the stable yard of "Sniders

Tavern," now the National Hotel. This all occurred 66 years ago. "Tempus Fugit!" Of the survivors of that memorable demonstration, if there are others than Davis, who has been a citizen of Pittsburg for over fifty years, Billy Simpson, still one of your fellow citizens, your venerable secretary, my excellent friend, "Jim" Cree, and myself, I do not know their whereabouts.

Another special event of the campaign was the erection of a Whig pole at the northwest corner of Market and Water streets, said to have been the tallest in the county. On the first attempt to raise it some of the ropes broke and the props slipped when it was about half way up, and falling to the ground, it broke into several pieces. Strangely no one of the big crowd present was hurt or killed. However, the pole was respliced, and the second attempt to plant it was successful. On that same day John Wise, the noted areanaut made a balloon ascension from the jail yard.

The chief Whig mass-meeting in Chambersburg during the campaign, was an enormous affair, hardly less than 10,000 people being on the ground. I fail to recall the names of the orators of the occasion, except that of John Bear "the Buckeye Blacksmith." The Democratic mass meeting was also a big demonstration. The speaking took place at Federal (Washabaugh's) Hill, and one of the orators was James Buchanan, some years after President of the United States. I have been told that the largest procession ever seen in Baltimore, my present residence, was that of the Whigs in 1840. Over 100,000 persons were in line, and the star speakers were Henry Clay and Daniel Webster.

This great and famous political contest closed with the election of the Whig candidates, Harrison and Tyler. Franklin county was true to her Whig colors in a handsome majority for the ticket, and the State, for the first time in her political history, cut loose from her Democratic moorings. It was however, a very close call—Harrison's majority being only 396, and that the exact figures given him by the temporary recreancy of Democratic "Old Mother Cumberland."

Harrison was duly inaugurated March 4, 1841, and there was every reason to believe that there would be a radical

and sweeping change in administrative policy and the possession of the Federal offices. But unfortunately the new president soon after became seriously ill and in just one month from the date he assumed the duties of his office, he was numbered with the dead. His death was an astounding shock to the country. By virtue of the Constitutional provision, the Vice President, John Tyler, became Harrison's successor. The subsequent conduct of Tyler was such as to prove the Whig victory a barren one. Tyler became recreant to his party, ignored its principles and policies, and his administration became hardly less Democratic than that of Van Buren who had preceded him. The Whigs became justly indignant to a degree that could hardly find expression in words. In every section Tyler was denounced as a traitor, an ingrate, and by every other opprobrious term that seemed to fit the case. In the second year of his official life, the country was visited by a contagion of an exceedingly disagreeable nature. It was, in common parlance, called the influenza and nearly everybody was, in a less or greater degree, a victim of it. As an expression of party contempt and hatred of Tyler, his name became affixed in the designation of the new disease, and thus it became universally known as the "Tyler Grip."

Prior to 1844 Henry Clay had been twice on the Federal ticket for the presidency, but was in each instance defeated. On May 1st that year the National Whig Convention assembled at Baltimore and placed in nomination for the presidency Henry Clay of Kentucky (his third candidacy), and for the vice presidency Theodore Frelinghusen of New Jersey. Also at Baltimore, May 27-29, the Democratic National Convention nominated for President James K. Polk, of Tennessee; for Vice President George M. Dallas, of Pennsylvania.

Henry Clay was unquestionably one of the ablest statesmen, purest patriots and most brilliant orator who ever held position in the councils of the nation. He was of humble parentage and with no facilities for education beyond those

existing about his plain and quiet country home. Yet he had natural gifts and laudable ambitions, and with his limited acquired knowledge, when scarcely more than on the edge of his majority, entered upon a political career that lasted, with but brief intervals of rest and retirement, until his death. The theatre of Mr. Clay's activities and achievements were the legislature of his adopted state; the lower House of Congress; the National Senate and in cabinet and commissioner service. As a leader, a champion and advocate. Mr. Clay's abilities and labors were clearly identified with many of the most momentous questions and periods in our history, and which required to attain safe and wise results, the possession of the highest order of patriotic zeal and defiant courage. Notably did Mr. Clay evidence these great qualities at times when the unity of the nation was imperiled, and no other one man, perhaps, ever did so much as Mr. Clay to prevent sectional strife and disaster and preserve the country in harmony, peace and brotherhood.

There was never a man in public life who so completely owned my heart as this peerless statesman of the time of my youthful political exuberancy. He was my ideal and my idol. I could not vote for him, but I could join in plaudits and praises of him, wear his portrait on my heart, and at his failures and defeats, give expression to my sympathies and lamentations. A short time after the delivery of his great speech in the Senate in 1850, when the proposed admission of California as a free state, and the battle over the fugitive slave law, were questions convulsing the country, I wrote Mr. Clay for a copy of his speech. It came to me in due course of mail, with his frank and my full address, all in his notably neat penmanship, and I have it yet as one of my most cherished memorials.

The campaign of 1844, was only second in its excitement, its enthusiasm, its pageantry and oratory, to that of 1840. In fact the latter to even the present time, remains matchless. That of '44, however, was especially remarkable for the intense devotion exhibited by the followers of Mr. Clay, and the bitter, unrelenting antagonism of his enemies. With his

supporters Mr. Clay was spoken of as "the gallant Harry of the West," "the Mill Boy of the Slashes," "the Great Pacifier," "the Champion of American Industry," &c., &c., indicating esteem and praise for him. With his enemies, the vocabulary of defamation was well nigh exhausted in denouncing him as the embodiment of all that was despicable and vile in political and social life.

There were many good reasons presented, upon which to rest confidence in Mr. Clay's triumph. One of these was that the nominee of the Democrats—James K. Polk—was a comparatively obscure man, was devoid of political prestige, really had no history or personal characteristics calculated to create favorable public sentiment and party glorification. It was, however, developed in the course of the campaign, that while Mr. Polk was not a man of national renown and party idolatry, that he was nevertheless a man of pure personal character and strong intellectual attainments. It was further disclosed that he had been a member of Congress, Speaker of the House and was in high favor with old "Hickory" Jackson.

The campaign was desperately fought, but the fates were again inimical to Mr. Clay—the verdict being for Polk and Dallas, and the return of the Government to Democratic control. Thus, for a third time, Mr. Clay sustained defeat, and, notwithstanding his phenomenal popularity, he was never destined to reach the Presidency. The same, too, may be said of several of his illustrious compeers—of Daniel Webster, Louis Cass, John C. Calhoun, Stephen A. Douglas, Thomas H. Benton and others, the climax of whose ambitions was to be chief executive of the nation, but to whom was awarded every other honor but that one.

A proposition for the admission of Texas into the Union, started during the closing months of Tyler's administration, caused an excited discussion throughout the country. Texas had been a province of Mexico, but the inhabitants had revolted, achieved their independence, and set up a Republican government of their own. Hence, Texas was called at this time "The Lone Star State," one star only being on her

flag. It was apprehended that the annexation of Texas would foment very serious and indeed sanguinary consequences—a war with Mexico. The discussion on the subject in Congress, however, finally ended by the passage of a resolution in favor of annexation, and Tyler gave his approval to it just three days before he went out of office.

James K. Polk was inaugurated President March 4th, 1845, and that same year, Texas having assented to the annexation act in the form passed by Congress, "The Lone Star State" was merged in the constellation of the Union. Mexico persisted, nevertheless, in claiming Texas as part of her own territory, and in the face of repeated warnings, invaded the new state by crossing the Rio Grande river, the boundary line fixed upon by the United States. The first engagement between the respective forces occurred at Palo Alto (May, 1846), followed by others at Resaca de la Palma, Matamoras and Monterey. The American forces, under command of General Zackary Taylor, and the Mexican under General Santa Anna, the former being victorious in each instance. Taylor finished his series of triumphs at Buena Vista, February 23, 1847. The authorities at Washington, however, decided that in order to "conquer a peace," the Mexican capital must be captured, and this task was accomplished by the American army under General Winfield Scott. This victory ended the war, and a treaty of peace was signed by which Mexico agreed to the Rio Grande as a boundary line between the two Republics and surrendered to the United States a vast territory between Texas and the Pacific ocean, including all the present State of California.

I may say here that Franklin county had representative active participation in the war with Mexico. A company, comprised of citizens of the county, raised and commanded by Captain Charles T. Campbell, was offered to and accepted by the Government, and proceeded to the field of conflict. I remember its departure from our town, but I fail to recall what it did while absent. I remember also its return home, and that a few weeks after there was a welcome celebration and dinner given it at "Mrs. Sellers Tavern," in St. Thomas. Major William Gilmore, a man than whom none other in that

section did so much to promote and encourage military pride and efficiency, presided, and a jolly good time prevailed.

I cannot refrain from saying here a few good words about "Charley" Campbell. We all know what a military enthusiast he was and what a brave and brilliant soldier he was in the great civil war. Through his efforts a full artillery regiment was raised, organized and placed in field service, he being selected as Colonel of it. I cannot name the number of battles he was in, but I think I am safe in asserting that he had altogether carried a quarter weight of lead on his person, than the weight of the flesh on his bones, and that the number and severity of his wounds were of such degree, that his survival was a puzzle to the army surgeons. As a type of manly courage, patriotic ardor, fierce aggressiveness and fearless daring, I doubt if the war produced another that surpassed General Campbell. Brusque and rough, shockingly blasphemous and impetuous, he was nevertheless, generous, gentle and kind to all worthy of his favor, sympathy and friendship. He well merited all the honors the war brought him, and his name should ever have a favored place among those heroic spirits of his native county and State, who sacrificed so much for the National life and its perpetuity.

The war between the United States and Mexico cast upon the presidential field for the succession in 1848 a soldier, who before his victories in the invaded country, had, perhaps, never been heard of outside of army circles. It was his brilliant victories at Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Monterey and Buena Vista that surrounded the name of General Zachary Taylor with a halo of glory, and placed him on a pedestal of popular adulation. This new idol, suddenly ushered from the military to the political field, became known to the nation as an exceedingly unpretentious man, practical in all his aims, caring nothing for social ethics or the dictates of fashion, and "rough and ready" in all of his characteristics. As for politics or party allegiance, they had no temptations for him, and he had, perhaps, never seen an election poll nor cast a ballot. But in the eyes of the Whig party, here was a splendid specimen of presidential timber. That

party did not stop to ascertain whether the old soldier had any sort of political antecedents or preferences. It simply seized him for its purpose and trusted the future as to his policy and loyalty.

On June 7-9, 1848, the National Whig Convention met in the Chinese Museum Building, 9th below Chestnut street, Philadelphia. Friends of Mr. Clay were present in strong force, determined that he should have another chance for the prize. But it was clear that "Old Zach" had the inside track, and his nomination came duly about.

I was on a visit to Philadelphia at that time, and was a much interested spectator in the convention during the balloting and when the nomination was declared. The ticket was made complete by the addition of Millard Fillmore of New York for the Vice Presidency.

On May 22-26, the National Democratic Convention in session at Baltimore, nominated for President General Lewis Cass, of Michigan; for Vice President, General Wm. O. Butler, of Kentucky. On the day previous to Taylor's nomination, General Cass arrived in Philadelphia by boat from Baltimore, enroute from Washington to his home, Detroit, Michigan. I was a witness to the magnificent reception given him by the Democrats of the city and heard his speech, made from the porch of Jones' Hotel on Chestnut street.

The campaign of 1848 was not notably different from those immediately preceding it, other than in the ready use of such suggestions and appliances as grew out of the Mexican War, and Cass's identification with the Indian Wars in the Northwest. The contest closed with the success of the Whig ticket. On being apprised officially of his election, General Taylor responded that he had no experience in politics or civic office—never had the remotest aspiration for political position. He was, however, ready to obey the voice of the people, and exert his full energies to make his administration beneficial to the interest of the country.

The 4th of March, 1849, fell upon a Sunday, and General Taylor was inaugurated the following day. The new President selected a strong cabinet, headed by Daniel Webster as Secretary of State. This was a wise beginning and gave

assurance of an administration that would be entitled, at least, to respect and confidence. For Mr. Webster was confessedly the ablest Constitutional lawyer of his time, a statesman of the highest standard, and a patriot whose loyalty bore the genuine stamp.

I do not recall whether it was in his inaugural address or his first message to Congress, that President Taylor used the expression: "I congratulate the country that we are at peace with all the world and the rest of mankind." Of course the remark was strikingly ridiculous and excited the intelligence of the country to a high degree of mirthful comment. Anyhow it was not a literary adornment to an important state paper, and when "Old Zach" wrote it surely Mr. Webster was 'nt at his elbow.

I had a very exalted opinion of Mr. Webster, and it may not be considered much of a digression for me to say something more about him. He was truly an intellectual giant, one of the mightiest of the age in which he lived, and surely among the most illustrious and impressive personalities in our history. There were numerous occasions in his public life in which his powerful, patriotic and magnetic oratory exerted a most profound and efficacious influence in dissipating perils and dangers threatening the very life of the nation, and restoring conditions of pacification and good will. There is every reason to believe that his name and fame will always have a place in the life of the Republic, and although he failed to reach the presidency, that honor was hardly needed to make his labors and renown imperishable. In his own state of Massachusetts, especially, he was the supreme diety of political idolatry, and in 1852, after he had been dead for several months, over one hundred thousand of his people deposited their votes for him for the presidency.

There were several Chambersburgers who knew Mr. Webster quite well, and of the number I can name Hon. George Chambers, John F. Denny, Thomas G. McCulloh, James X. McLanahan and Major James Calhoun, all of whom have passed from life. The latter, Major Calhoun, had for some years in the service, a colored boy named "Wash" Good. He was exceedingly bright and smart, and so stuck on him-

self that he come to believe his superiority was such that he could no longer associate with the Chambersburg people of his race or live in such an ordinary town. So he packed up his belongings and made his future home at the "Hub of the Universe"—Boston. The change not only cost the loss of his decency and morals, but his life. A few years after his arrival in Boston, from some cause, he killed one of his comrades, for which he was tried, convicted and sentenced to be hanged. Major Calhoun became deeply interested in the fellow's fate and availed himself of every means possible to save his life. Among those he appealed to for assistance was Mr. Webster. In his last letter to Major Calhoun on the subject, Mr. Webster spoke about his efforts in behalf of Good with the Governor of the state, the Mayor of Boston and others, closing the letter by asking the Major to give his respects to Mr. Chambers. This letter was given to me by Major Calhoun and I have it yet. Good was hanged.

Great as Mr. Webster was intellectually, he had frailties and weaknesses quite as conspicuously as mortals of lesser grade. Brandy was his favorite beverage, and it was seldom he permitted long intervals between drinks. In this connection, the late Rev. Dr. Grammer, a distinguished Episcopal minister of this city, told me the following story:

On his journeys between "Marshfield," his Massachusetts home, and Washington, it was Mr. Webster's habit to stop over a day or two in New York, always a guest at the Astor House, of one of the proprietors, his friend John Stetson. On each occasion with each greeting, drinks followed. Mr. Webster calling as usual for brandy. It was at one of these convivial meetings that Mr. Webster was noticed to first place a small quantity of water in his glass and to complete the filling with his favorite fluid. Observing that after he drank part of the contents remained in the glass, Stetson remarked: "Why Daniel, you didn't drink all of yours." "No," said Webster, "I drank all the brandy and I didn't care a d—n for the water."

It just occurs to me that this, with some other stories about Webster, were told by Dr. Grammer, as we were on our way, by rail, from this city to "Nacisima," the country

seat of General Agnus, publisher of the Baltimore American, in Green Spring Valley, a distance of twelve miles. It was on the 15th of May, 1889, and the occasion was a reception by General Agnus to that eminent son of Franklin county, the late Frank Thomson, at that time first vice president of the Pennsylvania Railroad. It was one of those events that a participant is likely to hold in memory during life. Perhaps this will give you a fair idea of its importance. From Washington came Blaine, Tracy, Noble and Rusk, of President Harrison's cabinet, Commissioner Theodore Roosevelt, Senator Lodge, General Horatio King and the "Gridiron Club," Charles Emory Smith, Governor Bunn and the "Clover Club" of Philadelphia, the "Fellowcraft Club" of New York, "Joe" Howard and other noted journalists, the Journalists' Club of Baltimore, Governor Jackson, Mayor Latrobe, distinguished financiers, merchants, judges, lawyers, doctors, railroad officials and manufacturers of this State and city, the full list of guests numbering over 700. The gastronomic feast was spread on the lawn, and the viands and wines were of the highest quality. Of course Secretary Blaine was the star orator; but the other speakers were hardly less eloquent and enjoyable. The whole affair was a magnificent tribute to the guest of honor, Frank Thomson, and evidenced the high appreciation in which he was held by the host of the occasion, General Agnus. Part of my pleasure, in the course of the day, was a quiet talk of nearly an hour with Thomson, which he proposed we should have. I hadn't seen him since the war, and our talk was, in a familiar way, about our early days in Chambersburg, and its good people whom we had both known. In Thomas A. Scott and Frank Thomson, Franklin county gave the world two among the greatest railroad men who ever lived, and their fame is something which your section has reason to be proud of.

It was in the early part of Taylor's administration, September, 1849, that California, having a sufficient number of settlers, made application to Congress for admission to statehood in the Union. As the constitution which California had adopted, excluded slavery from her territory another violent

agitation of the "slavery question" followed. Other subjects besides the admission of California caused much heated discussion, but all grew out of the slavery contention, and so fierce had the battle become that the stability of the Union was again put in jeopardy. At that time, 1849-1850, the Senate of the United States was comprised of a body of men that in talent, statesmanship and oratory, was most notable—perhaps in these qualities was never before equalled, and surely has not been at any period since. And it was most fortunate that there were such men in the Senate and that there was sufficient lofty and patriotic courage among them to dispel the dark and angry clouds of disruption and disunion which so menacingly hung over the country. Finally a compromise was effected by which California was admitted as a free State (1850). At the same time, New Mexico and Utah was organized as territories; Slavery was abolished in the District of Columbia, and the Fugitive Slave Law, which provided for their return to the owners of slaves escaping to a free State, was passed. Before, however, this devoutly to be wished for consummation was reached President Taylor died, July 9th, 1850, and was quietly succeeded, without show or parade, by Vice President Fillmore. In the course of his administration there passed to death two of the greatest lights and pillars of the Whig party, namely, Daniel Webster in June and Henry Clay in September, 1852, and with their decease began the gradual dissolution of the party itself.

I would briefly note here the fact that in July, 1849, President Taylor, on his way to Bedford Springs, arrived in Chambersburg, and during his short stay his quarters were at the Franklin Hotel. He was paid due honors and greeted by several thousand people. From Washington he and his suite were followed by a gang of pickpockets who relieved, among others, several of our people of considerable sums of money.

Military achievement and distinctions had proved such potent factors of success for the Whig party in 1840 and '48, that for the succession to the presidency in 1852, it was decided to chose another chieftain of high renown as its nominee. Accordingly the National Whig Convention assembled

at Baltimore, June 9th, that year, selected on the 53rd ballot General Winfield Scott to head the party's ticket, and as his associate for the Vice Presidency, Hon. William A. Graham, of North Carolina.

In the choice of the Democratic candidate for the Presidency made by the National Convention of the party at Baltimore, June 1st, the aspirations and claims of all the old party leaders—Buchanan, Cass, Douglas, Marcy, etc., were again side tracked. After a session lasting four days, General Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire, was nominated on the 49th ballot. The selection for the Vice Presidency was Colonel Wm. R. King, of Alabama. It was in this convention that the rule requiring a majority of two-thirds of the delegates to secure a nomination was adopted and it has prevailed in Democratic National Conventions ever since.

In their platforms, both the Whig and Democratic Conventions endorsed the Compromise Measure of 1850, so that in the discussions of that campaign, these questions had no part, but yet opposition to them was manifested in some sections, in very vigorous life.

The nomination of Pierce caused profound and universal surprise, and the query on every tongue was: "Who is he?" All that seemed to be known about him was that he had been a Colonel in the Mexican War, had performed no distinguished service, and never had prominence in civil duty. He was, however, the regular nominee of his party, and that was enough to commend him, regardless of his antecedents. Thus, while the people were comparatively ignorant about Pierce, they were fully enlightened about Scott. Great soldier as Scott undoubtedly was, he was the merest pigmy in politics and civic diplomacy. His impulsiveness and vanity were always on parade. It seemed impossible for him to keep out of the newspapers and some of his published letters rendered him a conspicuous butt for ridicule, his "hasty plate of soup," epistles especially having such a tendency. It became quite evident in the course of the campaign that the people didn't rally around Scott as they did about Harrison and Taylor. The military halo had vanished, had become powerless, although in fact Scott had performed greater ser-

vice for the country, was a more brilliant soldier, and in intellectual gifts much the superior of the two chieftains who had been rewarded with the Presidency.

At the election in November Scott was completely snowed under, overwhelmingly defeated, and with the inauguration of Franklin Pierce, March 4, 1853, the Democracy acquired a new lease and possession of the Government. That was the last National campaign of the Whig party. In one respect at least the Pierce administration was a memorable one. I have reference to the acrimonious and thrilling debate in the United States Senate in 1854, on what was termed the Kansas-Nebraska measure, introduced by Senator Douglas of Illinois, and the intention of which was the repeal and effacement of the Missouri Compromise of 1820. The Douglas bill, in substance was this: "The true intent and meaning of this act is, not to legislate slavery into any State or Territory, nor to exclude it therefrom, but to leave the people perfectly free to form and regulate their domestic institutions in their own way, subject only to the Constitution of the United States." The debate opened on the 3rd of February and closed on the night of March 3rd. Some estimate of this great debate may be formed, since the leading participants, all intellectual giants, were Wm. H. Seward, Edward Everett, Lewis Cass, Benjamin F. Wade, Charles Sumner, Albert Gallatin Brown, and the author of the bill, who made the closing speech, Stephen A. Douglas. Singularly enough some of the supporters of the bill were from the South, and some of its most violent opponents, Charles Sumner, for instance, were from the North. The bill was passed and when it became to be realized that its real purport was to prevent the introduction of slavery into any of the new States or Territories, it was easily seen that the flames of sectional passion had been rekindled and portentous signs of a vast civic conflagration began to gradually multiply in numbers.

At this period in our history the Whig party was defunct, dead, with no organized force to succeed it. Of course human intelligence, conflicting individual opinions, and constant mutations in governmental policies, forbid that the country

would remain long under the undisputed rule of a single party. Quite true, it was a clearly defined mandate that the majority should rule; but how could there be a majority without a contesting force, and in fact any such thing as a perfect national unanimity of thought and action could be nothing short of a crazy absurdity. Hence the birth of the Republican party. There was no lack of material for the construction of such a party, for conflicting questions were constantly arising, certain to grow into pronounced and vital action and acquire visible and organized force. Thus before the administration of Pierce had expired, the new party termed Republican, as in process of formation, and its platform proposed absolute opposition to the extension of slavery under any conditions or circumstances. This was a most radical demand, and that completely ignored the terms of the Kansas-Nebraska bill. The sponsors of the new party were not alone those formerly conspicuous in Whig activities, but there were numerous leading Democrats who joined in the movement, because of their party's sympathetic attitude on slavery extension.

Very true another party had sprung into existence, 1854-55, popularly termed the "Know Nothing" party. Its basic principles were opposition to foreigners and Catholics, and its operations were under a sworn secrecy. In some localities it had potent sway for awhile. But the purposes of such a party are palpably violative of the spirit and genius of our institutions, so provocative of public disorder and social enmities, that its life cannot be otherwise than ephemeral, and thus the "Know Nothing" party had its day and died.

The Republican party had come to stay. It grew so rapidly in numbers and strength that when the next presidential year came around—1856—it had acquired national significance and efficient organization in two-thirds of the States of the Union. Its first national convention was held in Philadelphia, June 17, 1856. The ticket nominated was: for President, John C. Fremont, of California: for Vice President, William L. Dayton, of New Jersey. I do not remember of ever having before seen General Fremont's name associated with politics. He was an officer of the United States Army.

and while he had had some field service in connection with the Mexican War, it was as an explorer in the far West that he became famous and was most familiarly known as the "Pathfinder of the Rocky Mountains." He was also a man of fine scientific attainments and was held in high esteem, for his services in that line to the Government. Just how his nomination was brought about, I cannot recall, nor have I any data to help me in the matter.

The Democratic National Convention in session at Cincinnati, June 2-4, nominated for the Presidency, James Buchanan, of Pennsylvania; for the Vice Presidency, John C. Breckenridge, of Kentucky. The campaign of that year was the first in which I took an active part as a Democrat and my relations to it were such as to enable me to know its history quite thoroughly.

In these "Pickings" my reference to Mr. Buchanan will more especially deal with him in his public capacities, for in other directions you know that he was born in Franklin county, was educated at Carlisle, and settled in the practice of the law in Lancaster. However, early in life Mr. Buchanan became an active and prominent figure in Democratic politics. He was chosen to the United States Senate when such worthies as Webster, Calhoun, Cass, Clay and Seward were among its bright lights, and he was on Andrew Jackson's list of favorites. In the diplomatic service he had been Minister to Russia, under Van Buren, and Minister to England under Pierce, and was Secretary of State under Polk. He was a prominent competitor for the nomination for the Presidency in his party national conventions in '44, '48 and '52, and his aspirations were at last gratified through the herculean efforts of his friends, when he was placed at the head of the ticket at Cincinnati in 1856.

It was evident in the very beginning of the campaign that to elect Mr. Buchanan was not going to be an easy job, owing especially to the increasing agitation on the slavery question and to the uncertain attitude of Mr. Buchanan respecting it, and it therefore behooved the party to prepare for serious and solid work. Pennsylvania was to be made, for obvious reasons, a battle ground of first importance, and Colonel John

W. Forney, Chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee, was placed at the head of the Democratic forces.

Colonel Forney was most remarkably well equipped for such position. At 18 years of age he was a powerful political writer, editor of the Lancaster Intelligencer, and a protege of Mr. Buchanan, for whom he had the most affectionate regard. For a number of years he was editor of the Pennsylvanian, the organ of the State Democracy, and at a subsequent time editor of the National Union, published in Washington. In the early '50's he was Clerk of the National House of Representatives for two terms, and afterwards Clerk of the United States Senate. Colonel Forney's associates and friends were the leading men of the nation, and his intellectual abilities and influential position in Democratic politics as also in the journalistic field, were recognized in all parts of the country.

From an early period in his career, his absorbing thought and chief ambition were to secure the elevation of his friend and patron, Mr. Buchanan, to the presidency, and to this end his voice and pen were seldom at rest. Thus, it can be readily understood that when the nomination of Mr. Buchanan became an accomplished fact, how ardently Colonel Forney toiled for his election. Colonel Forney's headquarters during the campaign were on Walnut near Sixth street, Philadelphia, and from that point the whole machinery of the campaign received its motive power. There was no part of the State but that was thoroughly organized for the work in hand, and there was scarcely a moment passed but that Colonel Forney was fully aware of the exact status of the party in each and every county. The magnitude and multiplicity of Colonel Forney's labors were not confined to his own State. Party managers in every section of the Union were in constant consultation and correspondence with him, availing themselves of his extensive political experience to apply to their own needs in management. In fact Colonel Forney was the chief national oracle and director of the party, and the chief burden of responsibility for results rested upon his shoulders. Why much more than ordinary interest attached to Franklin county in that contest is easily explained.

Mr. Buchanan was a native of the county, had some property interests and numerous relatives in it, and it was quite natural to suppose that as a candidate for so eminent a position as the presidency as a matter, at least, of pride no effort would be spared to carry it for him. Nor was there. In no part of this great country was the work in his behalf more faithfully performed and more willing and greater sacrifices made. I know whereof I speak, for I was Secretary of the Democratic County Committee, and a pretty active worker in every department of the management. All the arrangements for meetings, the selection and assignment of speakers, the distribution of campaign literature, the necessary correspondence and hundreds of other things, belonging to executive campaign demands, devolved upon the Secretary, who had his rooms at the Montgomery House. Party business required my presence in Philadelphia several times that summer, and on one of my visits I met Mr. Buchanan by appointment at the Merchants Hotel. He told me how anxious he was and how proud he would be to carry his native county, and desired to know how we were working to that end. I explained to him our position—that we were up against a heavy opposition majority gained in past elections, but that the Democracy was thoroughly organized and unusual enthusiasm prevailed in every part of the county. I could give him no absolute assurance of our success, but believed the result would be such as to prove our devotion to his interests.

In the month of July the Democratic State Convention was held in Chambersburg for the nomination of a candidate for Surveyor General, and the selection made was Major John Rowe, of Greencastle.

I urged Colonel Forney to send to our county the best and most famous speakers he could command, and among those whom our people had the pleasure to hear, and whose arguments were of much benefit to the cause, were Hon. Howell Cobb, of Georgia; John Appleton, of Maine; Alexander Riddle, of Massachusetts; "Dan" Dougherty, the silver tongued, of Philadelphia, and Colonel Forney himself, whose gifts as an orator were hardly less brilliant than those that distinguished him as a journalist. The chief Democratic

Mass Meeting of the campaign was an immense affair. The speaking took place in Beatty's woods, and the star orator was Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, who, notwithstanding his ill health and emaciated condition, spoke for two hours, his every word being plainly audible to the vast and enthusiastic audience. Mr. Stephens was confessedly, at that time, one of the ablest members of Congress, and became at a very memorable period Vice President of the Southern Confederacy.

Speaking of famous orators, I may note here that several on the Democratic hustings had been known as "Old Line Whigs," among them Hon. Reverdy Johnson, of Maryland; Hon. Josiah Randall, of Pennsylvania, and Colonel Wm. E. Preston, of Kentucky.

There was a State election in Pennsylvania in October of that year, and which was carried by the Democrats, and in which Major Rowe was elected Surveyor General. This result gave assurance of Mr. Buchanan's success in November, and among the speculations begun about his cabinet, &c., was that Colonel Forney had been promised and was certain to be appointed Post Master General.

Although the Republican party was of new formation it was admirably managed, and its platform was quite in accord with a rapidly growing public sentiment in the North and West, relative to questions of most serious National import. The struggle was consequently a severe and fierce one, and it was really only superb generalship that brought victory to the Democratic ticket in November. Mr. Buchanan's majority in Pennsylvania, his native State, although sufficient for the purpose, was not of a size to justify much bragging. The Democracy of Franklin county had, however, most substantial reason for rejoicing and holding a pretty high head, for we carried it by a majority, I think, of 177, the first and the last time the majority in the county favored a Democrat for the presidency. I may say right here, that this result was not obtained upon native pride and sentiment—because Mr. Buchanan was a native of the county. Mr. Buchanan was far and away from being a political favorite with the masses. By some atmospheric, electrical or other subtle process, the

belief seemed to be universal and deeply rooted, that, however pure in morals he might be, in his private and public bearing he was haughty, aristocratic, selfish and unsympathetic. That estimate of him was about correct; at least, when such charges were made, there was no base upon which to refute them. I doubt whether Mr. Buchanan's Franklin county nativity influenced for him a single vote in that region and appeals to the people on such a ground were simply wasted. The local battle, in truth, was won by persistent, solid, courageous, "no let up" work; by stirring up an excitement and permitting no lull in it; by the unselfish personal expenditure of time and money, and by rare unity of action and harmony of spirit. These were the forces that did the business.

On the 4th of March, 1857, Mr. Buchanan was inaugurated, and from the very beginning the portents were that his administration would be a stormy one. While the position of the South on the slavery question became more defiant and determined, the abolition sentiment became more widespread and aggressive, the Republican party more firmly united and hostile, and a large portion of the Democracy insisted upon an unyielding and strict adherence to the terms of the Kansas-Nebraska enactment. Mr. Buchanan's subserviency to the South became more and more apparent. He had made solemn promise that there should be no interference against the people of Kansas, and had he not made such promise, he never would have been elected. But this promise he trampled upon, and his alliance with Southern schemes and leaders, but verified the accusations for many years made against him, that his predilections and sentiments were with the South. Mr. Buchanan's perfidious conduct, at this period, so exasperated his Northern supporters who had accomplished his election, that they not only deserted him but opened a bitter war upon him. Even his devoted champion, Colonel Forney, gave practical proof of his hostility by starting the Philadelphia Press, and his powerful pen was ceaseless in its denunciation of the existing administration. And thus the Buchanan administration went on, the convulsions of the nation constantly increasing until its close, March 4th, 1861.

Very much of the responsibility for the war has been placed upon the shoulders of Mr. Buchanan, and until his death he was the object of the severest and most merciless scourging and denunciation. As for myself, always an uncompromising, intolerant and zealous Union man, yet I never did believe, nor can I believe, that Mr. Buchanan purposely and deliberately used the great powers and prerogatives of his position, in directly rendering aid and comfort to the enemies of the Union, and thus inaugurating a sectional war. I prefer to believe that the logic of events pointed to an inevitable crisis; that there existed an "irrepressible conflict" that had its origin in the far past, the end of which was only to be settled by force of arms, and that the period had arrived in our history when beligerent armed action could no longer be postponed.

The creation of new States and territories in each instance invariably involved the question of slavery, and with it discussions upon conflicting interest, that incited the bitterest enmities. The spirit of compromise had departed, the appeals of patriotic voices were made in despair, every plan of adjustment had been exhausted, passion asserted its sway, vengeance was in every breast, and the arbitrament of the sword could alone end the contest. Thus from the social and political convulsions, and jarring conditions always arising, the thoughtful student of human temper and conflicting interests, could not fail to have before him a result at once sanguinary and final.

I would "nothing extenuate nor set down naught in malice," and I have often thought that no matter what the politics of the occupant of the presidential chair at that time, he could not have stemmed the current that for many years had been growing in volume and momentum, and that was rushing on with savage rapidity to a sea of blood, wreck and ruin.

Referring again to Colonel Forney, his break with Mr. Buchanan was deep rooted and bitter, and I had many reasons to believe that it was not altogether owing to political disagreements, but that a violation of certain assurances, in

which Colonel Forney's personal interests were concerned, had very much to do with it. At any rate Colonel Forney was not included in Buchanan's Cabinet, didn't receive the Post Master Generalship nor any other position. No one other man did so much towards Mr. Buchanan's building up as did Colonel Forney, and no other one man did so much to pull him down. The Press was not only a powerful factor in crushing the former idol to dust, but Forney had a multitude of friends and admirers working with him in Democratic circles, and when he went out they went out with him, one of the most prominent being my dear friend, "Dan" Dougherty, whose reputation as an orator was national, and who was one of the most loveable of men.

When the defeat of Douglas became an assured fact, and Lincoln was inaugurated in the presidency, Colonel Forney became an out and out Republican, and the Press an organ of the party, Dougherty went with him and of course they supported the Lincoln policy all through the war. When Cleveland became the nominee of the Democrats for the presidency, Forney reunited himself with the party, but took no active part in its operation, nor did he in subsequent campaigns, until his death, about 12 years ago, do more than vote.

It may be also mentioned here that no citizen of Franklin county received at Mr. Buchanan's hands a Federal office. I think there was a movement looking to the appointment of Col. George W. Brewer as Minister to Switzerland, but it never came about, nor was it in evidence, at any time, that Mr. Buchanan was so proud and grateful at carrying his native county that he expressed his feelings by offering position during his administration to any of his supporters in that section.

The Democratic National Convention at Charleston, S. C., April 23, 1860, after a session of ten days and fifty-seven ballots, failed to nominate a ticket and adjourned to meet in Baltimore June 18. This convention was a boistrous affair reflecting in the highest degree the conflicting elements in the Democratic party, and a bitterness of spirit portending the most damaging results.

On re-assembling at Baltimore, it was not apparent that the interval from Charleston, had conduced in the least to harmonious action. The sessions opened at the old Front Street Theatre on Monday morning; full delegations were present from the various States, and the presiding officer was the same as at Charleston, Hon. Caleb Cushing, of Massachusetts.

I came from Harrisburg, where I had been doing some newspaper work to Baltimore, and was present at all of the sessions and a witness to the many exciting and turbulent scenes that the occasion provoked. That week Baltimore was in a political uproar. Crowds of people had come from every section of the Union, the hotels were packed, the central streets were jammed, and heated discussions were heard wherever half a dozen persons were seen together. The dominant spirit of the slave or Southern faction was Hon. Wm. L. Yancy, a United States Senator from Alabama, a man of wonderful personal magnetism, an orator of most brilliant gifts, and a leader who was an inspiration to his fighting forces. At Charleston the names balloted for among others were those of R. M. T. Hunter, of Virginia; Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi; Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire; Andrew Jackson, of Tennessee, and Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois. These were some of the names that also loomed up for the nomination at Baltimore. It was manifest, however, that the preponderance of the popular consensus was for Douglas, and this was indicative of the presence in the city of Democrats from the North in superior numbers. The opposition, therefore, concentrated their forces especially against Douglas, and every plan and scheme that appeared feasible was adopted to defeat him. The scenes on Monument Square on each night of the week were of a character baffling adequate description and showed to what an intensity of excitement the passions of men can be awakened. The Square was crowded to its utmost capacity by a yelling, turbulent mass of humanity, speeches were being delivered from half dozen of different places at the same time, and the music of several bands but added to the confusion and uproar. Each day's proceedings in the convention seemed to but intensify the

bitterness of the conflicting factions and there was ample room for the belief that the end of the convention would be another row and a break up.

Immediately on meeting Saturday morning, President Cushing, who was a solid anti-Douglasite, briefly addressed the convention and then vacated the chair. At once, First Vice President Todd, an ex-Governor of Ohio, was called for and took his place. This was followed by a bolt of several delegations, among them the one from Massachusetts, headed by Ben Butler, who a year after, was a conspicuous General in the war for the Union. The bolt left the convention all Douglas, and on the first ballot the chair declared his nomination unanimous. The scene that followed this announcement was one of the kind when men lose their heads and are in the enjoyment of an unrestrained lunacy. The platform adopted was in full accord with Douglas doctrines, and after nominating William R. King, of Alabama, for the Vice Presidency, adjourned sine die.

That same afternoon the bolting delegates, with Caleb Cushing, Ben Butler, William L. Yancy and Pierrie Soule, as the guiding spirits, assembled and organized another convention at the Maryland Institute, Mr. Cushing presiding. The ticket nominated was: for President, John C. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, (at the time Vice President of the United States); and for Vice President General Joe Lane, of Oregon. The platform adopted was thoroughly anti-Douglas. Thus two complete Democratic tickets were in the field without the least chance for the success of either of them.

While in Baltimore attending these conventions, I could not help but notice the frequent expressions of hatred and prejudice boldly made by representative Southern men against the North. I was frequently in the company of Southern delegates, who declared with unmistakable emphasis and sincerity that if a Republican was elected President, it would mean one of the bloodiest and most destructive wars in the history of the world, and that the disruption of the Union was sure to follow. I was sure that there was no brag or bluff in these Southern utterances. So when the roar of the cannon and the clicking of musketry was heard,

and thousands of armed troops from the North and South, were rushing to the field of strife, I knew that the black sceptre of war ruled the land, and realized the truth of the angry declarations I had heard in Baltimore.

The Republican party in convention at Chicago May 16-18 had nominated for the Presidency a man, whom no one thought at the time was emerging, comparatively, from the depths of obscurity to the realms of a grand immortality; that he was destined to bear the most gigantic and appalling responsibilities; that he was to conduct a nation through the horrors, the sacrifices and fury of a vast civil strife; that he was to restore that nation to the paths of peace, unity and prosperity, and that his sublime mission was to be brought to a close through the demoniac hand of the assassin.

Prior to the Chicago Convention, Abraham Lincoln was but little known beyond his own State, Illinois. He had been practicing law in Springfield in that State, and had taken some part in Republican politics, and in 1858 won some celebrity as the opponent of Stephen A. Douglas in a contest for the United States Senatorship, and in which he was defeated. For the nomination for the Presidency at Chicago, among the leading names presented, were those of Wm. H. Seward and Salmon P. Chase, and in the excitement of the balloting the name of Mr. Lincoln as "a dark horse" was introduced, and his nomination followed, his mate on the ticket for Vice President being Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine. In that campaign the Democrats being split in twain, by the nominations of Douglas and Breckenridge, and the Republicans thoroughly united on Lincoln, the victory of the latter was clearly in sight from the beginning. On the 4th of March, 1861, in the presence of James Buchanan, Stephen A. Douglas, Wm. H. Seward, Salmon P. Chase, Charles Sumner, General Winfield Scott, and many other distinguished men and a large audience of citizens, the oath of the Presidency was administered to Mr. Lincoln, by Chief Justice Taney, this venerable jurist having performed the same service at the inauguration of Van Buren, Harrison, Tyler, Polk, Taylor, Fillmore, Pierce and Buchanan.

At the time when the election of Mr. Lincoln became an assured fact, the grumblings of war were becoming louder and louder, and with his inauguration, the cry for secession was heard in every part of the South, and it was most painfully evident in all sections that the beginning of an appalling struggle was at hand.

I do not intend to present here even the most abbreviated history of the war. I may say, however, that the administration and legislative work of the Government related almost wholly to the military exigencies of the period. Vast armies were in the field; terrible battles were fought; thousands of lives were sacrificed and millions of dollars expended. For four years the struggle went on, with such an exhibition of bravery, gallantry and endurance as to astound the nations of the world.

By Mr. Lincoln's proclamation, slavery had its death, and that evil never more to be a blot on our escutcheon nor to jeopardize our peace and stability.

In 1864 another Presidential contest was on. General George B. McClellan was the nominee of the Democrats and Mr. Lincoln of the Republicans, for a second term. The latter was again elected, and on March 4th, '65, again inaugurated. On April 15, the Confederate army surrendered to the illustrious Grant and the Union forces at Appomattox, the bloody tragedy was ended and the Union was saved. But it seemed that another victim was needed to complete the work, and that victim, the savior and redeemer of the nation; the great emancipator of a bondaged race, the matchless patriot, the profound statesman, the idol of the people, the illustrious, the immortal Lincoln. Fanaticism, malice, insanity, struck the wicked blow, and the spirit of Lincoln passed beyond the skies to Him who gave it.

Here I terminate my task, to me both a pleasant and sad one, to you I trust a source of an hour's interest on incidents and events that have been shelved in my memory these fifty years, and which in offering for your acceptance, I have not burnished up. Some one in the far future may begin where I have left off, and tell your Society of his experiences and observations in political fields of the past. Thank God it

will not be his task to relate stories of sectional hatreds, bitter animosities, and sanguinary struggles. His will be a pleasanter, more congenial labor in reciting how a brave, valorous, patriotic people are united in bonds of brotherhood; how peace and harmony make lovely and lovingly all the land, and how strong our grasp as the greatest people on God's earth. And thus may it be, forever and forever.

ELNATHAN ELISHA HIGBEE, D. D. LL. D.

PROFESSOR GEO. F. MULL.

Elnathan Elisha Higbee was born at St. George, near Burlington, Vermont, March 27, 1830. He was the youngest of ten children, eight sons and two daughters. His parents were Lewis Higbee and Sarah Baker. His mother came from a noble stock and was a woman of surpassing loveliness of disposition and character, gentle and amiable to a fault, if this may ever be said of qualities so admirable. She had the rare gift of holding easily her rightful supremacy in her household of boys by the persuasiveness of the quiet and gentle dignity of manner which was her settled habit, and she so commended herself to the love and devotion of her children that she was ever afterwards the object of their sincerest veneration. The subject of this sketch frequently referred to her in terms of the tenderest affection, extolling her many virtues and traits of excellence that constitute the chief glory of womanhood and motherhood. It was through her that he used to take a passing pride in tracing his relationship with Ethan Allen, the hero of Ticonderoga and Crown Point.

His father was a fair representative of the sturdy New England type of manhood, possessed of great natural strength of character and forceful mental endowments, with keen powers of penetration into the springs of action and motives of men, a fearless upholder of the right of which he had an intuitive sense and for which he would stand up to the last. His was a rugged character of the earlier days, and yet he was not without a becoming appreciation of the amenities of life. He was fond of good literature, especially of the forensic style, and used to take great pleasure in reproducing portions of the speeches he had heard and read with more

than ordinary dramatic effect. He also had a rich vein of humor which was ever flashing into forms of quick-witted speech. He was withal of an impulsive, generous disposition, that showed itself in many an act of disinterested kindness.

He was not without honor among his own people, for they elected him to represent them in the Legislature of the State, where he vigorously defended the agricultural interests of his constituents and the entire Commonwealth against the unjust measures of burdensome taxation and repression with which they were then threatened. On one occasion, when this subject was under consideration, he broke out as follows: "There are, Mr. Chairman, some members of this body who seem to think that farmers are horses, and lawyers knights born with spurs on their heels, and commissioned by the powers above to ride the farmers to death." A man who could make that sentence, we may well believe, could make a vigorous and telling speech.

Thus much of the father—and we wish it might be more—seems to be appropriately introduced here as throwing light upon the noble qualities of mind and heart, which distinguished, in so marked a degree, his last-born son, in whom these and other inherited endowments blossomed into such glorious fruition under the genial influence of the educational advantages he enjoyed and the ever-broadening culture that comes from patient, painstaking, reverent study.

Of his earliest years but little is known. When he was eight years of age the old homestead was burned to the ground during the night. Elnathan was tossed from an upstairs window of the burning building upon a featherbed below. This dreadful experience left an abiding impression upon him, for he frequently referred to it in after-life, and no doubt a great change was thus suddenly and rudely wrought in the settled home-life of the family. Just when his formal education began is not known, but we may be well assured that one who in childhood could be pronounced by one who knew him well, "a marvel among his kind," would at a very early age be found in the district school. Nearly all we know definitely is that "when a little urchin, he knocked at the old Polebrook school house with his father's

stove-pipe hat on, and claimed admittance." His keen power of observation and spirit of inquiry, as well as his love of fun, may be traced in the recorded fact, that as a child he would pick up toads and other reptiles, and put them in his bosom for his own amusement and to startle others, but also for further investigation. He was evidently a boy in the full sense of that term—strong and active, with a clear brain, no special liking for farm work, and a leader in the sports of the day. Full of mischief, but without malice, honorable to a nicety, he seems to have been a fitting object of the love and admiration of his daily companions.

"Booted all up," says one of these, "he was a boy to love, to follow, and never to fall out with." The same writer continues: "Older boys acknowledged his intellectual worth among them. To but behold with a single sweeping glance was to know the entire situation in the old school-room. With but little study, perception grasped the whole theory of the work to be done. He was never fretful, never ill-natured. Though constantly with him, I do not remember a cross word passing between us, unless it came from me." As an evidence of his ability to take care of himself and stand up resolutely for the right as boys understand it, the following incident may be cited as related by one of his brothers: His mother sent him to Winooska Falls to get some molasses. He returned with the bucket empty and tears streaming down his cheeks. The only explanation given was in the exclamation: "I'll give those fellows the worst licking they ever had," and sure enough, the first opportunity that presented itself he carried out his intent with such ferocity and success that ever after all street boys looked upon him with respectful appreciation.

His magnanimity in all youthful encounters was generally recognized, and instances could be multiplied in which he yielded a point of advantage for the encouragement of his adversary. He knew his own strength and also the weakness of others, and he never presumed upon either for the purpose of self-interest. The very worst that one of his daily companions can say of him in these childhood days, is his stubborn resistance to the rod of correction. "He would take a

whipping with perfect submission, and no outcry—but to be conquered by such means, never.” These few incidents, though they may appear trivial in themselves, are not unimportant as reflecting the firm and solid stuff that entered into the make-up of his natural being. The basic metal had the true ring, and failed not to give out clear notes to the end of his life.

His preparatory studies must have been prosecuted with industry and vigor, for at the age of fifteen we find him admitted into the Freshman class of the University of Vermont. It would be interesting, were it at all possible, to have a detailed account of his career at this celebrated seat of learning, for, from the scattered allusions that have come to our notice, we have been able to gather enough to warrant the inference that he was a leader among his fellows, conspicuous no less for the brilliancy of his intellectual achievements, than for his marvellous feats of strength and agility in the various athletic sports of his day.

He was especially strong in the department of mathematics, the classical languages and related studies, and of English literature. He was an omniverous reader, with an intuitive power of discrimination and a fine susceptibility for the true, the beautiful and the good as scattered through the vast domain of our glorious heritage in the world of polite letters. He revelled in the delights afforded by the noble collection of books stored in the University library, whose most unfrequented nooks he diligently explored, mousing into and through “musty volumes of forgotten lore,” and enriching his mind, with the treasures of poetic thought and chaste expression, which entered so largely and so naturally into the splendid mental and spiritual equipment he was acquiring, and which proved an inexhaustible source of perennial freshness and ever-multiplying power in his subsequent career as a thinker, a writer, and a speaker of extraordinary ability.

He often spoke of the severe mathematical training he there received, the rigid discipline of his Latin and Greek studies as there enforced, and his introduction under competent guidance into the domain of speculative thinking and

philosophical methods of investigation, as leading factors in the educational advantages he enjoyed, but he never ceased to "thank his star" for the influences that worked together for his greatest intellectual good, in sending him with hurrying feet to the library as the storehouse of the accumulated wisdom of the ages, there to imbibe the all-pervasive spirit of general humanity as it is ever crystallizing itself in the manifold forms of written speech.

To indicate still further the importance he attached to the library as a means of education, and his deep sense of obligation in view of the lasting benefits derived therefrom, we may be permitted to cite the testimony of another writer as follows: "Dr. Higbee was a very brilliant man—a man of great versatility of attainments. And often, during the past thirty years, and even so late as the week before his untimely death, he told the writer that for what he had been able to accomplish in life, he was as much indebted to the privilege of using the library of the University of Vermont, as he was to the instruction he received from the professors of that institution." Here he acquired that remarkable "habit of swift and discriminating reading, until he had amongst books," as Prof. Winsor (in a different connection) expresses it, "the instinct that serves the red man when he knows the north by the thickness of the moss on the tree-boles." "

He often spoke, in terms of fond recollection, of the delightful association he had with congenial spirits under the aegis of the "Owl Society," the more serious object of which seems to have been the cultivation of a pure literary taste. Thus the old dramatists and play-wrights were critically studied, read aloud, and at times reproduced in the way of appropriate rendition and impersonation. But the gifted members of this fraternity went a step further in their pursuit of belletristic attainments, and vied with each other in the production of original literary composition, including the high art of poesy, and venturing even upon the construction of elaborate plays according to the type set for all time by ancient Greece, but at the same time, we may safely believe, "all racy of the soil and redolent of the wild woods and the mountains," and the general atmosphere that per-

vaded the varying conditions of student life in that earlier day. The fruitfulness of such exercises came in due course to be revealed in the case of at least one of the old "Varsity Owls."

We have said that he excelled in mathematics. In this connection it is interesting to recall the following incident. When he first began the study of algebra, it seems that he encountered so much difficulty that he applied to his father for permission to stop the study. "What is algebra?" inquired his father. Elnathan told him as well as he could, whereupon he was asked, "Can the other boys get it?" "Yes, they seem to be able to do it, at least better than I can." "Then," said the father, "by the Eternal, you'll keep on at it, and get it too." And he did get it, as all know who ever witnessed the facility, nay the lightning-like rapidity, with which he employed the media of this branch of analysis in the solution of the most intricate problems. He used to tell how, one day on the playground, the meaning and use of algebra came to him like a flash of light, so that he never after had the slightest trouble with it.

In College, on the other hand, we find him approaching Prof. Torrey with the question, whether he might not give up one or two of the other branches, for which he had no special liking, in order to devote himself more assiduously to the study of mathematics, in which department he was no doubt beginning to feel the swellings of native power. Thus quite unconsciously the question of "electives" and "specials" as known in College circles, was anticipated, and we wish we might be able to reproduce here, more in detail, the conversation that passed between the young student and his professor. The best we can do, however, is to recall the substance of Prof. Torrey's advice, which is quite as applicable to similar conditions at the present day as it was sixty years ago; in substance he said: "The fact that you seem to have no special aptitude for the branches you name, is the very best of reasons why you should apply yourself most diligently to the mastery of the truths they contain, for you need them most. The mathematics, for which you have special talent, will for that reason require no special effort

on your part, but may be safely left to take care of themselves in the ordinary course of your studies." The wisdom of this counsel was not lost upon the young inquirer at the time, and in after years was gratefully acknowledged as amply justified by his own maturer experience. He used to speak of this as "the best advice" he had received while a student at College.

During his College course, at the early age of sixteen he became the teacher of the Fourth Street District School of Burlington, and began that career which, as it turned out, was to be the channel for the exercise of what was probably the most far-reaching and effective usefulness of his subsequent life. One of his old pupils in this his first school writes in a tone of sympathetic appreciation of his youthful master, who already at that time was singularly successful in making deep and lasting impressions for good upon those who came under his influence.

The following extracts from a letter, written January 10, 1849, may appropriately be introduced here as showing the serious thoughtfulness of his nature, even before the age of nineteen:

"The evenings are all I have to myself, and these hardly, for during the day I am surrounded by quite a brood of urchins, whose wants I am bounden to satisfy, and in most evenings—this an exception—I am welcomed with the wild chorus of crying infants, 'a universal hubbub of stunning sounds.' But, thanks to the flying hours, my task is growing short—yet at times it is a pleasant task—to watch and see the infant mind struggling from darkness up to light, to see the eye sparkle and the whole face blaze forth the soul within which is awakened into joyful action by some new fancy or thought. Then the spirit seems to know itself, and from this intelligence receive a new impulse, new life, new joy. Why may not this be one reason for the happiness of the just soul after death? For then the spirit will know itself thoroughly, be convicted wholly of its immortality and dignity, and if the imperfect conviction of this upon earth be capable of creating joy, why may the perfect conviction of it hereafter not increase this to an infinite degree? Do you

not see I am getting to be somewhat of a philosopher? And why not? Our class are now upon this study, and I assure you it is a noble study. It seems as if I had learned more essential knowledge since I commenced this branch, than I ever have before; this, however, may be but the 'zeal of a new convert.'

Although, as I have said, I am closely engaged in philosophical studies, yet I do not neglect all others. All the powers of the mind must be brought into action in order to its vigorous growth. One must have a delicate sensibility and a vivid fancy, as well as deep and profound thoughtfulness. For this purpose I sometimes, though with great trepidation, creep along the foot of high Parnassus, and when not too much fatigued, endeavor to discover some easy green path leading to higher regions; but, alas for me, there is all around an impervious, yet beautiful, forest.

"I shall soon graduate—soon leap, as they say, from the arms of my Alma Mater down the deep precipice into the wild busy scenes of actual life. Then, I suppose, with the clear vision of man, I shall behold the path of duty before me. But in what profession shall I act? This question, even to this late day, remains unanswered. But before I enter upon a profession at all, I should like to teach, and that very soon after commencement."

His collegiate course terminated in regular and honorable graduation with the class of 1849. The subject of his "graduating piece," as he himself called it, was "The Relation of the Ideal to the Actual." From the following rough draft of a letter, written by him August 17, 1849, we may learn something of the nature of its treatment, from the faint but sufficiently suggestive allusions he makes thereto; the letter is important also as indicating the great and radical change he was undergoing in mind and heart, and looking to the turning-point in his whole career which came a few years later in the satisfactory solution of the problem of life for himself and his future work; hence we quote the letter, which was no doubt more fully expanded for the recipient, almost entire:

"I am a thousand times obliged to you for sending me Mr. Nevin's (Dr. John W. Nevin) profound sermon, for it has taught me at least one good practical lesson—that men are prone to believe that they possess knowledge, when in fact they know nothing. I took the sermon, as I usually take a book, at a leisure moment, and began to calculate that I should have some thirty or more minutes of amusement; but, lo, ere I had finished the first page, I found myself in a new region entirely—a region where I found something more was necessary than to barely apply the knowledge I had learned by merely imitating my teachers. I saw the necessity of some activity of my own, and for the first time did I come to know what was meant by the creative energy of thought. Here I saw that when my mind was passive only, the book was but a meaningless blank; but as soon as by reflection I began to think, the page became one mass of thought. The mist passed away, and truth like a star began to tremble in the clear—not a calm and steady light, for it was too distant for my young and feeble sight.

The division of the church first made, into "ideal and actual," and the argument thereon, would have made me feel more positive in the position I took in my graduating piece, for I blindly hit upon nearly the same train of thought. I attempted to show that in nature there are two characteristics, the informing principle, which is the idea, and the existent form, which is the actual phenomenon. This idea, I attempted to show, is concrete, containing the essence, means and end, but must of necessity be nothing unless in living union with the form, which union is essentially necessary to a production of life. As Nevin says, in one of his works, "not soul or body, but soul and body, is the formula which represents humanity."

His connection with the University did not cease with his graduation, for besides maintaining, at more or less distant intervals, a correspondence with several of his old professors upon abstruse questions, involving learned disputations, he was invited "by a unanimous vote of the Faculty" in the language of President Smith, to deliver a Master's Oration at the commencement of 1852; in 1857, he responded to an in-

vation of the Literary Societies "to serve as poet for their annual celebration," and at another time he delivered a poem upon some "high festal" occasion in the history of the Owl Society. The Master's Oration, above referred to, was entitled "Thesis Theologica—scripta dictu in U. V. M.—Relation of the Church to the Incarnation in the Creed"—a very scholarly disquisition, showing already at this early age, the wide range of his acquaintance with the ponderous tomes of patristic literature, the records of the old Church Councils, and the domain of more recent theological learning.

His first employment, after graduating, was as assistant teacher in an Academy at South Woodstock, Vt. Here he taught daily from eight till twelve and from one till five "continually busy," as he writes, "with no time to improve my own mind or health." He had classes in the higher mathematics, the ancient classics, and philosophy. On account of the heavy labor, and conscious that he was injuring his health without any compensating advantage to himself apart from the meagre pecuniary gain, he found the position unsatisfying, and contentedly awaited any opportunity that might occur for the betterment of his condition. Such opportunity soon presented itself, and in November, 1849, he removed to Emmitsburg, Md., induced thereto mainly through the influence of his now sainted sister. The immediate object of this step was to take charge of the mathematical and classical departments of a select school which his brother-in-law, Rev. Geo. W. Aughinbaugh, had organized in that place.

He was then reading law and fully determined, at no distant day, to return to his native State, and qualify himself for the legal profession. He once humorously accounted for his coming to Emmitsburg by recalling the familiar anecdote related of John C. Calhoun and Daniel Webster. These statesmen were standing in front of the Capitol at Washington, when a drove of mules was going by. "Look, Dan," said Calhoun, "there go some of your constituents." "Yes," Webster replied, "they are going South to teach school." Then with a merry twinkle in his eye Mr. Higbee added, "I've come South to teach school." How many of his pupils

have lived to see the day when they devotedly blessed the good fortune that permitted them to share in the benefits of his "coming South!"

Of this period Dr. Aughinbaugh writes as follows: "Dr. Higbee was an earnest student all the time he was under the writer's roof. During the first winter he spent in Emmitsburg, though only in his twentieth year, he entered into correspondence with the professor of languages in the University of Vermont—a correspondence that assumed in the end a controversial turn—touching the correct translation of a difficult Greek passage. He also discovered a new method of solving a difficult problem in mathematics, which he submitted to the criticism of the professor of mathematics in the University, who, as I remember, pronounced it correct in every particular.

Though born on New England soil and brought up under New England influence, Dr. Higbee, when he came to Emmitsburg, was not wholly ignorant of German thought. The President of the University of Vermont was a great admirer of Dr. Rauch, the first President of Marshall College, at Mercersburg, Pa., and if my memory is not at fault, introduced Rauch's Psychology as a text-book. But be this as it may, Dr. Higbee was prepared to grapple with the new order of philosophical and theological thought that challenged him in his new environment. In the controversy then going on in the German Reformed Church, he became deeply interested. He read, I may say devoured, the articles of Nevin and Schaff as they appeared from time to time in the "Mercersburg Review." Often did we sit until a late hour of the night, discussing philosophical and theological subjects. At length convinced that man can reach the true idea of his being only in Christ, he resolved to connect himself with the church. The writer baptized and confirmed him. Soon after his confirmation he found himself confronted by this question: If Christ be the Fulfilment of Prophecy, and the only Mediator between God and man, is it not my duty to consecrate myself wholly to the work for which He bled, died, and triumphed?

The decision of this question was soon reached, as expressed in his own solemn declaration: "Others may enter the legal profession, but I will preach the gospel? This was what his sister desired, and what she and other members of the church at Emmitsburg earnestly labored and prayed for."

In 1850 he accepted the position of private tutor in the family of Hon. Joshua Motter, of Emmitsburg, among whose daughters he found his wife, the faithful, life-long partner of his joys and sorrows. This position he held for one year. The serious earnestness with which he prosecuted his labors here, as teacher of a very small band of pupils, is especially evinced by his lectures on the Science of Logic, and the Fine Arts, which were prepared with the same painstaking care that characterizes his later prepared lectures on Church History, Ethics, and Aesthetics.

From the first his love for Emmitsburg took firm root, and became deeper and more abiding as the years went by. The above intimations afford some reason for the profound attachment he formed for this, his "dear mountain home," as he loved to call it. It was here too, during the winter of 1850-51, that he was brought so nigh unto death by an attack of typhoid fever, that the physician could no longer count the flurried pulse-beats, gave up all hope, and gravely declared, "It is only a question of a few hours time with the poor fellow." He received the tenderest nursing from loving friends, which could not help but form, as it did, the most sacred attachments. By a kind Providence his life was spared, and in the latter part of February he was able to venture out of the house "only the shadow of his former self, weighing between eighty and ninety pounds." [Vid. *Inter-mortuus*, Memorial Volume, Penna. Sch. Journal.]

In view of all this and much more that is revealed between the lines, is it any wonder that Dr. Higbee himself, writing to Emmitsburg from Burlington, in August, 1851, should make the following confession? "As I gaze upon the grand scenes, the lofty mountains rising up in the east, and the glorious lake spread out before me dotted with its islands of green and its thousand white sails, my fatherland grows dearer and dearer to me; but my adopted Maryland brings

recollections dearer than those that nature can. There first the spiritual world with its more than earthly loveliness was beheld by me. There Christ, my only choice, first received me as his, and filled my soul with his truth and love. There also I almost bade farewell to earth, and yet lived by the prayers and kindness of those I never can forget. My home is with you, if I have a home, and I almost said my whole heart is there also."

In the latter part of 1851, or early in 1852, he entered the Theological Seminary of the Reformed Church at Mercersburg, Pa. Dr. John W. Nevin and Dr. Philip Schaff were his teachers. Of his course here we will not take time to speak, save to note the interesting fact that he spent considerable time in preparing for publication an edition of Pindar in the original. The plan of the work had been carefully mapped out, in consultation with Prof. Pease of the University of Vermont, who had advised him "to put the Greek text on one page and an English metrical translation on the other, with explanatory notes at the foot of the page and critical notes at the end." This work, of which some fragments of beautiful manuscript copy remain to attest the seriousness of his purpose, had to be abandoned "because it consumed too much of that time which duty required for studies more theological." No task was too great for his brave undertaking.

His earlier admiration for Dr. Nevin grew into the profoundest veneration by personal association and riper acquaintance. Indeed he regarded Dr. Nevin, in certain lines of thought, the ablest man in America, and with but one man his equal in Germany. The following paragraphs were written by him upon the death of his old teacher:

"He was the greatest teacher of his time in Pennsylvania. He was unequalled in his power over the minds of his pupils, inspiring in them such a reverence for truth, and such an humble attitude to receive it, as to free many from all self-conceit, and put them on the way of earnest search and prayer.

"While gifted himself with intellectual powers only granted to a chosen few, yet in his humility he urged his pupils to

yield their minds to Truth as something broader and more glorious than aught that he or the most learned had attained, and guarded them most zealously from the abomination of intellectual slavery.

“In no scholar of our acquaintance have we seen the language of our Saviour more fully verified,—‘Judge not according to the appearance, but judge righteous judgment.’ And in no educator of the present age have we seen such a reverent acknowledgment of the aim of all thought-life, as given by the greatest teacher of man,—‘To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth.’”

The same all-absorbing love of the truth and comprehensive grasp of its wide-reaching scope, was the inspiration of Dr. Higbee’s own interior thought-power, and his own words, as above quoted, might be not unfittingly applied to himself.

After completing his Seminary course, he accepted the position of assistant teacher in the High School at Lancaster, Pa. Here he remained one year, making life-long friends of some of his pupils, in the heart of one of whom was laid the foundation of that enduring friendship which was such a solace to him in later years, when as State Superintendent he found in John P. McCaskey, the principal of the Lancaster High School, one of his old boys—the central figure in the inner circle of his chosen friends.

In 1854 he was licensed to preach the gospel by the Maryland Classis of the Reformed Church. The supply of ministers in this church at that period of its history was, it seems, greater than the demand. At any rate, after waiting several months in vain for a field of labor within its bounds, the young licentiate, stirred with zeal for the cause he had so warmly espoused with the full consecration of all his powers thereto, accepted a call to the Congregational Church at Bethel, Vt. He found here, along with many pleasant pastoral experiences, ample opportunity for the prosecution of his theological studies. His sermons were carefully and designedly constructed upon the lines of the Heidelberg Catechism. But the coldness of the Congregational system chilled

him, and in one of his letters he exclaims, "How much I do wish that I had a situation of the kind in our Church nearer home; but I ought not to murmur, if God sees fit that I should preach here for the present."

In 1856 he was married and began the establishment of his own family life, in the bosom of which his deepest affections expended themselves so freely, so generously, and so unselfishly. But he never felt at home in the theological and ecclesiastical atmosphere with which he was surrounded, and in 1858 he returned to the South, with an honorable dismissal to the church of his first love. For a time he served the Emmitsburg charge as "supply," and in 1859 was summoned to the pastorate of the First Reformed Church of Tiffin, Ohio. While here he also filled the chair of Latin and Greek in Heidelberg College, making a marked impression, in the midst of many discouragements, upon the character of that institution. It was at Tiffin that Dr. Higbee's father, now an old man and very feeble, first heard his son preach. Upon returning to the house, he expressed the pleasure he had had, by exclaiming in subdued tones and with deep emotion, "Well, I have heard Elnathan preach, and now I am satisfied. He knows how to do it."

In 1862 he removed to Pittsburg and became pastor of Grace Church. His labors were arduous and his trials distracting; his health, too, was the cause of great anxiety on the part of his friends. In February, 1864, he writes: "The care of a church is very serious and severe. It takes the very life from me at times. I have hardly slept a night this week, and my poor head is completely shattered to-night with pain. But I do not wish to complain. Should any opening offer itself, whereby I can be released from a parish for a few years and serve the church in another capacity, I shall accept it as a call from God."

As if in answer to his desire thus privately expressed, only a month later he received the notification of his unanimous election, by the Board of Visitors of the Theological Seminary of the Reformed Church, at Mercersburg, Pa., to the professorship of Church History and New Testament Exegesis, made vacant by the temporary release of Dr. Philip

Schaff from the incumbency of that chair for the purpose of spending several years of travel and study in Europe. Dr. S. R. Fisher accompanied the official communication of this action of the Board with a strong personal appeal, saying among other things, "This much we know, that no appointment which could have been made would have been so acceptable to the students in the Seminary as yours, * * * a circumstance which had its influence with the members of the Board." Dr. Henry Harbaugh, one of the professors in the Seminary, also wrote in a most pressing and kindly manner, begging him to accept the call, making special reference, like Dr. Fisher, to the high gratification of the students over the action of the Board. Still he did not hastily come to a decision, as is evident from letters written during this period, but only after the most earnest and prayerful consideration. He finally determined to accept the position as a call from God to a sphere of illimitable possibilities for usefulness in the church. At the opening of the ensuing session, May 3, 1864, at the age of thirty-four, we find him at his new post of duty. In October of the following year, he was relieved of all anxiety growing out of the temporary character of his position, by being permanently elected thereto—sufficient evidence of the satisfactory performance of the duties of his office.

At this point we must, however briefly, touch upon the foundation of Mercersburg College, with whose history, from its inception to its close, Dr. Higbee's name and personality are so closely interwoven. It will be remembered that from 1836 to 1853 Marshall College was located at Mercersburg. From 1853 to 1865 a preparatory school under various names was maintained in more or less close, though unofficial, connection with the Theological Seminary. Mercersburg was a college town, in my judgment an ideal college town, whose name, good will, and prestige as an educational center of high repute represented a potential value that must have been powerfully suggestive to the earnest and thoughtful men who were then on the ground. Indeed at this very time, Dr. Harbaugh, referring to the removal of Marshall College to Lancaster, said, with grim humor it

was thought: "The professors are there, and the cathedral is still at Strassburg." At any rate the idea of a college at Mercersburg could not have seemed strange to any one who considered all the elements at hand. One of the greatest difficulties in the first years of such an institution is to find quarters for it. But in this case they were right at hand waiting to be used. There was also a deep, but silent, feeling that a large section of the church had been unjustly treated in the removal of Marshall College. Whatever endowment it had, it was claimed, had been collected west of the Blue Ridge and south of the Susquehanna. Thus to re-occupy the buildings which could not be carried off seemed an easy as well as the natural thing to do. Moreover all the men who were active in that movement were children (loosely speaking) of that section of the Reformed Church. Dr. Harbaugh conceived the idea; he was the originator of the plan, and to his fine executive talent is due the swift progress made in working out the details of organization; he was the first President of the Board of control, afterwards called the Board of Regents; and his amazing energy was a tower of strength that could ill be spared when he died two years later (Dec., 1867). From the beginning Dr. Higbee was prominently identified with the movement; and when, in the fall of 1865, the College was opened, with Dr. Thomas G. Apple as its first President, he bore a good share of the labor and care in the difficult task of building up a college against the most formidable odds of all sorts. Laboring thus, in season and out of season, studying, teaching, preaching, lecturing, writing articles for the "Reformed Quarterly Review," of which he was co-editor, and for the "Reformed Messenger," of which he was synodical editor, and serving upon some of the most important committees by appointment of the highest judicatory of the Church, notably that whose labors resulted in the publication of "Hymns for the Reformed Church," which, in its ultimate form, one of his colleagues on the sub-committee of three says, "would have been an impossibility, had he not first made such an excellent study of the theory and construction of the Church year on which the collection was to be based;" all of which

implies the most intense activity whereby his physical resources were drained to their utmost capacity, with a sublime disregard of personal ease and comfort, and his intellectual and spiritual resources were ever multiplying themselves by use and development into the splendid proportions of rare excellence attained in his later years.

In 1871 there came a crisis in his life, brought on by the consummation of the efforts that had been put forth for some time to secure the removal of the Theological Seminary from Mercersburg to Lancaster. Should he stay at his post and by accompanying the Seminary sever his close, though as yet unofficial, connection with the young and struggling college which lay so near his heart, and which was then about to send forth its first small class of graduates? To understand the terrible ordeal through which he passed, requires a knowledge of details and circumstances connected with the inner history of this whole transaction that cannot here be given. We shall, therefore, content ourselves with the following citation from one of his own letters written June 2, 1871:

“This commencement has been the severest trial I have yet had in my life. It cost a struggle to follow my convictions of duty and resign my position in the Seminary. * * * But I feel that I have done right, although at a great sacrifice. I can accomplish far more for the church here than by going to Lancaster, and can labor with far more efficiency. I know very well that by some I shall be called rebellious, and by others impetuous and reckless, and by very few shall I be esteemed as one calmly and at personal sacrifice following the conviction of duty. * * * Position often gives influence and secures reputation and honor. I am not destitute of ambition. I love to be respected by my fellow-laborers in the church. But the sure road to esteem is work from labor and toil. Here I shall labor and toil and study and teach, and pay but little heed to what position I occupy. I have gone into the college to work, not to seek self-honor.”

Thus he voluntarily relinquished one of the most honorable trusts in the gift of the Reformed Church, a position congenial to his tastes and carrying with it the assurance, by

constitutional provision, of comfortable maintenance to the end of his life. "This exchange of positions, viewed from the standpoint of ordinary prudence, looked like the sheerest folly." Dr. Apple, with whom he expected to be happily yoked together in what seemed to be the mutually cherished purpose of pulling the young institution through its "schwere anfaenge" (heavy beginnings), considered it his duty to resign the Presidency of Mercersburg College, in order to accept a call to the position vacated by Dr. Higbee in the Theological Seminary. This sorely complicated matters, adding an entirely unforeseen element to difficulties which many regarded as already of an insuperable character. It was, then, with the keenest sense of the tremendous responsibility he was assuming, that he consented to become the successor of Dr. Apple, as President of Mercersburg College; but it was also with high resolve and noble purpose that he entered upon the vigorous prosecution of the manifold and onerous duties of the office, which he filled from the fall of 1871 to the fall of 1880, when for lack of funds the institution was compelled to close its doors. There are those who will remember the last appeal he made upon the floor of the Synod at Woodstock, Va., in presenting the claims of the College upon the continued care and support of the church, couched in language eloquent with the soul of conviction and sincerity; and, when some one tauntingly said, "But Mercersburg College has already failed," how with inexpressible sadness he exclaimed: "It may prove in the end that the Potomac Synod has failed, and not Mercersburg College." Certain it is, that, by a truer standard of measurement, Mercersburg College did not fail, in proof whereof we may point to the concrete testimony of its students, especially its sixty-one graduates, twenty-nine of whom entered the Christian ministry. "Labor and toil" were surely his; "worth" came in their wake; and the "sure road to esteem" was steadily lengthening out before him.

Mercersburg College was the darling project of Dr. Higbee's mature manhood, and it will readily be conceived that its early failure was a severe blow to his high-strung, sensitive and intensely serious nature. Some of the creditors of

the institution now began to press their claims more urgently than before, and the President, grieving over the frustration of fondly cherished hopes, was beset with an unusually harassing combination of difficulties. If he had been possessed of private funds sufficient to meet these claims, there is no doubt that he would have poured them out like water for the purpose. As it was, although by no means personally or legally responsible for the indebtedness incurred by direction of the Board of Regents, he voluntarily surrendered the deed of his ownership in a piece of land, his sole holding in real-estate, as an offset to at least one claim of a thousand dollars, although he himself was at the time a creditor to the extent of about two thousand dollars, on account of salary.

Greatly perplexed, without any regular means of a livelihood, and imagining himself somewhat under a cloud in the estimation of some of his ministerial brethren, he faced the future with little capital besides an unflinching faith in God and a resolute determination to follow only the leadings of conscience and duty. But he lost no time in idle murmuring and vain repining, and presently daylight began to break through the surrounding darkness of his earthly prospects, as the inner conviction settled upon him that "something was coming." He was not left long in doubt, for in the spring of 1881 he received from Governor Hoyt the appointment of State Superintendent of Public Instruction of Pennsylvania.

It evidently required some courage, especially in the way of independence of the ordinary influences that are paramount in the control of gubernatorial action in such matters, on the part of Gov. Hoyt, to make this appointment. Dr. Higbee was very little known among the public school men throughout the State; indeed his natural temperament, as well as the close confinement of his activity to the pressing work with which he had been overwhelmed, left him neither time nor inclination to utilize any of the ordinary means employed for gaining popular reputation. His business was to do battle against the currents of the world's life, and not to be borne comfortably along into places of prominence. In a word, his work was for eternity, and not for time, and

hitherto the conditions for its performance had been such as to favor his predilection for retirement and seclusion.

But he had come in contact with a few men of affairs who were in position to command influence, and had left an abiding impression upon them. So it happened, and it is a particular pleasure in this presence to state, that it was through Hon. John Stewart, then State Senator from this district, that his name came before Gov. Hoyt, who, being himself a man of serious nature, studious habits, and fine literary attainments, could easily enter into sympathetic appreciation of Dr. Higbee's qualifications, and saw no obstacle to the propriety of his selection in the comparative obscurity of his past life. Whatever lingering objections there may have been in the Governor's mind on this score, or in view of Dr. Higbee's over-modest distrust of his executive power, were completely dispelled by the effect of a personal interview, in reference to which Gov. Hoyt, in a letter written some years later, says: "I have frequently recurred to that interview with Dr. Higbee, for it has always afforded me the gratification of having made 'no mistake' in the man." On April 1st, 1881, he entered upon the duties of his office.

The new Superintendent, whose course was watched with the keenest scrutiny, and in many quarters with the most serious misgivings, not to say with suspicion, very soon found his way into the inner heart of the school men of the State, and in an incredibly short time he enjoyed, in unstinted measure, the confidence of his co-laborers—the living forces and factors which came under his direction and inspiration, and which he ever regarded as of infinitely more value than the most ingenious machinery that might be devised in the interest of system and organization. In pleading as he so often did, for the more generous support of the schools, with the immediate view of inviting and retaining the "very ablest teachers," he says: "However complete our system may be, and however skillfully arranged our appliances and methods, without the presence of earnest and thoroughly qualified living men—without the moulding power of their character and lives upon our children—soul speaking to soul—deep answering to deep—with a voice

infinitely more profound and mightier than any written book—the work must fail, and the money virtually be thrown away.” The children, the teachers, the directors, and the superintendents were the objects of his chiefest concern, and upon these he freely and unceasingly spent himself. “His wishes and hopes were of a two-fold character. On the one hand, to see the public schools of the Commonwealth, with all their collateral interests, developed to their highest possibility; on the other, to effect, or at least to aid in effecting an integration of all the educational interests of the State, so that as properly correlated organs of the one body, they might co-operate for the advancement of the body politic; that the advanced culture of the highest might be brought to aid and strengthen the lower.” How far his aims were realized we may not definitely state; but the object, as Prof. Kerschner says, was “worth the sweat of the noble,” and it is my conviction that his pioneer work in re-standardizing educational practice by higher ideals was not in vain, and that his efforts resulted in the more complete unification of the public school systems across the boundaries of city and town and township and county, and in the closer articulation between the public schools on the one hand and the colleges and universities on the other.

To indicate the deep impression he was so rapidly making upon educational affairs at home and abroad—for the latter but reflects the former—we take the following paragraph from the “New England Journal of Education,” a part of an extended notice of one of his Annual Reports:

“Dr. Higbee is one of the strongest State Superintendents we have in this country. He is the executive officer of the great Keystone State, whose schools are famous in all parts of the land. This State system of public schools is one of the broadest and best. Dr. Higbee is himself clearly seen through the printed pages of his report—his scholarship, his high manly and moral tone, his administrative ability, his straightforward business way of doing his work and of expressing himself concerning that work. We have been impressed, while reading his strong utterances, with the power of the man that shows throughout this official

document. He is a man of very great zeal and enthusiasm in his labors. Within the four years that he has been in office, he has traveled much over the entire State, visiting and lecturing at teachers' institutes and other educational assemblies, watching with a critical eye all tendencies in the educational work, and moulding educational sentiment, as few men could do. He has delivered lectures on school topics in every county, and in some counties has lectured before institutes for three successive years. His work in this direction alone has been of inestimable value to the school interests of Pennsylvania. He is recognized as one of the most accomplished scholars of the State. No one questions this who knows him. As a classical scholar, he has read nearly all the Greek and Latin authors extant. His attainments in philosophy also are high. He is at home in the history of philosophy, and is quite a specialist in psychology. His keen insight into the philosophy of education, and his clear and forcible statement of the truth as he sees it, have given him great power in the direction of educational thought throughout the State."

At the expiration of Dr. Higbee's term of office there was reason to suppose that with the political change that had taken place in the Executive Department of the State administration, a change would also be made in the Superintendency of Public Instruction. This fear, however, proved to be groundless. For reasons best known to himself, perhaps in obedience to a true instinct, it may be with an honest desire to eliminate politics from the administration of the school affairs of the State, certainly with a correct appreciation of the very general drift of public sentiment urgently in favor of Dr. Higbee's retention in office, Gov. Pattison, to his credit be it said, determined that he should be his own successor. Accordingly in the spring of 1885, he was re-appointed and entered upon the continuance of his official duties with fresh vigor and zeal.

The full significance of this re-appointment was duly appreciated by the friends of education everywhere, and the Governor could not fail to be deeply gratified by the numerous and sincere encomiums that were passed upon him for

the moral strength with which he withstood the enormous political pressure that must have been brought to bear upon him to secure the nomination of a Superintendent out of the household of his own political faith. Dr. Higbee as well as others saw in this conspicuous act a most hopeful sign of encouragement to remain steadfast in his determination to dis sever the administration of his office as far as possible from the baneful influence of partisan considerations. Under the circumstances, then, it was with high hopes and a renewed sense of responsibility that he faced the future, which never before seemed so big with the magnitude of the work he had in view. If he labored before, he labored now more abundantly, and perceptible progress was steadily made.

But soon the sky was to be overcast with black clouds, high hopes dashed, and spirits crushed. Let us pass this period, the spring of 1886, as briefly, as silently as possible. We refer to the crusade of persecution to which he was subjected in his capacity of Superintendent of Soldiers' Orphan Schools. For particulars the reader must look elsewhere, only he will not read aright if he does not discover that for cruel wrong and utter groundlessness of charges made on the one side, and for patient suffering and heroic forbearance on the other, it deserves to be characterized as one of the most indefensible and heart-rending assaults ever made upon the character of a public official.

What the underlying motives may have been, is known best to the instigators of this whole lamentable affair; what their feelings have since been, can only be imagined; but what poignant suffering was inflicted, we know only too well. It was indeed a "fiery furnace" of trial for Dr. Higbee, the fierce heat of which was intensified almost beyond endurance by the heavy domestic affliction which fell upon him at this time in the death of a dear son just on the verge of manhood's estate. "The heart knoweth its own bitterness." It is true Dr. Higbee's complete exoneration came in due course of time, and he was deeply, tenderly, at times tearfully, sensible of the boundless kindness and unflinching confidence he experienced at the hands of his numerous friends everywhere. It was a comfort, priceless beyond measure,

for him to know that, when he had "but tears to give," he was not left to "weep those tears alone." But the consuming grief that lacerated the natural affections of his heart, and the no less consuming distress that oppressed the refined sensitiveness of his moral nature, made sad inroad upon the vitality of his physical constitution. He had been brought nearer to the reality of the spiritual world, but he never recovered from the effect of the cruel blows he had received, and from this time on, we venture to say, he lived daily in sight of the end.

In the spring of 1889 he was re-appointed by Governor Beaver, in response to the almost universally expressed wish of the leaders of educational work in all parts of the State, and he entered upon the third term of his office, with health somewhat shattered as we have seen, but with zeal unabated. After his return from his annual hay fever trip in the following September, he felt that he had gained some much needed strength, and began his laborious institute work without a thought of sparing himself. Thus, within the last week of his earthly life, we find him at Huntingdon (Dec. 3rd and 4th), with reference to which Supt. Brumbaugh writes:

"He attended the entire sessions on Thursday, remarking to me once during the day that he could not this season do his work with his accustomed vigor. 'I am,' he said, half jocosely, 'only fifty-nine, but I look like a man of eighty, and feel like a man of ninety.' He made the closing address of the afternoon session. His theme was the Identity of Home and School Training. In his address for forty minutes he held the rapt attention of fully 1,300 people. In it he spoke with all his usual earnestness, and that profound depth of thought and feeling which so often characterized his platform utterances. He reached beyond the ordinary ken, and saw and described visions not revealed in like fulness to other men. His wonderful grasp of our educational environment, his deep and exhaustive analysis of character as a factor in education, his earnest and Christian charity for the honest work of the teacher, his intense and righteous resentment of all sophistries in education, and his marvelous and rhythmic

diction, combined to make this address a memorable one. It was probably the last, rich, full outpouring of the treasures of his wonderful mind."

On the following Sunday he was at home, and enjoyed the privilege of uniting for the last time with his family and many friends, in the chapel of Franklin and Marshall College, in the blessed communion of the Lord's Supper, which he always associated with the Communion of Saints, that precious article of the Apostles' Creed that was so frequently in his meditations, and which, in his preaching, he never ceased to emphasize as of the most profound significance in every true conception of the Christian pilgrimage. On Monday morning he finished a paper, undertaken in response to a request from State Superintendent Draper of New York, for suggestions as to the "best method of making our educational exhibit at the International Exposition of 1893." In the evening of the same day he arrived at Mifflintown, where he had an engagement with the Juniata County Institute. On the following morning, he is reported as having made a most eloquent speech on the importance of securing libraries for the school and family. In the afternoon he again lectured, as late as 3 o'clock, in regard to which one who heard him says: "His remarks were most happy, abounding in choicest thoughts from the rich storehouse of his wisdom and practical knowledge, with here and there a dash of delicate humor that made him very entertaining indeed."

There is reason to suppose that he had some premonition of what was coming, for we find him hastening his departure for home, and at about 5 o'clock, while waiting for the train, upon the platform of Mifflin station, the lightning stroke fell; paralysis did its fatal work; and after a few agonizing moments of pitiful efforts to express a last wish, the conscious light of a noble intelligence went out, whilst his great heart continued to beat for fifty-six hours thereafter.

Medical attendance was promptly summoned, but nothing could be done save to render his condition as comfortable as possible for the journey home, which was at once un-

dertaken. What a sorrowful home-coming it was! Lead-winged hours of painful watching, anxious waiting, tireless nursing, and prayerful hoping, followed. There was no return to consciousness. Early on Friday morning December 13, 1889, the spirit took its flight, and Dr. Higbee was at rest. In accordance with his own frequently expressed wish, he was buried at Emmitsburg, Md., a place hallowed by the sweetest and saddest memories of his earthly life.

“ * * * * * It's hard to bear
The loss; but oh! we maun forbear.”

I am but one of many who have felt the informing influences of Dr. Higbee's life, who have had their minds quickened into activity by the creative energy of his vigorous thought-power, and who have had their hearts warmed into a generous glow by the enkindling touch of his kindly nature. Who has not felt that it was good to be with him? As I look back over the years of my intercourse with him, my thoughts chastened by sorrow, I find it utterly impossible to dwell upon his many private virtues with a view to single out what may possibly have been the predominant quality of his character as revealed to his family and the close company of his chosen friends. Things of love and grief hate the “garish light” of day, and we are here dealing with things that the heart refuses to surrender at our bidding. It is enough to say that to those who knew him best, he was one of those rare souls

“ * * * * * quales neque candidiores Terra tulit.”

(Souls the like of which this earth has never borne more spotless.)

“Among Dr. Higbee's natural gifts was a fine aesthetic sense, a love for the beautiful in every form of its manifestation, which strengthened and chastened by culture, gave color and tone to almost all that he did and said. He had great aptitude for all the fine arts. He loved music dearly, and gradually acquired a fine and severe taste for classical and church music. Perhaps yet more keen was his interest in painting. But the aesthetic side of his nature revealed itself nowhere so powerfully as in poetry. To this, as to a foun-

tain of delight, he always turned for refreshment and inspiration. It was as poetry that he loved and studied Homer and all the mighty masters of classic song. It was not their philology nor their mythology nor their theology, but their poetry, that rewarded years of labor devoted to the mastery of the classical languages. He began early to write poetry, and, although he never wrote copiously, he never abandoned it; the old spirit would again come over him, and again he would strike the lyre. Little of what he wrote was meant for publication; he sang as the bird sings, and his song was all the reward he cared for."—(J. B. Kerschner.)

Touching his more public character, I am inclined to think that his greatest power lay in his ministry as a steward of the mysteries of grace, and particularly in his preaching of the gospel. I do not forget that as an instructor in the class-room he was unsurpassed and had few equals. But that which made him so masterful in unfolding the truth of a particular science and awakening the susceptibilities necessary for its apprehension and appropriation on the part of his pupils, was that settled habit of his mind, according to which he steadily and persistently subordinated all the manifold forms of truth to the one great overshadowing truth as it is in Christ, The Truth. Neither do I forget that, upon a memorable occasion, Dr. Higbee himself said, "In remembering that I am a clergyman, I do not forget that I am a man." Manhood was the supreme thing, but a manhood as glorified by its incarnation in The Perfect Man, that sublime reality and great central fact of our life, which in its comprehensive largeness includes all the functional activities of our earthly existence, and is greater than the preacher, the teacher, the laborer in whatever sphere. In laying aside, therefore, the distinctive robes of his ministerial office to be clothed with the authority of the State as the Superintendent of its schools, he did not lay aside his high calling in Christ Jesus, but continued in season and out of season to do his Master's will as a preacher of righteousness, the only difference being that his field had now widened out into proportions of almost boundless extent. These reflections need no expansion here, and are only thrown out as constituting a

necessary factor for consideration in estimating the character and full significance of the work he accomplished as State Superintendent.

Of this work, in its far-reaching consequences, exact language cannot be used; there is a subtle something in the quality of it, which defies analysis, and eludes the power of description. But so far as it can be done, I believe the following is a conservative estimate (made by J. P. McCaskey):

“Dr. Higbee did three things for the schools of Pennsylvania: One, educational in the highest sense, whose value can be best appreciated only by the minority, in that he taught a more reverent attitude towards the immortal work of training the young, for with him the outcome for eternity was always near to the life and movement of time. He put into the minds of thoughtful men and women everywhere in the State higher ideals of intellectual and moral attainment, for in himself he stood—unconsciously but none the less truly—an embodiment of the highest type of unselfish Christian manhood, and a splendid ideal realized of that generous scholarship, which is at home everywhere in history and rich in the best treasure of all the ages. Thus he was, during the years of the administration of his high office, an inspiration to thousands, who learned to love no less than to revere, and who themselves became centres of influence more helpful because of quick soul contact with the thought and life of Dr. Higbee.

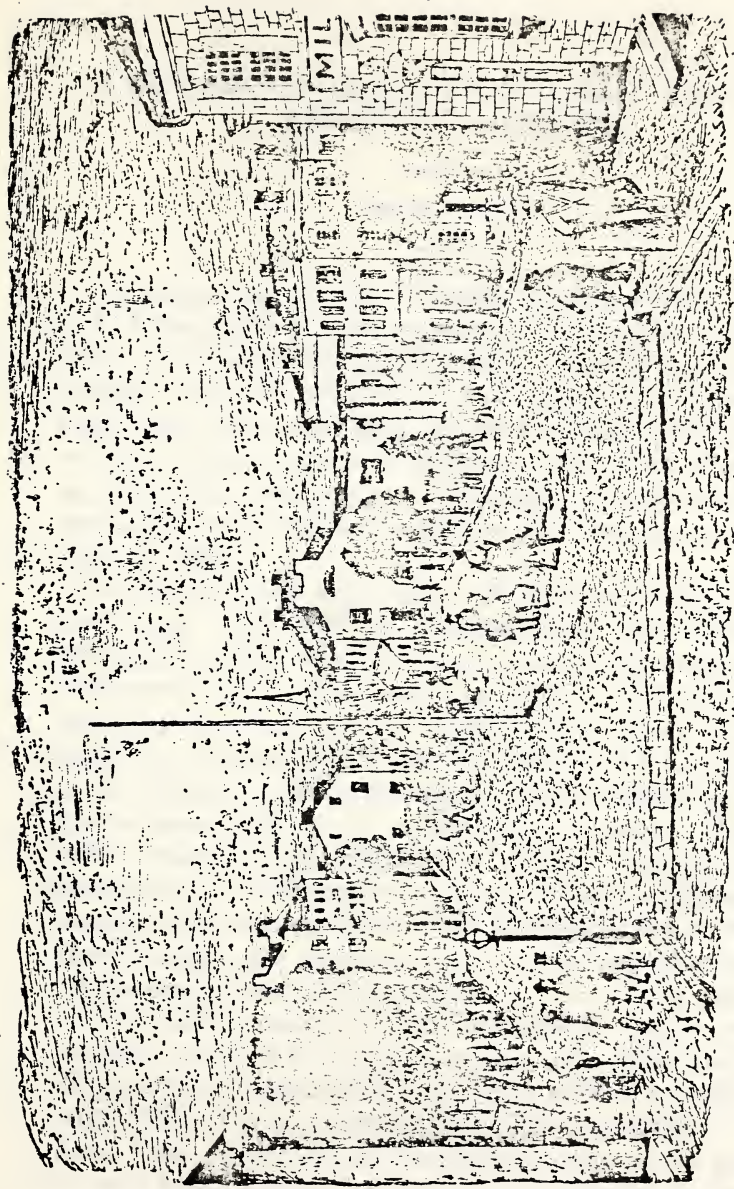
In the second place, his unerring practical sense recognized the fact that, while the majority of men could not see the higher truth as he saw it, all could appreciate the value of increased funds in the treasury of the school district. He addressed himself early to the question of ways and means, as well as to the education of school officers that they might see aright the duty before them. He recognized the one line of increased State appropriations as the most promising and most prompt to relieve the urgency of the demand for better work in the schools. For a period of ten years no advance had been made upon the State appropriation, and unless the State were educated to see this matter in its true

bearings, he saw that none was likely to be secured for an indefinite period. Therefore to the important work of educating the State in this direction, he addressed himself with enthusiasm. In season and out of season he urged the increase of this appropriation. From the Delaware to the Ohio he preached it, year after year, from the Institute platform and elsewhere, until directors, teachers, patrons and legislators everywhere began to look into the question, and, admitting the force of his arguments and the correctness of his figures, were ready to demand with him the increase that might as readily have been granted years before, and that, but for him and those who toiled with him, might not have been obtained for years to come. It was six years before he succeeded in securing an advance upon the million dollars per year named in the constitution of 1873. A half million was then added. Once the break had been made, the increase came of its own momentum. In 1889 he got two millions more easily than a million and a half from the preceding Legislature; and like the rush of waters as the current grows in depth and power came the magnificent appropriation of \$5,000,000 by the Legislature of 1891. For this increase of the State appropriation beyond the million dollars named in the State constitution, more credit is due to Dr. Higbee than to any other man, living or dead. His good work here is felt in every school district in Pennsylvania, and every school is here his debtor.

And third, he introduced Arbor Day into Pennsylvania, with its beneficent thought of tree planting and tree preservation, which has since been observed in the spring time by proclamation of the Governor under the authority of the Legislature, and in October by the schools of the State under direction of the Superintendent of Public Instruction, as many of the schools are not in session on the day named in April. Thus over fifty Arbor Days and tens of thousands of growing trees in all parts of Pennsylvania speak for him, and the day is securely lodged in the thought of the State, to grow into cumulative blessing as the years go by, with its spring and fall observance."

This paper would be incomplete without alluding to the fund of nearly five thousand dollars raised under the auspices of the State Teachers' Association, and devoted to the formation of a memorial to Dr. Higbee from the schools of Pennsylvania, to which sixty-one counties, thirty-four towns and cities, and eleven State Normal Schools contributed—a memorial which, as it finally took shape, is without a parallel in the history of education upon the American continent. The features of this Memorial are First, “a monument over his grave at Emmitsburg—a single block of granite, brought from his own New England, weighing many tons; upon it, cut as from the living rock, a mighty cross, massive but shapely; with brief record of name and rank and dates; by whom erected; then four words of epitaph that a noble heart may win, but the wealth of Indies cannot buy—“O Man Greatly Beloved” (Dan’l x.19). Second, a life-size portrait, of which more than twelve thousand copies were issued, and which is found in schools and in the offices of School Superintendents in every part of the State. Third, a bust in bronze, of heroic size, placed in the State Department of Public Instruction at Harrisburg, but destroyed with the burning of the capitol in 1897. And fourth, a memorial volume, equal to an ordinary 500-page book, of loving personal tributes from many sources, of which ten thousand copies were printed. This last is a feature of the Dr. Higbee Memorial worth vastly more than all the rest combined, for it everywhere bears witness to the spirit that makes for righteousness, to the onflowing of a power for good, which to have set in motion in so many lives is work that is indeed worthy of the very elect of God.

“Let the living live; and you, gather together your thoughts, leave behind you a legacy of feeling and ideas; you will be most useful so.”



Hoke's Corner.

Messenger Building.

Hamilton's.

Lee's Staff.

Lee and Hill.

Gilmore's.

Bank.

Franklin Hotel.

Miller's Corner.

THE OLD CHAMBERSBURG DIAMOND. — Meeting of Generals Lee and Hill, June 26, 1863.

A NOTABLE PUBLICATION HOUSE IN CHAMBERSBURG—1835-1864.

BY M. A. FOLTZ.

As announced by the President of this society, the subject of the paper for this evening is "A Notable Publication House in Chambersburg, 1835-1864. Somewhat revised and abridged since its preparation and appearance in the church paper just three years ago, on the occasion of its 75th anniversary, the production is the history and story of what was an important business and industrial establishment which terminated an existence here with the burning of our town, July 30, 1864.

It was only five years after the transfer of the "Messenger" from York, Pa., to Chambersburg, that most of the stereotype plates of books and other publications of the Reformed Church were concentrated here, and to the clergy and laity in many of the States of the Union, Chambersburg, Pa., and the firm name "M. Kieffer & Co.," appearing as an imprint on the publications of the church were as familiar as household words in hundreds of homes. When the great interests the Publication House represented were transferred to Philadelphia, it was to many of these church people a sad contemplation. To Chambersburg it was a distinct business and industrial loss; to the employes of the establishment, a loss of occupation.

The mails coming to the Publication House were the heaviest received at the post office. This made the number of pieces for transmission much greater, not to speak of the large editions of the "Messenger," "Kirchenzeitung," "Guardian," etc., which stately found their way to the post-office in mail bags, labelled and ready for dispatch, to the infinite delight of the postmaster and clerks.

A paper read at the January meeting of the Society, held on the evening of the 31st of January, 1907, at the residence of Dr. Charles F. Palmer.

The "Messenger" first saw the light from the office of the "Herald," Carlisle, Pa., Nov. 1, 1827, under the title of "The Magazine of the German Reformed Church." Rev. Lewis Mayer, D. D., Professor in the Theological Seminary of the church, then located at Carlisle, was its editor. In 1829 it was removed with the Seminary to York. In 1832 the name was changed to "The Messenger of the German Reformed Church," and in appearance from magazine to newspaper form. The last year that it was published in York—1834—it appeared as a semi-monthly. For many years the paper was published by the Board in the interest of missions, in compliance with the authority which brought it into existence at the annual meeting of Synod in 1826.

The transfer of the "Messenger" to Chambersburg in July, 1835, to become a weekly, was a year in advance of the removal of the literary and theological institutions of the Reformed Church from York to Mercersburg, and the first issue of "The Weekly Messenger" in Chambersburg was ten weeks before the meeting of the Synod (September 27 to October 5th, 1835), in Chambersburg, which determined the removal of the institutions from York to Mercersburg. It is worthy of note also that Rev. B. S. Schneck, who was chosen editor of "The Weekly Messenger," was a leading spirit at the sessions of this memorable Synod and chairman of the committee to whom the propositions of the various towns for the location of the institutions were submitted and reported upon.

The first issue of "The Weekly Messenger" in Chambersburg appeared July 18, 1835. After the lapse of more than a month, the second number appeared on the 2d of September, and regularly thereafter. It was printed in the office of Joseph Pritts, editor of the "Whig." In the initial number, publishers in Philadelphia and elsewhere having been bidders, it was explained that at the meeting of the Board of Missions in Gettysburg on the 22d of June it appeared that the proposition of Mr. Pritts, of Chambersburg, was decidedly the most reasonable, and was therefore accepted.

The "Whig" office was in the three-story building that stood where the Valley Bank and Snider's book store are

located, southeast corner of the public square. The Pritts contract continued about two years. It was so much esteemed by the proprietor that he mentioned it in an advertisement as one of the advantages to be derived by a purchase of his plant, which he offered for sale. The contract was then given to Henry Ruby, proprietor of the "Telegraph," whose office was in a rough two-story building back of old Dr. Senseny's residence and office, with a narrow alley entrance between the Senseny residence and Radabaugh's tavern (now the Indian Queen Hotel), South Main Street, more than a square and a half from the public square.

Henry Ruby continued as printer of the "Messenger" until the latter part of 1839, when steps were taken by the Church to establish its own publication office and plant. For this purpose a room was leased in Masonic Hall, South Second street, "three doors north of Queen," where, on the 1st of January, 1840, presses, material and fixtures were installed. Until this year the periodicals and books of the Church, except the "Messenger," were individual enterprises and printed by outside publishers. To inaugurate and advance the new enterprise, Rev. Samuel R. Fisher, the young pastor of the Emmittsburg charge, was called to the assistance of Dr. Schneck. "Then and there the great, the really hard labor of his life commenced." In April, 1840, Dr. Fisher became the associate editor of the "Messenger." For many years after, and until his death, he was at intervals either chief or associate editor of the "Messenger," and business manager of the publication house from 1848.

In 1843 a book bindery was added to the establishment, and on the 1st of October of the same year the Masonic building was purchased, William Heyser and others, for the fraternity, conveying the property to Lewis Denig, George P. Etchberger and Frederick Roemer, in trust for the Synod of the German Reformed Church. This fixes Masonic Hall as the first home belonging to the "Messenger."

In 1844 Synod placed the publication interests of the Church in the hands of a Publication Board. This was prompted by the business embarrassments of the establishment. Until this time there was no responsible head. Hon.

Henry Ruby was appointed superintendent, but he struggled through four years without success rewarding his well-meant efforts. The Synod of 1848, which met at Hagerstown, Md., after hearing the report of a committee of investigation, was ready to wind up the affairs of the establishment, and had actually adopted a resolution for this purpose, when Rev. Moses Kieffer, a member of the Board of Publication, proposed privately to Drs. Schneck and Fisher to form a company to carry on the business and pay the debts, provided Synod would give its patronage and co-operation. To this the Board acceded, with the condition that the firm pay an annual bonus of \$300. The establishment at once passed into the hands of M. Kieffer & Co. The arrangement, however, was subject to the approval of Synod at its next meeting. This was readily given, and on the 27th of November, 1849, Synod, through Messrs. Denig, Etchberger and Roemer, trustees, conveyed the Masonic Hall property to M. Kieffer & Co., thus making the firm the owners of the plant and real estate.

The new firm, as constituted in the fall of 1848, at once commanded the confidence and support of the Church. Dr. Kieffer, although less than a dozen years in the ministry, had become prominent in the pulpit and in church work. As was said of him by Prof. Theodore Appel, in "Recollections of Dr. Kieffer's Life," published in the "Messenger," March 14th, 1888, "When his name was placed at the head of our Publication House at Chambersburg, everybody was pleased. It seemed to inspire at once the confidence of the Church, which was much needed at the time."

The business of the establishment, under the new and able management of Dr. Fisher, grew to such proportions as to require increased facilities for the publication operations. In 1851 it was found necessary to install an Adams steam power press for book and newspaper work. This proved a good investment. Besides the press work for the "Messenger," "Kirchenzeitung," periodicals and books of the Church, the press work of the several secular newspapers of Chambersburg was obtained, and admirably executed on the new

"Messenger" press from 1852 until the destruction of the Publication House in 1864.

George Washington Lodge, F. & A. M., which had surrendered its charter during the anti-Masonic crusade, was re-instituted some years thereafter, but it was not until 1859 that the lodge was prepared to negotiate for the old home to which the longing eyes of its members had never ceased to turn. These negotiations resulted in the re-purchase of Masonic Hall, and on the 10th of February, 1860, M. Kieffer & Company conveyed the property to George W. Brewer, William Adams and Thomas Carlisle, trustees of George Washington Lodge, No. 143. Consideration, \$2,000.

Some time before, and in anticipation of this sale, Dr. Fisher had in view and the firm afterwards became the purchasers of a location more central, and one more convenient for the local newspaper people who continued to have their press work done on the "Messenger" press. On the 10th of May, 1859, William G. Reed and wife, Bernard Wolf, executors, and Katherine Lindsay, executrix of John V. Lindsay, conveyed the Mansion House property, on the public square, to M. Kieffer & Co., for the sum of \$7,250, the publication firm thus becoming the purchasers of one of the most desirable business stands in Chambersburg. The Mansion House was a large three-story brick front and two-story brick back building, with a large stone livery stable, and was situated on the southeast angle of the Diamond, since called the Public Square.

To this large building the "Messenger" printing establishment and publications were removed. During the first year or two of the occupancy of the building, the business and editorial rooms were on the first floor of the back building, in rear of the corner front room, which was occupied by the Chambersburg Saving Fund. The other front room, south, was occupied by Shryock's bookstore.

Valuable improvements were made to the property in 1861-1862, which for many years had been a hotel and afterwards a boarding house. After reconstruction, the rooms on the ground floor, fronting on the Diamond, and one or

more rooms on the second floor, were advantageously leased for business purposes. The remainder of the building was occupied by the various departments of the Publication House, printing office and bindery. In all of its appointments it was now well adapted for the business.

When the great fire occurred, July 30th, 1864, new and valuable machinery had been but recently installed in the printing department and bindery. Chief among these was an additional new four-roller Adams book press, which had just been erected in an addition constructed for the purpose. The day before the fire the shafting was put up, and after intended minor details to be given attention on Saturday (July 30), the new press would have been ready to start on the following Monday.

The corner room on the first floor, vacated by the Savings Fund, was now occupied by the bookstore of S. S. Shryock. In its rear, formerly the "Messenger" business office, was the Adams Express office; to which access was had by an alley driveway. The second room, constructed in part from the broad hallway, was for a short time in the occupancy of Dr. I. N. Snively, and afterwards as a telegraph office. The third room, formerly occupied by Shryock, was occupied by Metcalfe & Hiteshow, dealers in dry goods. A large room on the second floor was used as a military headquarters. The rental of these rooms, and a large livery stable, brought in a nice revenue.

The large corner room, second floor, over Shryock's bookstore, was the editorial sanctum and business office of the Messenger. It was handsomely furnished and a cozy rendezvous for the clergy and church people who came to town. The rooms on the third floor were occupied by the bindery people and equipment.

Returning to the first floor of the extensive wing composing the two-story back building, the first room in the rear of the Express office, was the storage room for news and book paper. This led to the large press-room, in which an Adams and job presses were installed. The third and last room on this floor was the new addition to the building, in

which was erected the new Adams press, referred to in another place.

The first room in the rear of the editorial office, second floor, and over the Express office, was the book-room of the Publication House. In it were elaborate shelving and casings for the church publications. Next was the folding and mailing room, where the large editions of the "Messenger," "Kirchenzeitung," "Guardian," etc., were folded, addressed with a Dick mailer, and packed and distributed in mail bags ready for the post-office dispatches. This room was also used as the packing and shipping room.

The next was the job printing room, in which also were large tables, upon which could be placed the numerous galleys containing the thousands of names on the subscription lists.

In the rear of this interesting department was the large news and book composing room. Here also were the large imposing stones, upon which the newspaper and book forms were made up for press.

Such, in brief, is a description of the second home the "Messenger" had acquired for itself and the publication interests of the church forty-seven years ago. The location was wisely chosen by Dr. Fisher, and the enterprise, through his business skill and energy, was for the most part abreast of the times. In a word, it was up-to-date. A model printing house for that period, with the progressive spirit that animated the establishment, it would have been no less entitled to the distinction to-day, had the location been rebuilt by the Board and not abandoned at what appeared to be a critical time during the Civil War. The home of the "Messenger" would have its perfecting presses and linotype machines, and all other modern appliances. With the modern equipment possible it would be the ideal home sought and longed for by the "Messenger" in the beginning of the twentieth century.

The loss to the Church on account of the Confederate burning of Chambersburg was about \$35,000, not including the real estate. The lot of ground was disposed of for almost as much as was paid for the lot and buildings. On

the 3d of March, 1866, Samuel R. Fisher, Benjamin S. Schneck and Moses Kieffer conveyed the lot to J. Allison Eyster for the sum of \$7,100.00. Some years after, Mr. Eyster disposed of the lot on which were several one-story buildings, to Hiram M. White, for a much larger sum. In course of time Mr. White erected a three-story building on the lot, now known as "White Block," all of which is profitably occupied. Dwelling houses have been erected on the foot of the lot, and all are occupied.

The business arrangement made with M. Kieffer & Company, in 1848, continued until 1863, when the establishment was voluntarily re-conveyed by the firm to Synod and the Board of Publication, at a nominal price, under whose control the publication interests have since been conducted.

An employment of over three years as clerk and superintendent of the printing establishment, 1861-1864, revives pleasant recollections of Dr. Fisher, and the qualities which made him supreme as editorial and business manager of the "Messenger" and the printing establishment. While geniality, kindness of heart, and good temper were attributes of his character, he was a man of positive convictions.

An untiring worker, possessed of rare executive ability, Dr. Fisher was eminently fitted for the position he so many years adorned. To him the opening of the mails was a delight. The attention he gave to correspondence frequently kept him at his desk until a late hour. All letters, after attention, were alphabetically cased. If at any time a correspondent made complaint of erroneous attention to a previous letter or order, he had better be sure he was correct in his statements. A ready reference to the letter file of the office would prime the doctor for a good-natured answer, which in most instances brought an apology.

Dr. Fisher was thus methodical in his conduct of all the departments of the business. He was familiar with every requirement of the printing office and bindery. When it came to the purchase of material and supplies, the purchases were made with a knowledge of every detail. Although not a practical printer, he knew the case and could set type. The compositor on book work would come to him to set up Greek

words which were used in the body of the page or a footnote, an accomplishment of which he was proud. With him also the setting up of a title page was an art, and there was no other way than for the compositor to make it artistic.

In all such matters "the old comp"—and he is in every printing office—learned to respect the judgment and taste of Dr. Fisher. Nor would it have been prudent to cross him because he was not a printer. In the care and work of machinery he was possessed of like genius. A fault in a press he would detect when the pressman was unable to do so.

Of Dr. Fisher's business sagacity many instances might be related. As known to this Society, the "Messenger" office was chosen by the Confederate General Ewell for the printing needed during Lee's invasion of Pennsylvania in June, 1863. For this distinction (?) the "Messenger" office was indebted to the proprietors of the local secular newspapers. When approached to do the work with one accord they made excuse and referred the Confederates to the excellent equipment of the "Messenger" office.

An officer with a detail accordingly called at my home on East Market street, and after reading the requisition for "the use of a printing office and two printers," politely suggested that the superintendent open the office and take charge of the work, and a guard would be furnished to protect the property; otherwise, forcible possession would be taken, and no guarantee would be given as to the contents of the building. The propriety of a compliance was at once seen, and calling in the assistance of the pressman, Henry Richter and Felix McGinty, the utility boy of the office, the desired work was commenced. For three days we were employed in printing various general orders and blanks, and thousands of paroles intended for the parolment of prisoners the invading army were preparing to take "on their way to Harrisburg."

The work was completed, war prices were charged, and the bill, a large one, was paid in Confederate scrip. The money was regarded as worthless, but Dr. Fisher conceived a plan of turning it to account. The army—more than 60,000—since its occupation of the town and vicinity, had slaughtered hundreds of cattle for its consumption, and was

glad to dispose of the hides for greenbacks. J. B. Cook, a local tanner, among others, was engaged in the purchase of the hides. To him Dr. Fisher suggested the idea of paying at least a part in Confederate scrip in the purchase he was making, and he readily assented. The plan was successful, Mr. Cook used all the Confederate money Dr. Fisher gave him, and turned in \$75 or \$80 in good money for the worthless paper.

This was regarded as the best business transaction with the Confederates that occurred during the invasion of Lee's army.

My relations with Dr. Fisher during the three years and four months that I was connected with the establishment were of the most pleasant and agreeable character. His labors for the church and her institutions knew no bounds, and his work as manager of the Publication House increased wonderfully. Through the extensive correspondence which came to him from the ministry and laity of the church, he learned to know the personality and traits of character of each. The inscription on the monument which marks his grave in the God's acre of Zion's Reformed church, thus epitomizes his busy career:

Rev. Samuel R. Fisher, D. D.

Born June 2, 1810.

Died June 5, 1881.

For 40 years in charge of the Publication interests; State Clerk of the Synod; Member of the Board of Visitors of the Theological Seminary, and Treasurer of the Board of Education.

Abundant in Labor.

Devoted to Principle.

Zealous of Good Works, and

A faithful Servant of the Church.

Erected by the Brethren of the Reformed Church in the United States.

The picture herewith given of the old Diamond, will always have historic interest, while it shows, although crudely, the location of the last home of that notable Publication House in Chambersburg. That was a historic corner during the

exciting days of the Civil War. A bulletin board at Shryock's bookstore contained the war dispatches which drew to the old Mansion House corner large crowds eager for the news.

From the "Messenger" office windows the marching along of Union regiments and brigades was a frequent spectacle. The scene of the picture was the interesting moment when on the forenoon of June 26th, 1863, the Confederate Commander, General Lee, met his subordinate, General Hill, and conferred with him on the Diamond, prior to turning his horse, a sorrel, and marching toward Gettysburg. His staff is observed in front of the "Messenger" office while the conference takes place. The prominent features of the picture are the "Messenger" (formerly Mansion House) building, the old bank of Chambersburg; the Franklin House, the Gilmore and Hamilton properties, and the flagpole in the center of the Diamond.

The first issue of the "Weekly Messenger" was an attractive six-column folio. In it are the parting words of Dr. Mayer, and Dr. Schneck's introductory, "To the Readers of the Weekly Messenger." Dr. Schneck, who resided in Gettysburg, consented to edit and superintend the initial number.

In the introductory Dr. Schneck asked every minister to take an interest in sustaining the "Messenger," adding, "Apart from all other good effects resulting from it, we cherish the fond, pleasing hope that the "Weekly Messenger" will be one of the means to unite more closely the bonds of brotherly love between brethren, who in time, distance and other circumstances have been almost estranged from each other. Through its columns we expect them unitedly to co-operate in leading the sacramental host to God's elect; to encourage each other to faithfulness and zeal in every good work, and in building up the walls of our beloved church in knowledge and righteousness, in zeal and love."

Dr. Schneck was assigned to the permanent editorship, but did not take charge until late in the fall. In the mean-

time the "Messenger" was in charge of Rev. Henry L. Rice, pastor of the Reformed Church.

The first years of the "Weekly Messenger" were full of discouragements. The business trials of the office were many and vexatious. The profits were small, scarcely meeting expenses. Through them all Dr. Schneck exhibited an unflinching devotion to the work entrusted to him. His indulgence, patience and endurance were remarkable. Henry Ruby, following Mr. Pritts, was the printer of the "Messenger," and with Dr. Schneck shared many of its financial responsibilities. In 1839 he disposed of his printing office, having been appointed Register and Recorder of Franklin county. To this office he was afterwards elected, and in later years he was elected associate judge of our courts.

Only those who have had the experience know the many annoyances which had to be endured and surmounted in a publication office having a widely-spread constituency forty-three and sixty odd years ago. In illustration of these, an item in the report of the treasurer of the Board of Missions to the Synod of 1835, relating to the "Messenger," is a case in point, in which "uncurrent bills" is alluded to: "Uncurrent bills" not only turned up in almost every mail to Dr. Schneck, but were a grief in the mails to worry the business office under Dr. Fisher, until the introduction of National Bank currency in the early 60's. It mattered not that the "Messenger" had this standing paragraph in its terms:

"Agents and others. who send us money will please forward us notes of the United States, Philadelphia, Baltimore, or any good bank in Pennsylvania or Maryland. Notes of Banks in North or South Carolina, Ohio, Indiana, as also of country banks in New York, however current they may be at home, are of very little use to us."

Agents and others there were who were careful to abide by these rules. As an example, one of these in remitting, said he had not as much difficulty in collecting the money as he had "in getting small notes exchanged for such money as would be of use to you."

Commenting on this, Dr. Schneck said editorially: "This last statement we should like to see a little better attended to by some. We have our eye, at this moment, fixed upon several who have for a year or more sent us the names of subscribers, but that is all. They will make us pay the postage of 18 $\frac{1}{4}$ or 25 cents for a subscriber, of whom this intelligence is perhaps the last we hear from him."

During the early career of the "Weekly Messenger" it was also important to be strict in the requirement with reference to the prepayment of postage. This was a standing paragraph under the head of "Terms of the Messenger," which were \$2.00 in advance, or \$2.50 if not paid within the year: "Letters, in order to meet with attention, must be Postpaid, unless they contain money or the names of subscribers. Otherwise they are not received from the post-office."

That the matter of postage was an important item in 1837 will be seen from this editorial reference to a correspondent: "Although we are very willing to pay the postage on letters containing \$5.00, our correspondent usually pays his postage, although containing \$20.00. This we do not want him or any one else to do. But it forms a striking contrast with those who will send us \$2.00 and tax us with 20, 25 or 37 cents postage."

Every minister of the church was authorized to receive and forward subscriptions. The list of agents was a formidable one. The names of 54 were given for Pennsylvania alone. One agent who carried copies of the papers with him in his canvass, in reporting results, said: "I rejoice to say that the eloquence of the "Messenger's" pages pleads more powerfully than anything I could say in its favor."

In 1837 the "Messenger," like others of its cotemporaries, felt the depressing effects of the panic of that year. During the holiday season, however, and with the opening of the year 1838 the editor was cheered with flattering accessions to the list of subscribers. One pastor, Rev. David Winters, of Ohio, forwarded as a New Year's gift the names of "forty new subscribers and the money in advance for every one!" Two weeks later the same good brother sent in fifteen more,

which made a total of fifty-five new subscribers from him and \$110 in advance. Another, who sent in an installment of new subscribers, had these generous words: "The 'Messenger' is what I think it ought to be—an interesting, and I may add, a useful paper, containing a selection of good matter, calculated to prove a blessing in every family in which it is received and read with attention."

The various departments were "The Church Members," "The Parents," "The Childrens'," Scientific, Temperance and Miscellaneous Contributions appearing on every page, but selections from religious papers and church literature were prevailing features. An interesting feature was the acknowledgments, letters and monies received. There was almost a total absence of paid advertisements.

Protracted and temperance meetings were occasional themes of discussion between correspondents, upon which occasional editorial comment was made. The editor was not much in sympathy with revivals, so-called, of the day, but he was a vigorous champion of the temperance cause. Locally he took a prominent part in meetings intended to promote the reform.

Referring to reports of revivals in the Reformed churches at Lebanon and Germantown, where these meetings were "blessed of God to many souls," the editor said: "We see no reason why sober statements of true revivals of religion should be withheld because of the frequent exaggerated ones which have sometimes appeared in print. The abuse of a good thing does not destroy its proper use—and because spurious revivals have existed, this should not therefore make us less anxious to promote vital godliness and evangelical religion."

The German Church papers, "Der Christliche Herold," established in Gettysburg, by Dr. Schneck, and "Die Evangelische Zeitschrift," by Rev. John C. Gulden, Chester County, private enterprises, were consolidated in 1837, under the title of "Christliche Zeitschrift," and taken by the Board of Missions, Rev. Samuel Guldin, pastor at Gettysburg, becoming the editor. In 1840 the "Christliche Zeitschrift" was

transferred from Gettysburg to the printing establishment in Chambersburg, and edited by Dr. Schneck.

In 1840 the title of the "Weekly Messenger" was changed to the "German Reformed Messenger," and the "Christliche Zeitschrift" to "Reformirte Kirchenzeitung."

The "Mercersburg Review," established in Mercersburg in 1849, was transferred to the printing establishment in Chambersburg in 1853. "The Guardian," a monthly, established by Dr. Harbaugh in 1850, was transferred to the establishment in 1863. Until this time "The Guardian" was printed in Lewisburg and Lancaster, following the pastorates of the founder and editor, Dr. Harbaugh.

As the editor of the "Weekly Messenger" and various German church papers, Dr. Schneck had a busy career, which ran through many years. Yet he found time to aid in local religious, educational and other movements when his services were sought, just as he responded when entrusted with important home or foreign commissions for the church at large. His name was prominently mentioned in connection with the first superintendency of the public schools of the county, and he was chairman of the committee which recommended the text-books for their use.

Rev. Benjamin Bausman was elected associate editor of the "Messenger" by the Synod which met in Frederick, Md., in the fall of 1858. The same Synod elected Rev. Dr. Schneck editor of "The Kirchenzeitung," a position he was filling at the time and at stated periods before.

Dr. Fisher was greatly pleased at the choice of Dr. Bausman as his associate. Dr. Bausman was at the time pastor of the charge at Lewisburg, Pa., and it was with reluctance that he accepted the post. He moved to Chambersburg, and entered upon the duties of his position March 9th, 1859, continuing as associate editor and one year as editor-in-chief, until November 1st, 1861, when he accepted a call to the local Reformed pastorate as the successor of Rev. Samuel Philips. He continued, however, as an occasional writer for the "Messenger" until his call and removal to Reading, Pa., in the fall of 1863, and frequently thereafter,

It was during Dr. Bausman's editorial connection with the "Messenger" that his talents as a writer fully developed. His productions possessed the peculiar charm which has characterized all of his literary efforts. The "Messenger" ranked, as it does to-day, with the leading religious newspapers. When touching upon the civil strife of '61 to '65, his articles and sermons, while breathing the spirit of Christian charity, were loyal and patriotic in sentiment for the success of the Union arms. As pastor he was a daily visitor to hospitals, ministering to the sick and dying. Afterwards when editor of "The Guardian," he was the author of a series of historical reminiscent articles on the Civil War. Although of a local character they attracted wide attention and favorable comment on account of their interest and accuracy.

The career of the "Messenger" and Publication House in Chambersburg was not void of trials and discouragements. Over all these it had its triumphs. The bound volumes are open books which tell of the progress of missions, educational institutions, and the publication interests of the church. Here the foundation was laid for the achievements and greater triumphs for the church, missions, and our institutions, the "Messenger" helped to make possible during the past fifty years.

For many years Augustus Armstrong was bookkeeper and clerk in the "Messenger" office. Mr. Armstrong, a most capable employe, was succeeded by William Toms, who filled the position until the spring of 1861. The writer of this paper then accepted the position, to which also was attached the superintendency of the printing office. The employes of the establishment at the time of the burning of the town were: M. A. Foltz, superintendent of printing department, etc.; Geo. R. Colliflower, foreman "Messenger;" John L. Heffleman, news and book compositor; Isaac Doyle, news and book compositor; Geo. Doyle, news and book compositor; Geo. Duncan, sub; P. Dock Frey, book and jobbing department; Barney McGinty, apprentice; Henry Richter, pressman; Felix McGinty, utility boy; Aug. Erbsmehl, German compositor Kirchenzeitung.

The employes of the bindery were: J. N. Snider, superintendent and foreman; Joseph Shatzley, Margaret Streally,* Mary Snider, Anna Nitterhouse, Kate Shatzley, Carrie Doyle, Martha Stewart, Rebecca Houser, Anna Eschberger.

*Resigned, April, 1864.

THE WILSON FAMILY.

BY HON. W. RUSH GILLAN.

On the 15th day of June, 1752, there was surveyed to Joseph Armstrong a tract of land containing 226 acres, situate in Hamilton township, Cumberland county, in the Province of Pennsylvania. Joseph Armstrong died, leaving a last will and testament, bearing date the 3rd day of September, A. D. 1760. At the time of his death he had not obtained a deed for this land, but by his will he devised to his son, James Armstrong, all of his interests thereon. On the 13th day of February, A. D. 1765, "being the fifth year of the reign of King George III," Thomas and Richard Penn, proprietors and governors of the Province of Pennsylvania, conveyed this land to James Armstrong, the devisee under the will of Joseph Armstrong. In this conveyance there is reserved "Three clear fifths parts of all royal mines, free from all reprisals, for digging and refining the same," and also "One-fifth part of the ore of all other mines delivered at the pit's mouth." The grantee, his heirs and assigns, were also by the conveyance given full power "To hawk, hunt, fish and fowl on the hereby granted land and premises or any part thereof." The consideration for the conveyance was thirty-six pounds and one penny, lawful money of Pennsylvania, subject to the payment, on the first day of March in each and every year, of one-half penny, sterling, per acre, to the grantors, their heirs or assigns, in coin current as exchange shall then be between the Province and the city of London, the payment to be made at the town of Carlisle to the receivers appointed to receive the same.

This tract, then mentioned as being in the township of Hamilton in the county of Cumberland, is in what is now known as the township of St. Thomas, in the county of

A paper read at the annual meeting of the Society, held on the evening of the 26th of February, 1867, at Wilson College, by invitation of President Reaser.

The March meeting was omitted.

Franklin. It is situated about eight miles west of Chambersburg and about two miles from St. Thomas, and about one and a half miles from Edenville. It is a beautiful tract of land consisting of upland, moor and meadow. The buildings, of which we shall have more to say hereafter, stand on a gentle slope, while away to the east stretches a large meadow, through which runs a sparkling stream of pure clear water, known now as Wilson's, formerly as Armstrong's run. This run is fed by numerous streams, and along its banks, fishing, picking daisies and what we knew as "Johnny-jump-ups," I spent many of the happiest days of a happy childhood. I spent the last sixteen of the first eighteen years of my life on the farm adjoining this one on the north. The same mountain stream and the same stretch of meadow runs through this farm. It would be interesting to no one here but myself to recall how, as a child, I trembled with fear of the shadows cast by the great trees upon its banks, or how timidly I picked my way through what then seemed an interminable forest, stretching on to the highway, and how I, frightened at the sound of the echo of my own voice as I drove the cattle home from pasture, and sought the open fields, only to return and venture each time a little farther into the shadow of the woods, and how, at the suggestion of old Mrs. Brown, I ventured into the very depths of the forest and washed my hands three times in the water gathered in the stump of a tree, then walked backward thirty paces with the sure and certain hope that this would drive away the warts.

This farm, which was on the 13th day of February, A. D. 1765, conveyed to James Armstrong, finally came into the ownership of William Steele, who, on the 23rd day of October, 1779, conveyed the same to John Wilson, of Derry township, Lancaster county, Pennsylvania. The price paid for it, according to the deed which is recorded in the Recorder's office of this county, in Deed Book F, page 33, was the sum of nine thousand pounds. It is described at this time as containing 212 acres. This seems an enormous price. What it amounted to in coin current as the exchange then was between the State of Pennsylvania and the city of

London, I do not know. Doubtless, however, the discount was great. This farm is now owned by Sarah Shields Walker, of Mercersburg, Pennsylvania, great-granddaughter of John Wilson.

Of the antecedents of John Wilson but little can be learned. Derry township, at that time given as the place of his residence, is now a part of Dauphin county. It lies on the eastern border of Swatara creek, and east of the borough of Hummelstown. Whether or not he had lived in Franklin county prior to the purchase of the farm is not certainly known, but we are of the opinion that he did not. There was a certain John Wilson, a soldier in the war of the Revolution, a member of one of the companies recruited in this section, and some have said that it was this same John Wilson, but I think this is a mistake, and none of his descendants remember of ever having heard that he was a Revolutionary soldier. I think it very likely that John Wilson came to this county from Lancaster county about the time that he bought this farm. He was generally spoken of amongst the old settlers and his descendants as having come from Dauphin county. This is to be accounted for by the fact that Dauphin county was organized in 1785, six years after John Wilson bought the farm, and Derry township, Lancaster county, which had been his home, became a part of Dauphin county. He was, at the time he purchased the farm but 29 years of age, having been born in 1750. He was of Irish or Scotch-Irish stock, firm in the faith of the Presbyterians, one of the strictest of the strict of that sect. Firm not only in the doctrines of the church, but faithful also in obedience to all the rules of discipline, and especially faithful in attendance at public worship, and most careful in his observance of the Sabbath day.

John Wilson married Sarah Strain, of Lancaster, now Dauphin county. Of the date of their marriage I have been unable to find any record, but she was about 27 years of age at the time the farm was purchased. Both husband and wife lived on this farm until their deaths. John Wilson died 31st July, 1826, aged 76 years. Sarah, his widow, died 1st July, 1848, aged 96 years, five months and 26 days. John and

Sarah Wilson had a family of ten children, seven sons and three daughters. None of the sons ever married. One daughter, Elizabeth, married John Shields, of this county, and with him moved to Westmoreland county, this State. The young people went West, as it was spoken of then, soon after their marriage, making the journey on horse-back. Elizabeth Shields was born, it is supposed, in Lancaster county, three years before the purchase of the farm. She died in Westmoreland county in 1873, having reached the remarkable age of 96 years. She left to survive her a large number of sons and daughters. A number of her descendents have been students at Wilson College, among them Miss Sue Shields, who afterward married Daniel M. Kennedy, a son of the Rev. James F. Kennedy, the sightless Doctor of Divinity, who for many years taught in the institution, and who is well remembered by almost all of the citizens of Chambersburg. Also, a Miss Dickey, of Westmoreland county; the Misses Shields, daughters of James W. Shields, of Hamilton township, who became, under the instruction received there, most proficient artists, Miss Blair, who now lives in Chambersburg, and the daughters of William B. Shields, of Stoufferstown. There is in the institution now one of her descendents in the person of Miss Saxman, a daughter of Charles W. Saxman, Esq., of Latrobe, Pennsylvania.

Among the descendants of Elizabeth W. Shields now living in this county, are two grandsons, William B. Shields, of Stoufferstown, and James W. Shields, of Hamilton township, and one grand-daughter, Mrs. Sarah Walker, of Mercersburg. The children of John H. Blair, who reside on Queen street in this borough, are great-grandchildren of Elizabeth W. Shields, as are also James Walker and Thomas Wilson Walker, of Mercersburg. Another daughter of John and Sarah Wilson married Matthew Patton. He died before his wife, and after his death Mrs. Patton returned to her home, where she died childless in 1855, aged 68 years. None of the other children ever left the old homestead, all living there together and dying on the farm purchased by their father in 1779. John died 10th March, 1818, aged 27 years. Alexander died 24th September, 1828, aged 24 years. James

died 28th July, 1847, aged 56 years. Robert died 6th July, 1857, aged 54 years. Moses died 15th October, 1861, aged 80 years. David died 27th February, 1862, aged 78 years. William died 27th June, 1867, aged 73 years. Sarah, whose generous gift made possible the institution of learning which bears her name, and which every loyal citizen, not only of Chambersburg, but of the Cumberland Valley, feels justly proud, died 9th February, 1871, aged 76 years.

As we have said, this family never separated. The daughter, Sarah, and the sons lived from the time of birth until the day of death at the old home where they had been born. They followed no pursuit but that of agriculture. They never speculated in any form whatever. All of the income however went into one common treasury. It was the boast of the father that one of the sons having served one week as a juror, when the pay of a juror was a dollar a day, handed to him on Saturday night six dollars. They were industrious, frugal and honest; but they were never miserly. While the father lived he was a sort of patriarch. His sons and daughters, though grown to full manhood and womanhood, obeyed him implicitly, and never thought of disregarding the father's wishes, or disobeying his commands. After his death the son, David, although not the eldest, assumed control of the family and took charge of the business of the estate. All the property was held by them in common. They accumulated what was for that time a vast estate. As said before, the estate was gathered by simply husbanding their resources; what they got they kept. They bought farm after farm and never, I think, sold one until a very few years before the death of David. As already said, the first farm was bought in 1779. The assess books of this county show that in 1860 there was assessed for taxable purposes, in the name of John Wilson's heirs in St. Thomas township, sixteen farms and two tracts of timber land. In Hamilton township, six farms. In Greene township, one farm. In Peters township, one farm. The acreage of the farm land that was assessed to them in 1860 was 4,579. The timber land, some of which was very valuable, was 427 acres, and the aggregate was 5,379 acres. From the personal knowledge which I have of these lands the real

acreage was not set down by the assessors. The assessors were then even more than now inclined to put down the farms at less than their actual size. I have no doubt that a survey of the lands owned by the Wilsons in 1860 would have revealed the fact that they comprised not less than 7,000 acres, or more than ten square miles. As a boy I traveled many a time from Fry's Mill in Hamilton township, almost to the village of St. Thomas, which is at least five miles away, without being once off the lands of the Wilsons. The farm lands in 1860 were assessed at \$103,891.00, and the timber land at \$1,000, a total assessment of \$104,981, the farm lands being thus assessed at an average of \$25 per acre. The people of this county who are to-day complaining of low assessment would have had more reason to complain then. From what I knew of the lands then, and what I have known of them ever since, I am certain that any one who would have purchased these lands for \$250,000 would have realized a very handsome profit on their sale. One farm of 250 acres was assessed at \$5,500. Within two years from the date of that assessment 125 acres were sold off this farm for \$9,000. Another farm of 320 acres was assessed at \$9,000 and was sold a few years afterward for \$23,800. In 1860 they were assessed as having money at interest, \$10,000. The timber land, which comprised 420 acres of most valuable timber, was assessed at \$1,000. I have not examined the assessor's returns between 1860 and 1865, but in 1865 they were assessed as having 4.029 acres of farm land and 600 acres of timber land, having sold some of the farm land in 1862. This farm land was assessed at \$99,012, about the same rate per acre that it had been in 1860. The timber seemed to have grown, both in acreage and value, it being assessed at \$2,703. The money at interest was put down at \$22,000.

As previously stated, these people held everything in common. After the father's death, up until David's death, David had the complete management and entire control of everything. None of the others would have thought of disregarding David's wishes. David's death left at home but William and Sarah, and William took charge of the estate. In 1865 there was returned \$22,000 as money at interest.

After William's death in 1867, the officer appointed by the Register of Wills to ascertain what property was there subject to the collateral inheritance tax, found cash on hand and money at interest, \$87,077.92. It must not be supposed that these low assessments were at all due to any dishonesty on the part of the Wilsons. It was simply because in those days the tax officers were not careful in their investigations. These people were entirely honest. They were a quaint people; they were economical, but, to repeat, never miserly; what they accumulated they accumulated by strict economy, but not by very hard labor. According to their teachings and their environments they were a generous people. For a great many years they attended services at Rocky Spring Church. David was long a ruling elder. Their home was at least seven miles from the church. I have often heard old men of that neighborhood tell how they, each Sabbath day, went on horse-back to Rocky Springs, six or seven in number, women as well as the men, riding single file, the women with the peculiar bonnets of the time, the men with their pants tucked in their boots, the top of the boot being of red leather, and from each top suspended a cord and tassel. After awhile they ceased attending church regularly at Rocky Spring, and attached themselves to the Presbyterian congregation at St. Thomas, only two miles from their home. In this congregation David was also a ruling elder. The St. Thomas congregation worshipped in the house owned jointly by the Lutherans, Presbyterians and Reformeds. In 1853 the Lutherans and Presbyterians bought out the Reformeds, who then built a house of worship of their own. In 1854 the Lutherans and Presbyterians built a new house of worship, and the proportionate share of the Presbyterians in the expense of this building was born wholly by David Wilson and his brothers.

As before stated, the wealth of these people was gathered wholly by agriculture. They never speculated, never owned stocks or bonds. They loaned money, seldom, however, taking any security except a common promissory note. There is a tradition, and I give it only as such, that John Wilson, when he bought the second farm, went largely into debt.

Times became hard, money scarce and creditors pressing. He said one day to his wife that he feared they would lose their property, that he could not make the payments, and would be compelled to go into bankruptcy. Mrs. Wilson replied that she believed if she would go among her relatives in old Derry, she could borrow all the money they needed. Whereupon she saddled a horse, rode to the home of her girlhood and came back with sufficient funds to discharge the obligations. After that they never bought a farm until they had the cash in hand with which to pay.

The Wilsons were a generous, kind-hearted people. I find in discussing them with many of the older citizens that a wrong impression prevails as to their character. They treated their tenants as their children. David, who died very suddenly on the night of the 27th of February, 1862, and who was much the strongest character and the most intelligent of the family, was making arrangements the day before he died to have many of the farms conveyed to the tenants for a consideration of little more than one-half their value. The farm adjoining the home where they lived was tenanted by my father, who had been their tenant for a period of 27 years; not all of that time on this farm. On the 26th of February, 1862, David Wilson sent for him for the purpose of selling him the farm at \$40 per acre, saying to him: "I want our tenants to have these farms; they have made the money we have; they have been faithful to our interests, and I will sell to them at a low price, thus helping them. Our relatives, who seldom come to see us, will have enough anyway; go get an article of agreement written by which you will purchase the farm on which you live; the price will be \$40 per acre, the terms of payment to suit yourself." The article of agreement was prepared on the 27th and taken to the house in the evening. The old gentleman was lying on his bed. Inquiring of my father whether he had the written agreement with him, and the reply being that he had, he said: "I will get up and sign it." My father said to him: "Don't do that; I will come back in the morning." He said: "I wish you would, as I am not feeling very well just now." That night he died. William, who succeeded to the management

of the estate, immediately expressed his determination to carry into effect his brother's wishes. He was advised by my father, however, to wait until after the funeral. When he was approached on the subject some days after the funeral, his only reply was: "Yes, really, they say the price was entirely too low." We never got the farm. You will understand that the price was low when you learn that the aggregate value at \$40 an acre was a little over \$10,000, and that the wheat crop alone in 1862 was sold for between \$3,000 and \$4,000, and for about a like sum in 1863.

David Wilson was a man of exceptionally good judgment. If he had been educated in the schools he certainly would have been one of the leading men of the State. He was generous and upright in all of his dealings. As illustrating his kindness of heart, I may be allowed to mention a matter personal to myself. On many an occasion I was his companion in his carriage as he drove over his farms. I opened the gates for him on these drives, and held his horse while he went aside to look into some matter of interest on the place. When I left him after these drives I always had in my pocket a piece of silver, some times a dollar, some times a half dollar, but never less than a quarter. One occurrence I remember with particular fondness for his memory. As I have said, we lived on the adjoining farm. One-half the yield of the farm belonged to the Wilsons and one-half to my father. As the corn was husked in the fall it was divided in the field, and one load delivered to the crib at the place where the Wilsons lived, and the other load to the crib where we lived. It was the duty of my father to thresh and prepare for market the corn at the Wilson's barn. One particularly cold morning in the winter of 1861, I went with father and his hired man to the Wilson barn to clean; as we called it, corn which had been threshed, or probably tramped off the cob by running horses over it in the barn floor, as was often done. It was my part of the work to stand at one end of the wind mill with a large wooden scraper and draw the clean corn away from the mill. Scarcely had the work begun when David Wilson appeared in the large barn floor. After the usual greetings between father and Mr.

Wilson, he said: "How is the boy?" referring to me. My father replied: "The boy is well, but is not in a very good humor." "Ah, too cold for him?" said Mr. Wilson. To this my father replied: "No, he does not complain of the cold, but he dislikes being kept from school." Then came the inquiry: "Does he learn when he does go to school?" My father replied: "Yes, he learns very well; he is now at the head of his class." A few moments later the old gentleman leaned down, took the scraper from my hands and said: "Now you run off to school." I demurred and said: "I can't go without first asking my father." His reply was: "Hurry up now, run across the fields and you will get there before school opens; I will make it right with your father." I ran. For three days the old gentleman, the largest landowner in Franklin county, stayed there and drew that corn from that mill in order that a son of his tenant might not be kept out of school. He was the Lord Bountiful of the neighborhood. The boys along the Edenville mountain in season carried huckleberries they picked, or the chestnuts they gathered, to the Wilson homestead, where they always found a market for them. A boy would appear with a basket of berries or bag of chestnuts, and as David was about to buy them Miss Sarah would say: "Why brother, we have a great lot which you bought a few days ago." David would reply: "Ah, sister, I suppose the boy needs a little money, we will take them." No one ever appealed to him in vain for help. No one ever was turned from their door hungry. At one side of the old log house in which they lived, of which house we will have more to say hereafter, ran a wide porch, and many a time I sat on the steps of that porch, while on it were David, Moses, William and Miss Sarah. After talking to me for awhile, and asking me all sorts of questions, David would say: "Sister, I think the boy must be hungry." Whereupon Miss Sarah would produce from somewhere a most generous piece of gingerbread, a cup of chestnuts and a glass of cider. How I did enjoy those feasts. I think now that I enjoyed them more than any I have had since that time.

As long as a tenant was honest with them they treated him most generously and never dismissed him. If any evidence of

dishonesty was manifest however, he was told in a very few words to go. They had a very quaint and peculiar way of saying things. One of the tenants, meeting David on the highway on one occasion, said to him: "My neighbor tells me he intends leaving your farm." "Yes," replied David, "I thought he had better go." His hearer, expressing surprise, said: "Why he is a very good farmer." "Yes," replied David, "a right good farmer, but I don't like his team of horses." Again his hearer expressed surprise. "Why," said he, "he keeps much better horses than I do." The reply was: "That may be, but I don't like them; they are very peculiar; I don't know what is the trouble with them, but I was there one day when he was hauling in corn and I noticed that his horses were required to work so very much harder when they hauled a load to his crib than they did when they were hauling a load to my crib." They were always careful to say nothing to hurt any one's feelings. A story is told of William that in the days after the war, at the time of the great oil excitement, a wily agent tried to sell him a block of oil stock. After talking to him a long while, and holding out to him the great opportunity there was for making money, and thinking that he had made an impression on him, William said: "Well, sister and I have always gotten along very well with tallow dips, but if you are in need, and it will help you any, I might buy a few gallons." And walked away.

I think it is safe to say that they never resorted to the law to enforce their rights. They were however, ready to defend when they thought they were wronged. On the 21st day of April, 1830, there was conveyed to them in pursuance of the decree of the Orphans' Court, by Philip Stair, administrator of the estate of Andrew Bigger, deceased, a tract of 227 acres of land. Afterward James Bigger, claiming to be the owner of the land, brought an action of ejectment. The case was tried in the courts of this county and resulted in a verdict for the plaintiff. On an appeal by the Wilsons to the Supreme Court, the court below was reversed without a venire. The case is reported in 7 Watts and Sergeant, page 111. It was argued May term 1843, with Stevens for the plaintiff and Bard & Thomson for the defendants.

On the farm which John Wilson purchased in 1779, was a substantial log dwelling house; whether it was there when he purchased it or was built afterward I cannot tell. Surely it was there from the "time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary;" I know of none like it now. In this house all of the children, except Elizabeth, were born. In this house the parents and all the children, except William, Sarah and Elizabeth Shields, died. I am sorry that my powers of description are so poor that I cannot properly describe it. It was a large, two-story structure; it had but one outside door. That led into the kitchen. The kitchen was a long, narrow room, with an immense fireplace in the great stone chimney. From the kitchen one passed into the large, square room which was used as a living room, at one end of which were two large windows looking toward the highway. Off the other end were several narrow bed chambers, each with a small window looking toward the meadow. In the winter season the doors of these bed rooms were left open, in order that the heat from the great ten-plate stove might make them more comfortable. There were other compartments on the first floor, but I never saw the inside of any of them, nor was I ever on the second floor. A stairway led up from the kitchen. There never was a cooking stove in that house, nor a carpet on the floor. The cooking was done in the great open fire-place, in the same manner that it was done in many other houses in the county, in the early years of the last century. If it were not for the fact that another member of this society got himself in trouble a few years ago by attempting to describe the cooking apparatus of that day, I might attempt to describe this. Suffice it to say that there Miss Sarah Wilson, the founder of Wilson College, for many years prepared the family meals; she did it too without any help. Indeed, I think she would have been horrified at even the mere suggestion of a family servant. She would certainly have denounced it as most reckless extravagance. The only stove in that house was the ten-plate stove in the living room. Into this could be placed with ease a stick of cord wood four feet in length. The sawing and splitting of wood was not one of the occupations of

that family. Neither was the cleaning of carpets, as a carpeted floor there was an unknown luxury. Before that open fire, in the great long kitchen reading her Bible by the light of what was known as a "fat lamp," Miss Sarah Wilson spent many of her evenings. I remember very distinctly of finding her there on a Sunday evening in the winter of 1864. Her niece, Miss Sarah Shields, was staying with her at that time. Miss Wilson was very much opposed to young people going out nights. On this particular Sunday evening a party of young ladies in the neighborhood, among whom were several of my sisters, procured a large sled, and with my father's farm hand as driver, concluded to go to church in the village a few miles away. They wanted Miss Wilson's niece to accompany them. Knowing full well that her going would meet with the stern opposition of her aunt, no one was willing to go to the house and ask her. As was usual, they put the disagreeable task on the boy, who knew no better than to take the risk. Standing on the porch, I timidly rapped at the great kitchen door; the young lady appeared, and when I told her of the party of merry makers awaiting her in the highway, she directed me to go and talk to her aunt while she would arrange her toilet and unobservedly slip away. I walked in and took a seat near the old lady, beginning in a boyish way to try to entertain her. Her suspicions were aroused; and under her skillful cross examination she soon had the whole story. I have thought of that examination many a time since and thought she ought to have studied law. I received a lecture, short but very severe. She informed me in no uncertain language that she highly disapproved of the whole business. She directed me to tell my sisters that she thought it would be much more becoming in them to remain at home nights and read good books. She paid her respects to what she called "night meetins," and said that the preachers who encouraged them ought to be driven out of the church. "Father had never approved of them; they could accomplish nothing but evil." She said she had never been to a meeting at night but once in her life, and that when she was young, and had regretted it ever since. The proper way, she declared, was to go to hear the Word

preached in the morning, and spend the remainder of the Sabbath meditating on what had been taught by the sermon. The young lady joined the sleighing party; if she ever joined another one on a Sabbath night, it is needless to say that the writer of this article was not a party to it.

They kept on living in this old log house without the comforts or conveniences of life, notwithstanding the fact that they had, in 1848, built, on the same lawn, within a few yards of where it stood, a splendid brick house which still stands. It is one of the finest farm houses in that section. At the time it was built it was certainly a better house than any then building in the neighborhood. This house they furnished completely throughout; a cooking stove, with all the necessary cooking utensils, was placed in the kitchen. Every room, the hallways and stairways, were carpeted. In each bed chamber was placed a comfortable bed. Indeed nothing was left undone in making it a much better furnished house than any in that neighborhood. They still lived on in the old log house. The new house seemed to be kept simply as a show piece, and it was Miss Sarah's great delight to show every stranger happening that way through it. Indeed it was the customary thing for all the neighbors to take their visitors to call on the Wilsons and have them shown through the new house, which Miss Sarah always took great pride in doing. It was on a bleak, wintry night in February, 1865, that the old log house took fire and burned to the ground. William and Sarah, the aged occupants, barely escaped with their lives. Miss Sarah Shields, now Mrs. Walker, was then living with them; she managed to arouse the neighbors, and by the greatest effort the brick house was saved from the flames. No one will ever know what treasure was destroyed in that house that night. William had a weakness for gold watches, and a number of them were destroyed in that fire. He had also quantities of gold coin about the house in secret places; this was destroyed. I saw the next day men dig from the ashes quantities of melted gold. In the great stone chimney which still stood, and in which there was here and there a loose stone, the openings were utilized as receptacles for gold. Some of this was melted, some was taken out after

the fire. In that fire was also destroyed many evidences of indebtedness which they held against people who had borrowed money from them. They seldom, if ever, took judgments or mortgages for money loaned, so that when the fire destroyed the paper, the evidence of indebtedness was gone, and they could trust only to the integrity of the debtor, which in a few instances at least, was entirely wanting. They were fortunate in this however, they had a house, furnished and ready to receive them. They walked across the lawn, and the great brick house, which for 17 years had remained uninhabited, was at last occupied by its owners.

As was said before, William died in 1867. This left Sarah alone. Her eldest sister was still living, but she lived in Westmoreland county in the southwestern part of the State, and was then 95 years of age. With all this vast estate in her hands; with no more knowledge of business than a child, she turned to her tenants for help. She chose from among them John Croft and John Walker, constituted them her agents, and entrusted to them the entire management of her affairs; Hon. J. McDowell Sharpe and Col. T. B. Kennedy being their legal advisers. Miss Sarah Shields, who afterward married John Walker, becoming his second wife, had come from her home in the western part of the State, and lived with them for some little while before William's death. She continued with Miss Sarah until the time of her death, the two constituting the entire occupants of the large brick house.

Miss Sarah had an affection for her relatives, especially if she thought they were poor. She mentioned one day to her agents that there was somewhere in the world a Presbyterian preacher of kin to her, by the name of John M. Boal. He had visited them some years before. She expressed a desire to see him; a directory of Presbyterian ministers was procured and it was found that there was a John M. Boal, a Presbyterian preacher, living at Urbana, Ohio. An inquiry was set on foot by Messrs. Sharpe and Kennedy and having satisfied themselves that this was the same person, wrote to him saying that his kinswoman would like to see him. In pursuance of this invitation, John M. Boal, of Urbana, Ohio,

made his appearance at the Wilson homestead in the latter part of December, 1868, and stayed there some days. He seems to have been a descendant of one Hugh Wilson, supposed to have been a brother of John Wilson. Hugh Wilson emigrated from Dauphin county, Pennsylvania, to Warren, Ohio, in the year 1813. John M. Boal was graduated from Miami University and from the Lane Theological Seminary of Cincinnati. In the former institution he was a college mate of Prof. David Swing, Whitelaw Reid and Benjamin Harrison, afterward President of the United States. He founded a seminary at Urbana, Ohio, and managed it a long while. He died on the 18th day of July, 1906, at Los Angeles, California, aged 89 years. He seems to have determined that his visit to his kinswoman should be turned to pecuniary profit for himself. Miss Shields, the companion of Miss Wilson, noticed that he seemed too anxious to be alone with the old lady. She observed him holding with her whispered conversations; she several times, coming on them suddenly, found him with writing materials. He seemed however, to be very pious and talked much on religious matters. Mrs. Walker has in her possession a book entitled "The Complete Analysis of the Holy Bible, or how to comprehend it," by the Rev. Nathaniel West, D. D. On the inside of the cover, in the handwriting of John M. Boal, is written these words: "Miss Sarah Wilson's New Year's gift, from her cousin, John M. Boal, homestead, Franklin county, Pennsylvania, January 1st, 1869." I have no doubt that when John M. Boal invested in that book he thought it was the most profitable investment of his life, for that very day he secured Miss Wilson's signature to a paper which read as follows:

"I, Sarah Wilson, of Franklin County, Pennsylvania, feeling desirous of settling up my affairs while in the enjoyment of a sound mind, and a reasonable degree of health, do, in the presence of the witnesses whose names are attached, make the following Reservations and Donations.

"1. Reservations. I reserve in my own hands to be managed by my Agents—Fifty Thousand dollars.

"\$50,000 Dollars, to consist in money or well secured paper, or should there not be that amount now on hand my agents shall take such security from the person or persons to whom I may donate a part or

the whole of my Real Estate as shall make the above specified amount fully secure to me which security shall be a lien upon said Real Estate.

"2. Donations.

"I hereby donate Thirty Thousand dollars (\$30,000) to the following benevolent objects in the following proportions.

"1st. One Tenth (10th.) to Foreign Missions under the control of the Presbyterian Church.

"2. One Tenth (10th.) to Home Missions under the control of the Presbyterian Church.

Donations Continued.

"3. One Twelfth (12th.) to the fund for the assistance of feeble and disabled Ministers of the Presbyterian Church.

"4. One Twelfth (12th.) to the education of young men for the gospel ministry in the Presbyterian Church.

"It being represented to me that the General Assemblies of the Old School and the New School to meet in the year 1869 would in all probability adopt a basis upon which said Assemblies with their Synods and Presbyterian Churches would speedily unite, I do hereby direct my agents to hold the donations above mentioned in their hands until after the meetings of said Assemblies in May, 1869, when if a union is effected these donations are to be paid over to the Societies or Committees having charge of these causes in the United Church. If, however, such efforts at union fail, then these donations to be under the control of the Old School.

"5. One Twelfth (12th.) To the American Bible Society.

"6. One Twelfth (12th.) To the American Foreign Christians Union for the Christianization of Catholics.

"7. One Twelfth (12th.) For the establishment and conducting of a Periodical of High Religious and Literary Character to be issued monthly or otherwise, devoted especially for the benefit of Females. It being my great desire to furnish Presbyterian Families especially with Reading that shall be both profitable and interesting. I hereby order the following use of this donation. Appropriate one-half if necessary to the successful establishment of said Periodical expend the balance in five yearly equal annual amounts, if found necessary to the highest usefulness of said Periodical with the express understanding that as soon as the income of said Periodical shall be sufficient to meet all its expenses then a deduction on the subscription price of said Periodical equal to Three per cent. of my donation, to such families and persons of Presbyterian Families as may be unable to pay the usual subscription price. Said deductions to continue for three years from the commencement of the enterprise.

"And to carry out my wishes I hereby appoint my cousin Joha M. Boal the Editor and Manager of said Periodical.

I hereby direct that the Thirty Thousand dollars specified as Donations 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, be paid from my Personal Property, if there be

sufficient, if not, from such portions of my Real Estate as may be necessary to make up the deficiency.

3. Donations.

"I hereby donate to John M. Boal

"All my Real Estate. After the Reservations and donations specified above be ascertained and provided for. The said John M. Boal is hereby constituted the lawful owner of each and every piece of Real Estate belonging to me, and to said John M. Boal, his heirs, assigns to hold, possess and convey free from all encumbrances save the above mentioned in Sections 1 and 2 of this paper—All the papers necessary to carry out the conditions and purpose of this my expressed Reservations and Donations shall be executed with as little delay as possible.

"For the carrying out of my purposes in the Donations herein made to the different objects of benevolence I hereby appoint my cousin John M. Boal to see that the funds are properly applied. The foregoing statement of my feelings and desires, with the Reservations for my own use, and with the Donations to each and every object specified, and with the Donation Gift and conveyance of my Real Estate I do this first day of January, 1869, sign in the presence of the witnesses whose names are affixed."

(Signed) SARAH WILSON."

Having secured this, a paper which he believed or hoped made him the entire owner of the estate, he, that same day, or probably the next day, hastened away, no doubt delighted with what he had accomplished. Miss Shields however was suspicious and Miss Wilson's agents were summoned. Mr. Walker remained at the house, while Mr. Croft hurried away to Chambersburg to consult with Messrs. Sharpe and Kennedy. Mr. Walter K. Sharpe tells me that he remembers very well how he saw his father, apparently very much excited, hustling himself into his great coat, saying to his mother: "I must go out to Sally Wilson's; some fellow has been out there and induced her to sign a paper giving him all her property!" At the time he received this paper he left with Miss Wilson a paper, of which the following is a copy:

"I, John M. Boal, having this first day of January, 1869, received of my cousin, Sarah Wilson, of Franklin County, Pennsylvania, a donation of farms, I do this first day of January, eighteen hundred and sixty-nine, promise and obligate myself to give to the various objects of benevolence according to the best of my judgment, an amount equal to Three per cent. of the whole amount. Said amount to be appro-

priated annually during my life time. This obligation I have made most freely, and I will, God helping, carry it out faithfully.

(Signed) "JOHN M. BOAL"

This latter I copied from the original which was shown to me by a son of John M. Boal, who visited this town of October of last year. Mr. Boal however, feeling that he had secured the estate, yet thought it well to have legal advice as to the validity of his document, which had been prepared by himself. He took it to the office of Kimmel & McLellan, who were then practising law in this town. They advised him that his paper was worth nothing. They then prepared for him a paper, of which the following is a copy:

"Know ye that I, Sarah Wilson, of St. Thomas township, Franklin County, Pennsylvania, for and in consideration of the natural love and affection I have for my cousin Rev. John M. Boal, of Urbana, Champaign County, Ohio, and the further sum of one dollar to me in hand paid, the receipt whereof I do hereby acknowledge, have granted, bargained and sold, and by these presents do grant, bargain and sell unto the said John M. Boal and to his heirs and assigns forever, all my Real and Personal estate wheresoever, situate and being in the county of Franklin aforesaid. But I do hereby make the estate so conveyed to the said John M. Boal, his heirs and assigns, subject to the following trusts and payments of money, viz: First, The said John M. Boal, his heirs, executors and administrators shall pay to me annually for and during the period of my natural lifetime the sum dollars, and at my death the sum of dollars to be paid by him in such manner, in such sums and to such persons as I may direct.

"Second. The said John M. Boal, his heirs, executors and administrators shall pay whenever I direct them so to do the sum of five thousand dollars to the Board of Foreign Missions, under the control of the Presbyterian Church of the United States.

"Third. The said John M. Boal, his heirs, executors and administrators shall pay whenever I direct them to do so the sum of five thousand dollars to the Board of Home Missions under the control of the said Church.

"Fourth. The said John M. Boal, his heirs, executors and administrators shall pay whenever I direct them so to do the sum of four thousand dollars to the trustees or Board for the fund for the assistance of feeble and disabled ministers of said church.

"Fifth. The said John M. Boal, his heirs, executors and administrators shall pay whenever I direct them so to do, the sum of four thousand dollars for the education of young men for the Gospel Ministry

of said church. The sums specified in second, third and fourth and fifth sections to be paid to committees or Boards after the union of Old and New School Presbyterian Churches shall take place, or in case of the failure of such union to the Committees or Boards of the Old School Presbyterian Church.

"Sixth. The said John M. Boal, his heirs, executors and administrators shall pay whenever I direct them to do so the sum of four thousand dollars to the Board or Trustees of the American Bible Society.

"Seventh. The said John M. Boal, his heirs, executors and administrators shall pay whenever I direct them so to do the sum of four thousand dollars to the trustees or Board of the American and Foreign Christian Union for the Christianization of Catholics.

"Eighth. The said John M. Boal, his heirs and executors and administrators shall pay whenever I direct them so to do the sum of four thousand dollars to establish and conduct a Periodical of High Religious and Literary Character to be issued monthly or otherwise devoted especially for the benefit of Females of the Presbyterian Church. The said John M. Boal to edit and manage said Periodical.

"These sums to be a lien on the estate conveyed until fully paid and satisfied, as above and hereinafter specified.

"To have and to hold the said real and personal estate unto the said John M. Boal, his heirs and assigns forever, subject to the payments and trusts hereinbefore expressed.

"In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this day of January, A. D. 1869.

"Signed, sealed and delivered in presence of (SEAL)
"Franklin City, S. S.

"Before me the undersigned, a Justice of the Peace in and for said county personally came Sarah Wilson and the contents of the foregoing deed having been fully made known to her did in due form of law acknowledge the same as her act and deed for all the purposes therein expressed and desired the same to be recorded as such. Witness my hand and seal the day and date of said deed.

(SEAL)
J. P."

Starting back to Wilson's with this paper in his pocket, he met John Croft on the road. Mr. Croft stopped him and told him where he was going and what his errand was. The preacher by this time thought it well to make friends with the agents, and he offered to give Mr. Croft \$10,000 if he would get Miss Wilson to sign the paper prepared by Messrs. Kimmel and McLellan. Of course, to one who knew John Croft, it is useless to say the offer was spurned. Mr. Croft proceeded on his way to Chambersburg, and a few hours thereafter Hon. J. McDowell Sharpe, Col. T. B. Kennedy,

John Croft, John Walker, Miss Shields and Rev. Boal were assembled with Miss Wilson in the sitting room of her house. The interview resulted in Mr. Boal giving up the papers. From the report of what occurred there, as given to me many years afterward by one of the participants, the preacher heard from the agents and the lawyers many things not pleasant to listen to. He left a crest-fallen man. As he was about to enter his sleigh, Miss Wilson turned to her agents and said: "Poor fellow, I ought not to turn him away empty-handed," and directed that he be called back. When he entered the room he was handed a check for \$500. He never saw Miss Wilson after that. In the following December he wrote her a long letter, setting forth his many troubles. Fearing, I suppose, that this letter might fall into the hands of some one connected with her household, and not be delivered to her, he enclosed it to the Rev. Dr. L. A. Gotwald, at that time pastor of the First Lutheran Church of this town, with the request that he deliver it. It was found among Miss Wilson's papers after her death. The friends of Wilson College should be glad that Mr. Boal did not succeed.

During the spring and summer of 1868, the Presbyterian people of this valley concluded to make an effort to establish a woman's college at Chambersburg; they needed funds. On the 15th day of August, 1868, there was formed the Second Presbyterian, or what is now known as the Central Presbyterian Congregation of Chambersburg; they also needed funds. Some time prior to the 27th of October, 1868, Sarah Wilson subscribed \$10,000 toward the erection of a house of worship for the Central Presbyterian congregation, and \$10,000 toward founding a college for women at Chambersburg. On the 27th day of October, 1868, she executed and delivered to John Croft and John Walker a paper, of which the following is a copy:

"Messrs. John Croft and John Walker, Gentlemen,

"You will please transfer and hand over to Dr. Tryon Edwards, or the Treasurer of the Female College to be located at Chambersburg, for the use of said College, twenty thousand dollars of notes and judgments belonging to me upon which the money can be most easily realized—

"SARAH WILSON."

"Oct. 27, 1868. A. K. Nelson."

The witness to this paper, A. K. Nelson, was the father of Thomas M. Nelson, a member of this Society. He was for many years the pastor of Sarah Wilson. On the sixth day of January, 1869, W. S. Fletcher, treasurer of Wilson College, delivered to John Croft and John Walker a paper, of which the following is a copy:

"Received of Messrs. John Croft and John Walker, Twenty Thousand dollars in pursuance of the within order, and Ten Thousand being the amount of the general subscription of Miss Sarah Wilson to the 'Wilson Female College,' the sums being in full of said subscriptions of Thirty Thousand dollars.

"Chambersburg Jany. 6th, 1869.

W. S. FLETCHER,

"Attest

Treas. of Wilson Female College."

"J. McD. Sharpe."

(U. S. Int. Rev. Stamp.)

Which shows Miss Wilson's contribution to Wilson College to have been the sum of \$30,000. On the 18th day of January, 1869, by a decree of the Court of Common Pleas of this county, Wilson College was incorporated, and on the same day the Central Presbyterian Congregation was incorporated, both made possible by the generosity of Sarah Wilson.

The body of Sarah Wilson lies beside that of her parents and her brothers in the grave yard connected with Rocky Spring Church.

We think few instances can be cited of a woman of Miss Wilson's training and environments having done such a philanthropic work. Although she spent her entire life within eight miles of the seat of government of her county, we doubt whether she ever visited it a dozen times. We feel sure that she never rode in a railroad coach. Her education was very limited; she could read and write, but beyond the greatest Book of all, she read very little. Her companions were the members of her family and the simple folk of the neighborhood. She knew nothing of the great world beyond. She knew nothing, absolutely nothing, of the ways of the world, yet there was planted in her bosom, instilled there doubtless by her constant study of God's Word, a love for her kind. The money she gave had no taint upon it. It was simply the yield of nature. It may be said that she

might have given more. True, she might have, but, considering the times in which she lived and the circumstances which surrounded her, the training she had had, and the life she lived, hers was a princely gift. She gave it modestly, voluntarily, willingly. She gave it without thought of self, or with the hope that her name might be heralded throughout the world as a philanthropist. She gave it because she believed by doing it she served the Master, whom she worshipped, and aided her fellow-women, whom she loved. She had not the least conception of the magnitude of her gift. She never even dreamed that in less than two score years from the time she made that gift, as the result of it, there would be located at Chambersburg this splendid college for women, complete in all its details; managed by a most competent faculty, and filled with the splendid body of young women—eager, ambitious students—gathered from almost every State in the Union; that there should be scattered, not only throughout the length and breadth of this land, but beyond the seas, a great army of good women, wives, mothers, daughters and others, in all the avenues of usefulness open to their sex, who point to Wilson College as the place where they received their Christian education. The influence for good this institution exercises in the world can never be fully estimated. The name of Sarah Wilson should ever be revered by every man and woman who believes in the proper education of women. We can in no better way honor her memory than by lending our efforts to enhance the work she so well began.

EARLY HIGHWAYS.

II

THE THREE MOUNTAIN ROAD.

[two]

BY JOHN G. ORR, ESQ.

There are matters of the past in this county that would possibly prove of greater interest to many members of this Society than that which relates to the opening of roads in the early history of this valley. But the purpose of these papers is not so much to make them entertaining as it is to gather as far as I can matters of a historical nature relating to Lurgan township when it included the territory of the townships of Letterkenny, Southampton and Greene, from which the historian of the future can get helpful suggestions and facts.

Horace Bushnell says: "If you wish to know whether society is stagnant, living scholastic, religion a dead formality, you can learn something by going into universities and libraries, something also that is doing in cathedrals and churches, but equally as much by looking at the roads."

Archer Butler Hurlbert, professor at Marietta College, Ohio, who has written some fourteen volumes on Historic Highways of America says: "There is no more interesting outdoor work for local students than to trace each one in his own locality the old land and water highways. Indian trails, portage paths, pioneer roads, or early county or state roads. Maps should be made showing not only the evolutions of road making, in each county in the entire land, but all springs and lakes of importance should be carefully located and mapped, frontier forts and blockhouses platted, including surroundings and defences, covered ways and springs and wells; paths to and from traders huts should all

be platted, ancient boundary lines marked, old hunting grounds mapped. Those who can assist students and explorations are fast passing. Much can be done this year that can never be so well done in all the years which succeed."

RECORDS BURNED.

There is great difficulty and research required in getting from the public records of Franklin county information with reference to the opening of public roads from the formation of the county in 1784 to 1849. When the Court House was burned during the Confederate invasion of 1864, the records of the county that were not removed for their better security, were left in the vaults of the different offices. At that time the office of the Clerk of the Courts was on the opposite side of the corridor from where it is now located. During the great destruction in Chambersburg on that memorable 30th of July, 1864, when the Court House was burning, the bell dropped from the belfry and crushed through the vaults of the office of the Clerk of the Courts and a result was the destruction of many of the records including petitions, grants and orders relating to roads and bridges. Therefore, there are none of these records to be found of earlier date than 1849. The opening of the highways around which centre the greatest interest lie far beyond that date as they were the first public roads that were ordered to be opened in that section of the county. The best and possibly the only way to secure this information for preservation is for those who have knowledge concerning them to write it out or give it to some one who will do so. Under William Penn the grand juries laid out the roads, but in 1692 townships were granted the control, and eight years later the county roads were put into the hands of the county justices, and the kings highways into the hands of the Governor and his executive council.

BUFFALO PATHS.

Before the European came to conquer and control this continent there were two well marked ways leading across the great water sheds of the country, east of the Rocky Mountains; these were the Buffalo paths and the Indian trails. The

new settler followed these with the paths of the pack horse, the wider highway, the turnpike, and later came the Baltimore and Ohio and Pennsylvania railroads across the Alleghenies and the New York Central Railway on its way across the State of New York. They were used in all these cases because they were the most direct and easiest way to climb these mountains. The Buffalo paths were made by the buffalo in his migration eastward and westward and were the long main paths used by this animal as he moved from place to place for forage and were about ten feet in width. The shorter paths were those leading to saltlicks. Although these paths have not been in use for centuries they still remain distinct and are easily traced. The buffalo's instinct led him by the most direct route, and its knowledge of this is shown along the Baltimore and Ohio railroad in crossing the Alleghenies, where the engineer in piercing his tunnel passes directly under the path made by the buffalo. Hurlbert writes that "nowhere in the evolution of road building can it be studied to such advantage as between Cumberland, Maryland and Uniontown, Pennsylvania. Here is the path of the buffalo, the road of Washington and the National road."

The Indian trails or paths were more numerous and were made as occasion required. Sometimes the trail followed the Buffalo's path which was made wider by the animals size and were cut deeper by his weight which ranged from one thousand to fifteen hundred, to two thousand pounds and even heavier. The Indian like the buffalo found the shorter way across the hills and mountains. In the wet seasons in the valleys and lowlands his trail was lengthened to avoid the swampy ground and swollen waters. The directness of these trails is shown by the one leading from Carlisle to Pittsburgh, which is closely followed by the State road. The Indian trail is one hundred and ninety miles, while the State road is one hundred and ninety-seven miles. The Indian trails became the hunters and traders paths, then the way of the pack horse followed by the public highway and sometimes the railway. The distance from Shippensburg to Pittsburgh by the "Three Mountain Road" is one hundred and fifty

miles, mainly through a country that is greatly in need of better and quicker communication for travel and traffic with the markets and larger towns and cities. Here is the opportunity for an electric railway promoter.

The buffalo was once found in countless herds over the whole of this continent, from Lake Champlain to the Rocky mountains, and from the twenty-eighth to the fiftieth parallel of north latitude. A work published in Amsterdam in 1637, called "The New England Canaan," by Thomas Morton, one of the first settlers of New England, says of the buffalo of near Lake Champlain: "These beasts are the bigness of a cowe, their flesh being very good for food, their hides good leather, their fleeces very useful, being a kind of woole, as fine almost as the wool of the beaver, and the savages do make garments thereof." As early as 1613 they were known to the Virginia settlers; in 1589 there were found in the island of New Foundland "mightie beasts like camels in greatness and their feet were cloven. I suppose them to be a kind of buffee which I read to be in the countrys adjacent and very many in the firm land." An expedition sent out by our government through unexplored Texas in 1854, found great herds of buffalo on the prairies. In 1836, Rev. Samuel Parker was sent by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions to ascertain by personal observation the condition of the country and the character of the Indian nations and tribes, and the facilities for introducing the gospel and civilization among them. He says that on July 20 "Thousands of buffalo were seen to-day, and our men amused themselves with chasing and shooting at them, but it was well for the buffalo that they made poor shot." In the Lewis & Clark expedition from St. Louis to the Pacific in 1804-5-6, they found them in great numbers on the prairies and plains and killed all they needed for meat. On September 17, 1805, Captain Clark and some men went out hunting for an afternoon and returned with thirteen deer, two black tailed deer, three buffaloes and a goat. In the early "fifties" thousands upon thousands of buffalo hides were sold in this country as protectors from the weather. In the winter season buffalo robes were much in

use and no well appointed sleigh was complete without two or more of these robes. Occasionally an old well worn one is sold at some public sale. Many of them were decorated on the flesh side by the hand of some Indian artist and often tastefully done. It was a question often discussed but never satisfactorily decided whether the flesh or the hair side went next the person for proper warmth. The strong argument of the flesh side was that that was the way the buffalo wore it. From a collection entitled "A Whimsy Anthology" I select the following lucid explanation which may tell the way Hiawatha wore the skin of a fur-bearing animal, and why he did so:

He slew the noble Mudjekeewis,
 With his skin he made him mittens;
 Made them with the fur side inside;
 Made them with the skin side outside;
 He, to keep the warm side inside,
 Put the cold side, skin-side, outside.
 He, to keep the cold side, skin-side outside
 Put the warm side, fur-side inside;
 That's why he put the cold side outside,
 Why he put the warm side inside,
 Why he turned them inside outside.

Some idea of the immense number of buffalos that roamed at will over the far west can be made from statistics that Col. Fremont gave in his report to the Secretary of War. He said "that the number ascertained to have been slaughtered in 1849 was six hundred thousand." An appropriate thing for our government to do would be the saving of some of this race of bisons for future generations.

OLD LOUDON ROAD.

In my first paper on Early Highways read April, 1905, I gave the survey of the road laid out from Shippensburg to Cissna's Gap. In 1784 it was made a State road with a width of sixty feet, and extended westward to Burnt Cabins, where it intersected the road cut in 1755, to be used for the transportation of supplies for Braddock's army after the expected Capture of Ft. Duquesne. It was opened through in 1755 by General Forbes and now enters Pittsburgh by two routes,

one now known as Forbes Street, and the other as Penn avenue. It is not my purpose to take up this Braddock, Forbes or Military road, later known as the Pittsburgh Pike, only in an incidental way, because I have made some extracts from the journal kept by one who passed over the western extension of the "Three Mountain Road."

By request of General Braddock, this military road was made. The need of it was urgent and pressing, and the work was pushed with much vigor by the colonial authorities of Pennsylvania, and had not Braddock been overtaken by the misfortunes of war, it would have been completed in time for the uses for which he had purposed. In 1755 there was a road from Shippensburg to McDowell's mill, and the work of cutting the new road was begun at McDowell's mill. The man of four-score of Southampton, Letterkenny and Lurgan townships could relate what their fathers knew of this so-called "Braddock road" from Shippensburg, and show its route through the woods. This road, which was long since abandoned, is plainly marked, and the ploughman frequently meets it in his fields. From Salem church it is in use and retains the name of The Old Loudon road. A map by Nicholas Scull gives the Harris Ferry road from Shippensburg to Chambersburg; also the road to Fort Loudon. Howell's map of 1792 gives all these roads; also a road from Chambersburg to Ft. Loudon, and thence to McConnellsburg. This "Braddock road" is known as the Military road because it was used for the passage of troops and the transportation of military supplies. Forts were erected at strategic points for protection of the settlers and the convenience of soldiers. This was the only fortified highway to the west, the most important military way of equal length in the continent during the eighteenth century.

BAILEYS DIARY.

In 1796 Frances Bailey an English scientist of great reputation made a visit to the States. In "A journal of a tour in unsettled parts of North America" he related his experiences and gave his opinions on the country. &c. From it I make some extracts that relate to our own county. He had visited

New York and Washington and returned to Baltimore. From Baltimore he came to Hagerstown on his way westward. He writes:

"From Hagerstown we proceeded to Green Castle, which is a poor little place but lately settled and consisting of a few log houses built along the road. We stopped at one of these houses called the tavern kept by one Lawrence. It was a poor miserable place. We were obliged to saddle our own horses, put them into the stable, and feed them ourselves, and then having got something to eat and refreshed ourselves, we got out of the place as soon as we could."

GREENCASTLE IN 1852.

Fifty-six years later Valley Spirit of Chambersburg, says: "Perhaps the prettiest town between the Susquehanna and the Potomac is Greencastle, located midway between this place and Hagerstown. We know of no village in our broad and fertile valley which from its exhaustless agricultural productions we might emphatically style the Genesee of the Keystone State that can lay claim to the title of prettier. Having the advantage of a location in a beautiful section of the county, and on all sides surrounded with thrift, it has grown into a village of no mean importance and beauty. Its inhabitants take great pride in beautifying its suburbs, demolishing old style habitations and erecting new ones with modern look, and in fact building on spaces which was not before known by "a local habitation and a name" Appended to this was a statement from the Intelligencer of that village, giving the information that twenty-seven new buildings had been erected within a year past, and saying "this speaks well for a town of only fifteen hundred inhabitants." Fifty-five years have passed since that and the village of Greencastle continues onward in its progress.

BAILY DIARY RESUMED.

"Greencastle is eleven miles from Hagerstown, and we had to go eleven miles farther that night to Mr. Lindsey's, whom we had engaged at Baltimore to carry some goods to Pittsburgh in his wagons. His home lay at some distance from

the road we are going so that we struck across the woods to approach it, and after having missed our way, once or twice, we struck a road which took us down to his house. We were hospitably entertained by Mr. Lindsey and his father-in-law, Mr. Andrews, who have a very excellent farm and live very comfortably in truly American style. The place at which he resides is called the Falling Springs. For what reason they are called the Falling Springs I cannot conceive. They rise from under an oak tree and the stream does not proceed three hundred yards before it turns a cider mill and a little further on turns a grist mill. These mills belong to Mr. Andrews, as also does a large quantity of the land around, for in this country all the farmers are landowners. Mr. and Mrs. Andrews are Irish, and their families are all settled in the neighborhood. Their children are all brought up in industry and have their time fully employed in performing the different necessary duties of the house and farm. Nevertheless they appear to be very happy and comfortable."

John Andrews lived on the farm now owned by Peter Knepper at the head of Falling Spring. His daughter Nancy was married to John Lindsey and Margeret to John Dickey.

From Franklin Republican Volume I, No. 20, September 15, 1817, I take this advertisement:

"The Philadelphia and Pittsburg Transportation company will give one-hundred and sixty-eight dollars per mile going and coming for hauling their wagons with loads between Chambersburg and Laughlinstown for one year to commence first of October next. For further particulars apply to Mr. Lindsey in Chambersburg, to Mr. Lindsey in McConnellsburg, or Mr. Dillon in Bedford, or to

"THOMAS HARPER,
"Agent for the Company."

"Tuesday, October 11, 1796. About eleven o'clock in the morning we set off from Mr. Andrews with a party of several of the neighbouring farmers who were going to Chambersburg to vote at an election. Chambersburg is

about three miles from Mr. Andrews, and is a large and flourishing place not inferior to Fredericktown or Hagerstown. Being like them on the high road to the western country, it enjoys all the advantages which arise from such a continued body of people as are perpetually emigrating thither. I have seen ten and twenty wagons at a time in one of these towns on their way to Pittsburgh and other parts of the Ohio, from thence to descend down that river to Kentucky. Their wagons are loaded with all the clothes and necessaries of a number of poor emigrants who follow on foot with their wives and friends who are sometimes indulged in with a ride when they are tired or in bad weather. In this manner they will travel or take up their abode in the woods or on the side of the road, like gypsies in our own country, taking their provisions with them which they dress on the roadside as occasion requires. About thirteen miles from Chambersburg, which we left in the afternoon, is a place called McDowell's mill, which is kept by some dutchman. We understood it was a tavern, but were disappointed. However, it was now dark, and no tavern on the road for some distance, we were under the necessity of begging a lodging there, which was granted at last with great reluctance. Here we had rather an uncomfortable specimen of Dutch manners.

"We were kindly directed to take our horses to the stable and take care of them ourselves, which we accordingly did, and returning to the house I was witness to a kind of meal I had never before experienced. First of all some sour milk was warmed up and placed on the table. This at any other time would probably have made me sick, but having fasted nearly the whole day and seeing no appearance of any thing else likely to succeed it very soon, particularly as the whole family, of which there were seven or eight partook of it likewise, all of us sitting around one large bowl and dipping our spoons in one after another. When this was finished, a dish of stewed pork was served up with some hot, pickled cabbage, called in this part of the country 'warm slaw.' This was devoured in the same hoggish manner, every one trying to help himself first and two or three eating off the same plate, and all in the midst of filth and dirt. After this

was removed, a large bowl of milk and bread was put on the table, which we partook of in the same manner as the first dish and in the same disorder. The spoons were immediately taken out of the greasy pork dish (having been cleaned by passing through the mouth,) and that with all the sang froid necessarily attending such habitual nastiness. Our table, which was none of the cleanest (for as to cloth they had none in the house) was placed in the middle of the room, which appeared to me to be the receptacle of all the filth and rubbish in the house, and a large fire which blazed in one end of the house served us instead of a candle. **Wishing** to go to bed as soon as possible, 'though by the way we **did not** expect our accommodations would be any of the most agreeable, and requested to be shown to our room, when lo we were ushered up a ladder into a dirty place where a little hole in the wall served as a window, and where there were four or five beds as dirty as need be. The beds did not consist as most beds do of blankets, sheets, &c., but were truly in the dutch style, being literally nothing more than one feather bed placed on another between which we were to creep and lie down. The man after showing us this, the place of our destination, took the candle away and left us get in how we could, which we found some difficulty in doing at first. However, having accomplished it we slept soundly until morning, when we found we had passed the night among the whole family, men, women and children, who had occupied the other beds, and had come up after we had been asleep. We got up early in the morning from this inhospitable and filthy place, and saddling our horses pursued our journey."

Mr. Bailey leaves the valley delighted notwithstanding his supper and lodging.

"October 12, 1796. At ten o'clock we reached McConnellstown, in Cove Valley, thirteen miles, having first passed a high ridge called on Howell's map the North Mountain, and here we left that beautiful valley, which is enriched by so many streams and which abounds with a profusion of the conveniences of life, a country than which if we except Kentucky is not to be found a more fertile one in the whole of the

United States. McConnellstown consists of a few log houses built after the American manner without any other convenience than that of being whitened on the outside. There was here a little poor tavern kept by a Dutchman, where we stopped for breakfast."

TROUBLE ON THE FRONTIER.

Settlements in the section of the valley through which this "Three Mountain Road" passes were made as early as 1730, but in many cases warrants were not issued by the proprietaries until after 1749 and later. Those who had settled on them in some instances devised these lands to their children before the warrants were issued. James Breckinridge, of Culbertson's Row, was a large land owner and willed his estate to his sons, although he had no title from the proprietaries. The land lying between the Connodoguinet and Herron's Branch (one of its tributaries) for a mile westward was taken by warrant in 1733. The Herron brothers came to what was later known as Herron's Ford about 1730. These with other similar settlements were made in the slate lands from Shippensburg, the oldest town west of the Susquehanna, excepting York. It was a distributing point for all this large extent of country. The land was well covered with timber, but by 1750 many acres were cleared and cultivated by the farmers and the timber used for buildings, fences and fuel. They lived in peace with the Indians until the breaking out of the French and Indian war. They were situated in a fertile country, made progress in agriculture, accumulated property, reaped the fruits of their sowing and their present and future compared with their past was encouraging and full of hope and cheer. They looked forward to peaceful possession of their new homes and had good reasons to congratulate themselves they had come to the New World.

But there was the gathering of the storm that meant desolation and devastation and great uncertainty as to its ending. The French and the English were at war and the struggle was in part to be transferred to these frontiers. The French determined to hold the key to the great west, had built Fort

Duquesne and had garrisoned it with troops. They enlisted with them the Indians who had wrongs to right and the French and the Indian were soon united to drive out the British soldiers and all the settlers with them.

The arrival of the army under Gen. Braddock was a forward movement against the French aided by the colonies of Pennsylvania and Virginia, and if successful meant development for the colonies. This disastrous defeat of Braddock was quickly followed by the retreat of the British and colonial troops from the west of the Alleghenies, and the French and the Indians followed in their wake.

This left nothing in an organized way to make defence against the merciless savage, who soon began his work of pillage and murder. In less than four months (November) they swooped down on the great Cove and twenty plantations were destroyed. Of ninety-three families settled in the two coves and the Connallys, forty-seven were either killed or taken, and the rest deserted their homes. This catastrophe brought consternation to the settlers and from the frontiers they were fleeing for protection and safety. All roads and bridle paths leading eastward were used by these refugees and must have had the appearance our roads had when the Confederates invaded our valley or there were rumors of a raid during the Civil War.

James Burd, writing to Edward Shippen under date of Nov. 27, 1755, says: "We are in great consternation here at present. The town is full of people, they being all moving in with their families—five or six families in a house. At Carlisle there were many refugees and numbers had crossed the Susquehanna, and in 1756, in East Hanover township, now Dauphin county, forty-seven taxables had left their homes. Settlers living in that section of this county extending towards the Maryland line were great sufferers. On March 29, 1757, an attack was made on the settlement at Rocky Spring. One woman was killed and eleven taken prisoners."

Rev. John Blair, pastor of Middle Spring church, wrote from Shippensburg under date of April 17, 1756, to Colonel Burd, at Carlisle: "You have had your share in the late

melancholy action. That affair has given us the greatest damp we have yet met with, and the loss of men has weakened the neighborhood. I have been trying since to prevail on our people to form into larger bodies but without success. I think the valley will soon be waste, and indeed all about Rocky Spring is so already."

John Cissna lived four miles east of Strasburg, and while a number of men were engaged in reaping grain in one of his fields, were attacked by a band of Indians. John Kirkpatrick and Dennis Odeiden were killed, while Cissna and two lads, his sons, and a son of Kirkpatrick were missing and supposed to have been carried into captivity. It was the custom for the neighbors to assist one another and while a portion were at work others stood guard and gave protection. The wily Indian was always on the watch, and when these precautions were not taken these massacres and surprises in the fields occurred. One of the most disastrous raids occurred on July 20, 1757, when nine men were killed and three women and a boy captured. In the fight an Indian was killed. The field in which the reapers were at work lies in front of the house near where the road leading to Chambersburg leaves the State or "three mountain road." The dead were buried in a field north of where they were slain. The older residents of that community can remember of seeing the marks of the graves where they were buried. There were twenty men at work in this harvest field and were gathered from the neighboring farms, which were sometimes two or more miles apart. The Mitchells lived on the farm where James Cummins later erected a mill, John Finley in the direction of Rocky Spring, John Wiley on the Connodoguinet near McKnight mill. Jane McCammon was a sister of Col. McCalmont. Although peace was declared between the Indians and the settlers, bands west of the mountains kept up warfare and for ten or more years these raids were continued and the burning dwellings, pillaged farms, wasted harvests and murdered inhabitants make a story of sorrow and suffering and despair which we in these days of peaceful possession and prosperity know nothing of and cannot appreciate their helpless condition.

But these pioneers were not all in flight, for many held their possessions and met the savages with their own methods. Alexander Culbertson gathered a company, of which he was made captain, which did good service wherever called: In the battle at Bloody Run he was killed and a number of his men from Shippensburg and Lurgan township were slain on this bloody field. The records of these troublous times days show that on July 25, 1763, eight years after Braddock's defeat, "there were in Shippensburg 1,364 of our back inhabitants, viz: Men, 304; women, 345; children, 736; many of whom were obliged to live in barns, stables, cellars and under old leaky sheds, the dwelling places being all crowded." At Carlisle were a great many refugees, and the authorities had information that seven hundred and fifty families had abandoned their all. For the relief of the refugees at Carlisle and the frontier inhabitants, the congregations of St. Peters and Christ churches of Philadelphia sent six hundred and sixty-two pounds three shillings. There were also sent two chests of arms, half a barrel of powder, 400 pounds of lead, 200 hundred of swan shot, and one thousand flints, with instructions to sell them to such prudent and good people as are in want of them and will use them for their defence.

JAMES McCALMONT.

Along this highway have lived those who had been prominent in public affairs from the earliest settlement of Lurgan township, some of whom have been brought to the attention of this Society and whose names and deeds are well known to every student of local history. In 1737 there was born near Strasburg one whose life will always be closely associated with the history of this county. This was James McCamman, later spelled by him "McCalmont." His father was James McCammon who died at the age of ninety-six, and his mother Jane who died in 1784 at the age of one hundred years, and who for one hundred and twenty-three years has slept in the Rocky Spring churchyard, where also lies her son James in the midst of the scenes which were enacted in his stirring and eventful life. McCalmont lived one mile south of Strasburg, and died possessed of some five hundred acres of land, contained in these tracts: Bachelor's Hall, containing 400½

acres, for which patent was issued in 1785; Aaron's Camp, containing 89½ acres, and on June 17, 1778 a tract of 28 acres, called Newry, were purchased by McCalmont.

At the age of eighteen we find him in Captain James Armstrong's company, raised for the protection of the frontier. This was the beginning of the public life whose deeds are written on the pages of his country's history. His father, James McCamman, was a member of the same company. When the troubles arose between the colonies and the mother country, McCalmont, like his neighbors, was a patriot, and entered the service. He commanded a company of rangers during the revolution and saw much active service, which was faithfully performed. When Franklin county was formed he was one of the commissioners appointed to select a site for the new county's jail and the court house buildings. He was a member of the State Assembly of Pennsylvania in 1787, when questions relating to the adoption of the Federal constitution were before it. He was one of the minority needed to make a quorum who refused to attend the sessions, but he with John Miley were forced to the Assembly meeting and kept there to make the desired quorum. He was also one of the associate justices of the county.

He was, however, best known in his own community as an Indian fighter, and of this portion of his life are told many interesting, thrilling stories, some of which have found their way into print. He was a tall, athletic man, with black hair and eyes, and of agreeable and unpretending manner. He was a man of agility and of almost superhuman speed. The Indians acknowledged and admired these traits and named him "supple McCamman." They greatly feared him and they desired to capture him alive and put him to a tortuous death for what he had done to them, but they never succeeded and he had many narrow escapes from capture.

He was an unerring shot and was the best marksman in the country round. He never admitted he had killed an Indian, but had often shot at them, and his superior marksmanship was evidence that many a redskin bit the dust. One day when alone at his house running bullets a party of prowling Indians came to his house without knowing he was at home. One of them climbed a cherry tree to enjoy the

fruit. McCalmont was apprised of their presence and tried by stratagem to drive them away. He began running across the floor making a great noise and giving command to his imaginary comrades. The Indians fearing an onslaught from a party of concealed soldiers hastily fled. Before the one in the tree could get down McCalmont put a bullet through his hide and his hunting days were ended. This courageous settler, brave patriot and useful citizen died at Strasburg in 1809.

GROWTH OF TRANSPORTATION.

The history of the growth of transportation and the building up of active interests along this road would require volumes, and therefore can only be touched on in a general way in papers like these. The path of the pack horse over which was carried merchandise to and from Pittsburgh was widened by the State road of 1786, and new methods enlarged and increased the facilities and shortened the time. The new road made easier the way of travel and it developed into a great thoroughfare for both local and through traffic and travel. Wagons had been across the Alleghenies with the General Forbes expedition, but it was not until about the time of the opening of the "Three Mountain Road" that they again were seen in these mountains. The first wagon load of goods to cross the Alleghenies was driven by John Hayden in 1789, from Brownsville to Hagerstown and return, by what was known as the Southern route. The trip took almost a month and he received \$3.00 per hundred from Jacob Bowman, the merchant to whom they were delivered. In 1790 there were but six wagons engaged in hauling merchandise to Pittsburgh over the mountains, but the number soon increased and the Conestoga wagon with its red gearing, blue bed and white cover became the established means of transportation. The building of the Pittsburgh pike in 1820, which in the main follows the old military road, deviating from it at Fort Loudon decreased to a considerable extent the traffic by wagons, but this was more than made up by newer traffic and growing business of all kinds made necessary by the demands of the times. The principal place of stopping for these wagoners in Pittsburgh was on Liberty street, at a tavern kept by John McMasters, where the Sev-

enth Avenue hotel now stands. In the rear of this tavern was a large yard in which fifty or more wagons could find room. T. Buchanan Reed in his poem on "The Wagoners of the Alleghenies" pays a just tribute to these pioneers of transportation.

The hauling of the various kinds of merchandise from the places of business along this highway was done both by the regular wagon lines and teams of the different localities. But the "new goods" for the stores were hauled almost entirely by the wagons of the immediate neighborhood, and the market for the southern portion of this valley and points along this road had Baltimore as its chief point for sale or purchase. A farmer who was a customer of the storekeeper would make the trip to Baltimore, which took from twelve to fifteen days, loaded, with the products of the community, generally those which the storekeeper had traded in, such as eggs, butter, shellbarks, &c.; sometimes a load of leather from some near by tannery. The eggs were usually packed with oats in barrels. The number of eggs and amount of oats was marked on the barrel, and sent to his wholesale grocer, who disposed of eggs, oats and barrel. Butter was often packed in empty molasses barrels, and was disposed of in the same way, and usually reached the cracker baker. Shellbarks were very plenty and sold at fifty cents a bushel. The team reloaded the merchandise bought by the storekeeper, who had reached the city in time to make the necessary purchases. The storekeeper made his trip in the spring and fall, carrying his money with him and bought a six months supply. The traveling man was unknown. This branch of transportation has been taken up by other papers, and I will not enlarge on it. I recall a team of this kind whose owner was from Amberson's Valley, who made the trip to Baltimore for J. Orr & Brothers about 1849. When within a half mile of Orrs-town on his return trip with "goods" he came to Back creek or Muddy run, over which was built a wooden bridge. Before attempting to cross it he made an examination of the structure and satisfied with its strength he drove on it. When he reached the centre of the bridge it gave way and although the wagon did not go into the creek most of his load did, and a long-standing joke among the residents along

the stream was that if they used the water from the creek there was no need of sugar. I remember some barrels of crackers which had taken the "dip" were placed where boys might reach them, but they were so hard that they were safe even from the boy who is almost as good a digester as the ostrich. One article of daily consumption that was hauled by wagons was coal, better known as "Blacksmiths' coal." It was semi-bituminous and was brought from Broadtop. A farmer with his four or six horse "team" made a trip, taking with him some of the commodities used in the coal region, and exchanged at the Broadtop mines for coal, which was sold by the bushel. He loaded with coal and returned with it to the blacksmith to whom he sold it, and, in this way made good wages for himself and team and paid his blacksmith's bill. Sometimes the load was large enough to supply more than one smith. These trips were generally made in the fall when the outdoor work was well over and since the road was a "dirt road," the trip was often an arduous one. It was frequently the case on this highway in the spring and fall to find the regular teams on the road start out in the morning, and make only a mile or two, and in the evening the driver would return with the horses to the stopping place of the past night with his horses to resume the trip next day.

The building of the canal system in connection with the Portage road across the Allegheny mountains, and the inclined planes between Harrisburg and Lancaster, were completed in 1834, further decreased the transportation by wagons. But the increase of population, the industrial growth of the country and its wonderful development in every direction kept stage lines and wagon lines busy until the Pennsylvania Central Railroad was completed in 1852, and from the day the locomotive crossed these mountains the decadence of traffic and travel increased until this road and the turnpike were used only for local traffic. There was great hostility on the part of the people to the railroads, but for different reasons than now. There was much criticism on the folly of building a railroad over the mountains, which all proved groundless. J. Edgar Thompson, while in charge of the mountain division, and who was later superintendent and president, met James Burns of Lewistown, Su-

perintendent of Public Works of the State, and during their conversation the great work in progress came up. Mr. Burns tells this anecdote: "I asked him how he expected to take the cars over the mountains. He said, by locomotives. Then I saw the man was a fool. I thought I'd find out how big a fool he was, so I asked how long he expected a train would be in running from Pittsburgh to Philadelphia. Seventeen hours he said. Then I knew the man was a howling idiot and left him." They do it to-day in about half that time.

WESTWARD EMIGRANTS.

The tide of emigration westward was along all roads leading towards the setting sun and this road was a favored one by emigrants from New Jersey and eastern Pennsylvania. Occasionally a New Englander was seen. They made the journey in two-horse wagons, covered after the style of the Conestoga, to protect them from the weather. These wagons carried the goods and the families. They encamped for the night in the woods, which were many, and did their cooking. They went to Ohio by way of Pittsburgh, and if going to Illinois and other points farther west and south, went down the Ohio by steamboat. I have often seen these emigrant wagons as late as 1850. A party of emigrants that attracted much attention along the road was a company of Mormons from Chester county. They were well equipped with two-horse wagons convenient for their journey, and as they passed through the country they did not forget to sow the seeds of their belief. At Strasburg where they remained over night, they well-nigh made a convert of the tavernkeeper, but after their departure with the mountains between them and a few days for reflection, he abandoned the new belief and remained at the mountain side. These emigrants were on a long westward journey to Deseret, the name of the new Mormon country, now Utah.

A NOTABLE EVENT.

One of the most notable events that occurred on this highway and the finest pageantry that ever passed over it were the troops that marched to Western Pennsylvania to put down the whiskey insurrection in 1794. They were the sol-

diers of New Jersey under the command of Governor Howell, and those of Pennsylvania under command of Governor Mifflin. They had reached Shippensburg, where they encamped over night. At this point they turned westward, and on the next day marched to Strasburg, where they encamped for the night. They crossed the mountains to Bedford where all the troops were to rendezvous and be met by General Washington. This array of infantry and artillery, some five thousand, must have been an imposing display to the people of this section. It was thinly inhabited along this highway, but between it and the mountains north of it were the oldest settlements in the valley, very many of whom had seen service in the Revolution and the coming of this army must have been heralded and would bring a large crowd for that time to see such an array of armed troops. There are many stories of Gen. Washington's returning over this route, but I never heard any intimation of this army passage over this road until I began some year's ago to look up the history of this once busy thoroughfare. A citizen of Lurgan, David Maclay, who represented this county in the Legislature and died recently at the age of ninety, told me he had heard of the cutting of the Braddock road as it was called, and of General Washington's visit to the county, but never heard about the march of these troops along that road until later in life, and yet all these soldiers had twice passed over this road.

STAGE LINES.

Up to 1804 there had been no regular line between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, and all travel had been on horseback or by private vehicles, usually rough farm wagons, owing to the condition of the trails—they were little more than that a good part of the way.

In August of that year, however, a regular stage line was started, thus making it possible for a person to go from Philadelphia to the Smoky City and thence by boat to New Orleans in the brief space of thirty-two days!

The coach left Philadelphia every Friday morning, starting from Tomlinson's hotel, on Market street, and the owners of the line agreed that the journey to Pittsburgh should not occupy more than seven days. The fare was \$20, each pas-

senger being allowed twenty pounds of baggage, and those who carried more being compelled to pay extra at the rate of 12 cents a pound.

Prior to 1800, communication by letter between the people of this valley and with those outside of it were very meagre and the methods limited. The first post route in this valley was established between Philadelphia by way of the great road from Harris Ferry through Chambersburg to Winchester. Letters and dispatches were carried by special couriers and these were for the public service. Other letters had to be carried as opportunity offered by persons travelling or going in that direction, and was uncertain and unsatisfactory. There was no general civil authority to establish mail routes and post offices, and it was not until the formation of our government that mail facilities were established by official authority. In 1788 Congress authorized the establishment of a post route between the city of Philadelphia and the town of Pittsburgh, by way of Harrisburg and Chambersburg. On June 1, 1790, a post office was established at Chambersburg, with John Martin as postmaster, the only one in the county. In 1797 a post office was established at Strasburg, supplied from Chambersburg, with George Beaver as postmaster. This was followed by one at Fannettsburg in 1809, March 30, with James Sweeny postmaster. In these days of town delivery three or four times a day, and rural delivery that daily brings to nearly all the country people their mails and take the letters away, we scarcely realize the disadvantages in mail facilities under which the people of this county lived for almost one hundred years.

Recently I came in possession of a letter mailed in 1811. It was dated February 12, 1811. Mailed at Hamilton, Ohio, March 10, 1811, and reached its destination, time not known, but there was fifty cents postage due. The written letter was folded and sealed and committed to the mercies of the post-office with this address:

"Arclbald Elliot in the path valley near Fannettsburg Franklin county State of Pennsylvania in care of the post-office in Chambersburg. From McKean county near white-water river."

Mail routes were opened and post offices established as needs required, and grew until we have our present facilities.

The most important line of stages on this road was the one that ran between Mt. Union and Chambersburg. The increase of population, the opening of an academy at Shade Gap, and an Academy and Seminary at Shirleysburg, necessitated better means of communication with the outside world, and a stage line was established running from Jackstown* and later from Mt. Union to Chambersburg. It was also a post route and three round trips a week were made between these points. Its office in Chambersburg was in the Franklin Hotel, which stood where the Central Presbyterian church now stands, where arrangements could be made for passage. The stage was the Concord style, with its boot in the rear for baggage. At all stopping places along the route the passenger could secure a seat on payment of passage. A way bill with the name of the passenger, amount of fare and his destination was furnished the driver by the agent who was usually a tavern keeper. This waybill was turned in to the general office at the terminals and thus a record was kept of passengers and receipts for fare. The rate of fare for the trip was \$3.25, six and a fourth cents a mile. From Strasburg to Chambersburg was 62½ cents. Persons from this section going to points along the canal or to Pittsburgh and westward made use of this line because it was shorter and made better time. It was used for this reason long after the completion of the Pennsylvania Railway. By rail to Harrisburg meant that after a ride of three hours one reached Harrisburg and was then farther away from his destination than at the start. For a number of years a good business was done, but the increasing facilities of railroads and their greater speed gradually took its business and its days of service to the public ended.

*—Prominent as Jackstown once was it has disappeared from the public's notice and is dead as Old Marley "who was dead to begin with."

For several years prior to 1849 the "raging Canal" slowly passed by Jackstown with its packet and freight boats whose coming were musically announced by the "boatmans horn" which echoed and re-echoed among the surrounding solitudes of the mountains. In 1849 it became the terminal of this stage line, adding to its importance if not its growth. In 1852 the Pennsylvania Railroad ran from Philadelphia to Jackstown which for a time was its terminal, where the travelers by steam cars and the stage coach gave up their quicker ways of journeying and after walking across the aqueduct to Jackstown, proceeded by water to their destination. They got aboard the packet boat when in due time the driver relied at his maules, cracked his whip and the great through line was moving westward at the rate of five miles an hour.

Jackstown is called for Captain Jack Armstrong and was located just west of Jones' Rock, in Jack's Narrows.

The early stage drivers have nearly all passed away, and a few of the later drivers living. Russel Fields, of Chambersburg is one of these. Among the earlier drivers were Sol. Neff, of Strasburg, Dige McDowell, James Rogers. John Jamison, of Burnt Cabins, Brice X. Blair, of Shade Gap, were among the different proprietors.

This route was started in 1849 and continued under different owners until the building of the South Penn to Richmond in 1871. The following advertisement from Valley Spirit speaks of the scenery of the route, mentions Milwood academy, then under the management of Rev. James McGinnes, who was born at Shippensburg, and who says of it "The situation is retired and beautiful and is easy of access, being on the stage route that connects Chambersburg with the Pennsylvania railroad at Mt. Union." The cost of five months board and tuition was \$58. Some distance beyond was Shirleysburg where was an academy and seminary under the charge of President James Campbell, A. B. Boarding at these places of learning were \$1.50 in the summer and \$1.75 in the winter, and the parent found it harder to raise the money at that time than now when expenses are more than four times as much. The statement is made that "these institutions are in the midst of the Great Aughwick valley, seventeen miles from the Pennsylvania road, and on the direct road from that point to Chambersburg."

Advertisement announcing the opening of stage line:

NEW STAGE LINE.

"The subscriber respectfully informs the travelling public that to meet their wants he has established a new line of stages between Jackstown, Huntingdon county, and Chambersburg, Pennsylvania.

"The coach leaves Jackstown at 4 a. m. on Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week, and Chambersburg at the same hour Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. It reaches its destination at 5 p. m. on the same day.

"The route through which the line passes over is celebrated for the beauty and picturesque character of the country. Leaving Chambersburg the coaches stop for a short time at

Strasburg, Fannetsburg, Shade Gap (the seat of Milnwood Academy under the direction of Messrs. McGinness), Orbisonia, Shirleysburg, Mt. Union, where it intersects the Pennsylvania canal at Jackstown. At the last place it connects with the packet and stage line between Philadelphia and Pittsburg. At Chambersburg it connects with the daily lines to Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Hagerstown, Mercersburg and intermediate places. The wants of the people at the extreme ends of the road and throughout the whole length have induced the subscriber to embark in this enterprise and as the fare has been fixed extremely low and every arrangement made to insure the safety and convenience of the passengers he trusts to be liberally patronized.

"October 27, 1849.

ABNER EISENHOUR."

In 1853 the stage line came into the ownership of William Myers & Company, as will be seen by this advertisement:

"The Chambersburg and Union stage line leaves Chambersburg, Ellingers Hotel every Monday, Wednesday and Friday night at 12 o'clock for Mt. Union, stopping at Keefers, Strasburg, Horse Valley, Fannettsburg, Burnt Cabins, Shade Gap, Orbisonia and Shirleysburg. Comfortable coaches and every accommodation afforded passengers. This is the cheapest route to the west."

Valley Spirit says: "We are gratified to learn that manager William Myers, of Mt. Union, has become connected once more with the Chambersburg and Mt. Union stage lines. He was at one time sole proprietor, sold out, but has now repurchased an interest in the concern, much to the gratification of his numerous friends. We believe the style of the firm will be known as William Myers & Co. The line at present is in good paying condition, comfortable stages, attentive and safe drivers, affording every convenience to those who patronize this route."

October 25, 1854, a stage line under the ownership of William Lee was established between Shippensburg and Strasburg. Leaving Shippensburg after the arrival of the train from Harrisburg and reaching Strasburg ten miles away some two hours later and returning the following morning to

Shippensburg. This line carried passengers and small packages and was well patronized. It carried the Public Ledger for two or three progressive people on the route who were enabled to get the news in advance of the tri-weekly mail. The stage line carried no mail as the mail route had been let in 1852, and a one horse carriage took its time three times a week from Shippensburg to Orrstown, Pleasant Hall, Roxbury, Newburg and return to Shippensburg. This line was continued two or three years, and as the new mail lettings made no change in the mail route it was abandoned. The expectation was that the post office department would grant a daily mail line from Shippensburg to Strasburg. Later by the subscriptions of money by people along the route the Government kept up a daily mail until finally the Post Department let a daily route and in 1905 a mail twice a day was given between these points.

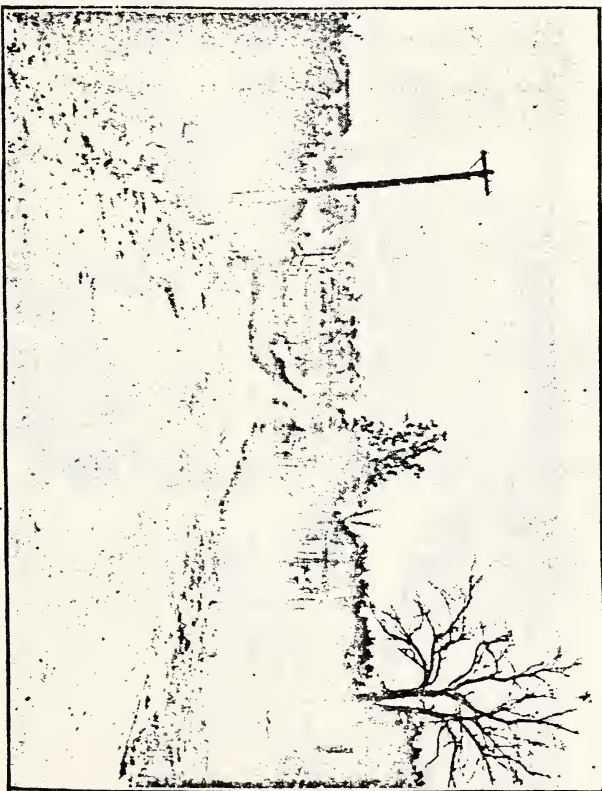
PHILIP LAUFMAN.

There lately died at his southern home in Southern Pines, North Carolina, an old citizen of Pittsburgh of wealth and prominence, who was born in Strasburg, Philip Laufman. Some six years since I met him in Pittsburgh and gathered from him matters about his life which are of interest more so since he has gone. He was then about seventy-eight years and still engaged in active business from which he retired a short time afterwards. His grand father was Philip Laufman, who served as a drummer boy in the war of the Revolution, and was at Yorktown when Lord Cornwallis surrendered to Gen. Washington and heard the Cornwallis band play "The World's Turned Upside Down." After his return from the army he made his home at Carlisle, where he married Miss Spottswood and for a time kept the old stone tavern on Hanover street, near the Court House. He removed to Strasburg in 1814, where he kept tavern for several years. He interested himself in politics and part of his reward was his election as county commissioner for one term from 1824-25-26, and steward of the poorhouse for three

years after the expiration of his term as county commissioner. His children were Jacob, Samuel and David and three daughters. Jacob was a tanner by trade, and removed to Paris, Illinois, where he operated a large tannery, and his descendants reside there. David kept the toll gate east of Chambersburg. Samuel, the father of Phillip, was manager of Soundwell forge, at Roxbury, for several years, and later manager of the Southampton furnace. Philip was born in 1822 and came to Chambersburg with his grandfather. In 1840 he went to Pittsburg which was to be his future home. He travelled by stage and the one by which he journeyed was the last one out that day after it was known that General Harrison was elected President, and he was the first person to give the news at Pittsburgh. He began work as a clerk in the hardware firm of Wolf Bro., and later entered into business with his brother. In 1876 he bought a controlling interest in the firm of Rogers, Buckfield & Co., and at the plant of that company situated at what is now Apollo, under the firm name of Laufman & Co., began his experiments with the manufacture of tin plate, which he continued until he had brought his products up to the standard of foreign goods. After almost sixty years of active business he sold his plant, which became a part of the United States Steel Company. His most important work to the city of Pittsburgh was as a member of the commission to build its present water works. The closing years of his life were mainly spent at his Pittsburgh home, where with pleasure he could recall his childhood days spent at the place of his birth, the village of Strasburg, that nestles close to the great mountain, and compare them with these later days when he was a man of wide business influence in Pittsburgh, one of its millionaires and a citizen of worth and usefulness.

A PICTURESQUE WAY.

Fifty and more years ago the "Three Mountain Road" was not only a thoroughfare much used for all kinds of traffic and travel, local and general, but was a picturesque way for the admirer of nature in her simplicity, made so by the



Herron's Bridge.



Bend on Herron's Branch.

streams of water that crossed its path and the primitive forests that stretched unfenced along its waysides, adding to the comfort of man and beast, as they sought shelter from the heat of a summer day. In constant vision were

"The hills rockribbed and ancient as the sun,
The vales stretching in pensive quietness between the venerable woods,
And the complaining brooks that make the meadows green."

The chief of these streams east of the North mountain is Herron's Branch, which has its rise at Strasburg with volume sufficient to turn a mill. Soon after it flows forth, as you look from where it crosses the road near Strasburg towards the mountain it seems to be running uphill. A short distance below this crossing is now the only mill on it until Herron's Ford nine miles away is reached. It keeps close to the south side of the road as it flows eastward, sometimes in sight and then hid among the ravines until it turns the wheels of "Herron's Mill," where it crosses the road under Herron's bridge as shown in a view at this point. To the right of the bridge is Herron's mill, built in 1796, which is in active operation to day. In the background among the trees is the commodious stone dwelling long in the occupancy of 'Squire John Herron. It was erected more than a century and a quarter ago, and strong claims are made that it was built before 1750 by Francis Herron, the original settler of this section. This bridge is about three-fourths of a mile above where the stream joins the Conodoguinet, of which it is an important branch and from whence comes the name Herron's Branch, which it has borne since the earliest settlements along it.

In this paper there is given an illustration of a scene near the "Three Mountain Road," taken from a point on this stream about a mile and a half west of Orrstown on lands adjoining the farm of the late Daniel Myers. The stream comes round the point and then flows backward for some distance, making it but a "stones throw" from bank to bank, till it resumes its course towards its mouth.

Hundreds of persons have lived and died and scores are now living almost in sight of this charming spot, and have never seen this place. This bend in the creek was well wooded until the thrifty man with his axe despoiled its

beauty, paying no heed to the injunction of the poet, George P. Morris, of Philadelphia, who wrote more than fifty years since:

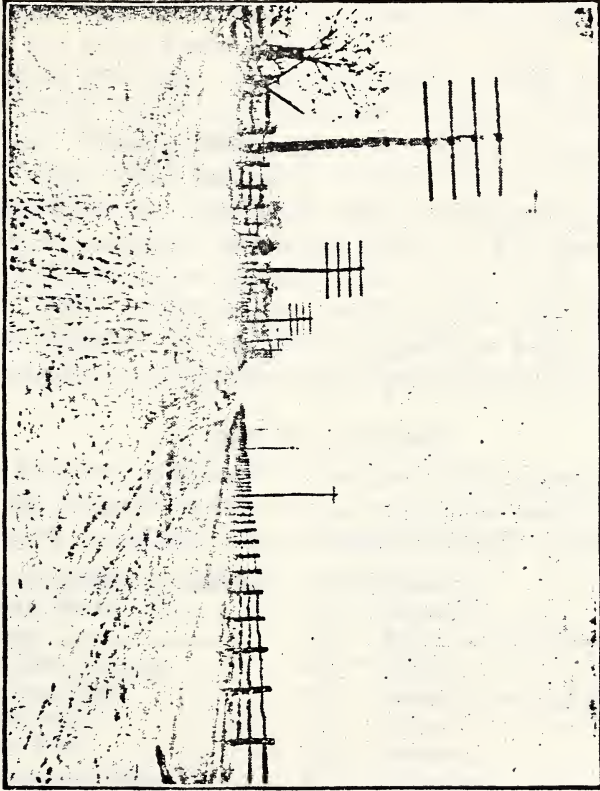
Woodman spare that tree
 Touch not a single bough
 In youth it sheltered me
 And I'll protect it now
 T'was my forefather's hand
 That placed it near his cot
 There woodman let it stand
 Thy axe shall harm it not.

My heart strings round thee cling
 Close as thy bark old friend
 How shall the wild bird sing
 And still the branches bend.
 Old tree the storm still brave
 And woodman leave the spot
 While I've a hand to save
 Thy axe shall hurt it not.

Another scene is the "Race Track" a long level stretch of over a half mile between Pleasant Hall and Strasburg where many a country horse was urged to his best speed to enable him to distance any competitors going the same way. It is also a familiar story that when the droves of cattle reached it there was a "run off," to stretch their limbs after the long toilsome journey across the mountains.

Soon after this highway leaves Strasburg, the ascent of the mountain begins from which point there is a very charming and extended view of our valley, and when the summit is reached the outlook is greatly enhanced. Miss Sallie Hastings, of Lancaster county, who passed over this highway in 1804, twenty years after its opening, in a diary of her journey writes of this summit in this fashion: "I have seated myself on the highest peak of the first mountain. Never before have I breathed the pure salubrious air from so elevated a situation. Below lies an extended country embellished with the arts of civilized life. where towns and villages finely decorated by the mellow tints of an autumnal sun, which sheds a general sublimity over the scene with which I am now surrounded and awakes every faculty of the soul into a glow of enthusiastic ardor."

The road passes down the west side of the mountain to



Race Track.

Horse Valley, where it is crossed by the Conodoguinet, which flows down this narrow valley until it reaches McAllister's Gap, there it passes out into the Cumberland Valley and approaches points along this highway where its sparkling waters can often be seen from it. As the road leaves Horse Valley it makes the ascent of the second range which is short. The descent on the other side is a long way into Path Valley which is a much lower level than Horse Valley. Here it is crossed by the West Connococheague coming down from Upper Path Valley and Amberson's Valley, flowing to the Potomac. Passing through Fannettsburg it crosses the Tuscorara range, which makes the "corner" west of Mercersburg. Passing down into Aughwick valley it intersects near Burnt Cabins the so-called "Braddock Road." The passage over these three ranges gave it the name of "The Three Mountain Road," which it still retains, until it reaches the Pittsburgh Pike at Sproats. It was later extended to Bedford and on to Pittsburgh, which route was closely followed by the turnpike.

OLD WAGON ROAD.

An almanac published at Trenton, New Jersey, in 1805, gives the distances in miles on the old wagon road from Philadelphia by way of the "Three Mountain Road" to Pittsburgh:

From Philadelphia to Schulkile, 2	To Strasburg	10
To Black Horse	" Ramsey's	8
" Birch	" Burd's, at Littleton	7
" Admiral Warren	" Wild's	9
" Downingtown	" Beamer's, at Juniata	10
" Barleysheaf	" Bedford	14
" The Hat	" Bonnet's	4
" Conestoga Bridge	" Anderson's	5
" Lancaster	" Stotler's	10
" Elizabethtown	" Stonycreek	10
" Middletown	" Well's	10
" Black Horse	" Ligonier	11
" Chambers'	" Read's	11
" Harrisburg	" Greensburg	9
" Walker's	" Walthower's	8
" Carlisle	" Myer's, at Turtle Creek ...	11
" Mount Rock	" Pittsburgh	12
" Shippensburg		
	Total	296

SOME MISSING AND MISPLACED ANCESTORS.

BY GEO. O. SEILHAMER, ESQ.

Ancestry hunting in America has become a "fad." Even as a fad the pursuit is a worthy one. So far, a desire for the knowledge of their forebears has been an aspiration of American women more generally than of American men. Necessarily the character of the work accomplished has been amateurish, consisting for the most part of an array of names as unintelligible as the lists of Irish kings of the lines of Heber and Heremon from the "Four Masters." Incomplete and unsatisfactory as are these collections of names they have their uses, and often serve as a foundation for valuable genealogical work. I regard the search for the ancestry of the descendants of the Pennsylvania pioneers as so important that it ought to attain to the dignity of a mission if not of a cult. The six, eight or ten generations that have sprung from the early settlers on the frontiers of Penn's province, represent a new type of American manhood. The existing families of the Scotch-Irish pioneers are no longer Scotch. The descendants of the Pennsylvania Germans—Pennsylvania "Dutch" as they have been popularly called—are no longer German. In this part of the world began a blending of nations and even of races that has wrought a complete transformation. We, the great and the great-great grandchildren of the pioneers, are so near the beginnings of the transfusion of bloods that has resulted in this new American type that it becomes our duty to trace our origin from its inception and to place the history of its development and progress upon record for our posterity. With this end in view I have chosen for my subject on this occasion "Some Missing and Misplaced Ancestors," confining my theme to families whose ancestry belonged to the Conococheague country. The missing ancestors of the Conoco-

cheague pioneers whose descendants represent families of distinction in every State of the Union are more numerous than one would suspect upon a mere cursory examination of the subject. Their names are found on the tax lists of "Old Mother Antrim," "Old Lurgan" and Guilford, Hamilton, Peters and Fannett Townships. In many cases these names represent American families of national and historic importance, and trace their ancestry back to the Conococheague in a vague, indefinite way. Among these a few are still represented in this community, but for the most part even their names are forgotten by the present owners of the soil they were the first to break. Of the former class whose descendants are known to all of us, I may name the Bards, Bonbrakes, Brackenridges, Culbertsons, Elders, Joneses, McDowells, Poes, Pomeroyes, Reishers, Shields and Wilsons. Of the latter are the Allisons, Armstrongs, Bairds, Barrs, Beattys, Berryhills, Bittingsers, Browns, Browsons, Buchanans, Campbells, Cassetts, Chestnuts, Douglasses, Dunns, Eatons, Elliots, Erwins, Ewalts, Findlays, Gasses, Gibsons, Harrises, Hendersons, Hollidays, Irwins, Jacks, McBrides, McClellans, McClures, McKeans, McLenes, McMullins, Magaws, Matthews, Mitchells, Newells, Orbisons, Parkers, Pattons, Poormans, Ramseys, Reas, Scotts, Smiths, Speers, Stevensons, Talbots, Taylors, Thomsons, Thompsons, Torrences, Turners, Van Lears, Waddells, Whites, Widneys, Works, Wrights and Youngs.

Beginning with the first name on my list, the Bards, I find it represented by two ladies of the highest respectability. Their relations, near and remote, are scattered all over the Union. The history of the Bard family has engaged my attention for a number of years with accumulating results, but for me it has been a singularly interesting romance of ancestry hunting. To begin with, I had the ancestral names of Richard Bard and his wife, Catharine Poe. but beyond the tragic story of their captivity among the Indians, as it is told in "Border Life," we had little data relating to their descendants and none concerning their antecedents. To make the matter worse, the late Dr. William Henry Egle, with the enthusiastic but indiscriminating zeal of the amateur genealo-

gist, gave us a wrong sign board for our lineal highway. In a brief sketch of Richard Bard, as a member of the Pennsylvania Convention that ratified the Federal Constitution, Dr. Egle said that his father, Bernard Bard, settled and built a mill on Middle Creek, in what is now Adams county. It was true that Richard Bard's father settled and built a mill on Middle Creek, but his name was Archibald, not Bernard. It was from that mill that Richard Bard and his wife were carried into captivity by the savages in 1758. Egle's mistake cast upon me the burden of establishing Richard Bard's parentage by proofs that would have been accepted as evidence in a court of law in a judicial proceeding. The chain of testimony when it was finally completed was as follows:

1. Maryland records and recitals filed in the Land Office of Pennsylvania show that Archibald Beard was one of four men who purchased under a Maryland title a tract of 5,000 acres of land at Fairfield, Adams county, Pa., that is still known as "Carroll's Delight."

2. An indenture on record in York county shows that Archibald Beard conveyed a part of this tract and the Mill Place, outside of it, to Richard Baird.

3. A letter from George Stevenson, of York, printed in the "Pennsylvania Archives," gives information of Richard Bard's return from captivity, and adds that he had not yet arrived at his father's house on Marsh Creek, of which Middle Creek is a tributary.

In the deed from Archibald Beard to Richard Baird the grantor mentioned his son William, but notwithstanding it was a condition of the indenture that the conveyance was to be void if Richard failed to support Archibald for the rest of his life, the deed contained no direct proof that the grantee was his son. I now had on my hands a probable brother of Richard Bard, of whom I knew nothing, with no legal evidence of their relationship. It was very provoking. Besides, it was a question whether the names Beard, Baird and Bard were only variants of the same family name. Fortunately, this question was solved by three deeds on record in the Recorder's office at Chambersburg. Archibald Beard had obtained a warrant for a tract of land near the nunnery in

Quincy township. In turn this land was the property of Archibald, William and Richard, all of whom executed deeds for it. Archibald's deed was signed Archibald Beard; William's was signed William Baird and Richard's was signed Richard Bard. If it had not been for Dr. Egle's confident assumption of Bernard as the Bard ancestor I should have regarded the proofs already adduced as a satisfactory adjustment of my genealogical problem, but with that blunder staring me in the face I could not content myself without an absolute settlement of the vexed question. A weary pursuit of disappointing chimeras, the false children of illusive and elusive clues followed, but in the period of hopes deferred, data for a family history of the later generations was obtained that is remarkably full and complete. At last I was shown a paper in the handwriting of Archibald Bard, who for more than twenty years was an associate judge of Franklin county. This paper contained a brief genealogy in scriptural form. It read thus: Archibald Bard, which was the son of Richard, which was the son of Archibald, which was the son of David, which was the son of William. My riddle was solved. A missing ancestor was found, and the mistaken ancestor was relegated to the German Bard family on the other side of the county to which he actually belonged.

A worthy doctor of divinity, whom I knew during his useful life, used to assert that everybody of the same name would be found to be kin, more or less remote, if their lineage could be traced. I do not believe that this assumption is true of all the people of the same name in any country—it is certainly not true of many people of the same name in Pennsylvania. A glance at the passenger lists of German, French and Swiss immigrants in Rupp's "Thirty Thousand Names" will reveal many surnames generally assumed to be English or Scotch and by an easy transformation, Scotch-Irish. Among these immigrants were many Bards who settled in Montgomery, Berks, Lancaster and York counties, Pa., and in Frederick county, Md. All the Bards now living in Berks and Lancaster counties are of German descent. The Bards of New York and New Jersey, now, I believe extinct so far as the name goes, were of French Huguenot origin. Michael

Bard, a prominent man in York county in the Revolution, at the time of his death owned the Reichard farm, between Fetterhoff's chapel and Mont Alto in this county. Bernhard Bard, whom Dr. Egle mistook for the father of Richard Bard, was a son of Martin Bard, who settled in Germany township in York, now Adams county, at a very early period. The names of these immigrants were generally written Barth or Bardt, but in the second generation the name had become Bard and their descendants are Bards to this day.

The president of your society is always active in promoting Scotch-Irish movements, celebrating Scotch-Irish enterprises and exalting Scotch-Irish virtues, but I verily believe that his emigrant ancestor had not a drop of Scotch-Irish blood in his veins. Besides, his name was George and not Thomas. Some of the Pomeroy's take it as a hardship that I insist upon changing the name of their American ancestor. I can only answer them that I sincerely believe that their ancestor knew his own name. Sometime before his death, the late Major John M. Pomeroy wrote a brief history of the Pomeroy family, which was printed. "He died about 1770," Major Pomeroy said, speaking of the first of the name in this country: "I hoped to get the date of his death more accurately from the records of Cumberland county, which at that date embraced Lurgan township, but learned with regret that the Recorder's office at Carlisle was destroyed in 1776 together with its contents. I found there the account of Thomas Pomeroy, who was the administrator of his mother, widow of the first Thomas, from which it appeared that she died in 1777. Her name was Margaret."

Major Pomeroy gave the names of the sons of the so-called first Thomas Pomeroy as Thomas, John, George and Samuel, and he added, that while he was not able to get the names of the four daughters, one of them married a Mr. Doyle and another a Mr. Duncan. It is very clear that Major Pomeroy was the victim of some modern Ananias, who possessed the peculiar gift of confidently asserting what he did not know. Not a scrap of the Cumberland county records was ever burned. There is on record at Carlisle the will of George Pomeroy, proved Nov. 6, 1776, in which he named a widow,

Margaret; sons, Thomas, John and George; and daughters Elizabeth, Mary, Hannah, Margaret and Isabel. Elizabeth Pumroy married Charles Boyle, and Margaret married David Duncan. It will be observed that the only difference between these two lists—the one from tradition and the other from the will—was that there were three sons and five daughters instead of four sons and four daughters, and that Elizabeth Pumroy married a Mr. Boyle instead of a Mr. Doyle. The similarity in the names of the Pomeroy sons and of the husbands of the two Pomeroy daughters is too striking to be a mere coincidence. If we are not to accept the testator in this case as the Pomeroy ancestor as against the ancestor of tradition proofs of ancestry by public records, the best evidence available to us, will become impossible. I confess that I do not like the substitution of ancestors, even as against tradition, and I never allow myself to desecrate the sanctity of a consecrated name unless its a duty that I owe to the truth of history. At the same time I may add that there is nothing so tenacious of life as a disproved tradition.

In connection with these two cases of missing and mistaken ancestors, I wish to point out an unfounded claim to a German origin for a Conococheague family. Among the early settlers along the Falling Spring in Guilford township was Benjamin Gass. With only the surname as a criterion that unusually accurate historian, Daniel Rupp, unhesitatingly set him down as a German. He came from the river Bann in Ireland. It is true, however, that many emigrants came to Pennsylvania from Ireland whose ancestry was as Dutch as sauer-kroust. We may take the Widney family of Path Valley as a case in point. The first of the Widneys to settle in Ireland was an officer in the army of William of Orange, who was rewarded for gallantry at Boyne Water, by a grant of land in Ulster. As an illustration of Dutch ancestors and ancestresses born in Ireland, I may mention the fact that the mother of Judge Meilon, of Pittsburgh, although born in the vale of the Strule, in County Tyrone, was by extraction a Highlander. And as a further illustration of the eccentricities of nomenclature as a guide to racial antecedents, I may point to

my own great-grand-mother, who, although born and married in Rotterdam, was by surname a Powell. An esteemed Irish correspondent of mine, Sir Edmund Bewley, of Dublin, informs me that many of the Powells of Ireland shortened their name to Poe. The Poes of Ireland, who pronounce their name in two syllables, are Anglo-Irish. Some of them were officers in that oppressed country at the Cromwellian usurpation, but while they had long been settled in England they were either of French or German origin. There are Poes in this county today whose ancestors were emigrants from Germany. If I were to cite all the cases of the kind that press upon me, you would be too late for supper, unless you made up your minds to run away from me.

Another misapprehension that sometimes results in misconceptions of Cumberland Valley ancestries is the prevalent belief that the early settlers of this valley emigrated directly from Ireland or Germany. As a matter of fact many of the early settlers were Bostonese before they became Pennamites. When the Rev. David McClure, who was a New Englander by birth, passed through this valley in 1764 on his way to the Ohio, he was stopped to preach to the Presbyterians at the Big Spring. After the service an aged lady approached him and asked him if his mother was a McClintock. He answered affirmatively, and was then told that his venerable uncle, his mother's brother, was living in the neighborhood, and that the lady to whom he was speaking was his aunt, and the children who accompanied her were his cousins. In accordance with the hospitality of the time he became their guest and visited them on his frequent journeys through the valley. The McClintocks came from Medway, Mass., and the McClures settled in Boston as early as 1729.

The McClures of the Cumberland and Sherman's Valley usually impute their ancestry to the early settlers of the name in Chester county, but the claim is an exceedingly vague one, especially as William McClure of whom, so far as I know, no one has ever written, built a mill on the west branch of the Conococheague Creek, near Mercersburg, where the old Hiester mill now stands, as early as 1746. This is not only a case of a missing ancestor but of missing posterity. We

know that he had a son Thomas McClure, who recovered in the courts of Cumberland county for materials furnished for the erection of the mill; that he had another son Patrick McClure, who inherited one-half of his lands under his will on record in Lancaster county, and finally settled at McClure's Gap side by side with Robert McClure, the great-grandfather of Colonel A. K. McClure, and that he had a daughter Mary McClure, who married John Scott, an early settler on the Antietam, in Washington township, just across the line from Antrim. The old homestead which John Scott built is still standing. The only one of Mary McClure Scott's sons who had children was Dr. James Scott, of Virginia. He married a daughter of Bessie Lewis, the sister of George Washington. The Scott family of Virginia have long been in search of their McClure ancestry, but it was only lately that they were able to obtain any knowledge of the situation of the Scott homestead, or of the identity of their McClure ancestor.

Discursive as has been this paper so far, I hope it is not entirely wanting in suggestiveness. My aim is to interest those who can assist me in finding missing ancestors and in placing misplaced ones in their true relation to their posterity. There are many persons who would be happy to help me if they knew something of the searches I am making.

I want them to know.

I want information concerning the progenitors of the Bards, especially David and William Bard, or Baird, the grandfather and great grand-father of Richard Bard; to learn the name and parentage of the wife of Archibald Bard, or Beard, of "Carroll's Delight;" the exact relationship of Richard Bard and his wife, Catharine Poe, to the children of Capt. John Potter, the first sheriff of Cumberland county; data concerning the Bards, of Bardstown, Ky.; the parentage of Elizabeth Deemer, the wife of the Rev. David Bard; and any stray bits of Bard history.

I want the missing link that will mend the chain of descent of Conrad Bonbrake, of Washington township, from Daniel Bonbrake, of Grindstone Hill.

I want to connect the Breckinridges of Kentucky with the Breckenridges of "Culbertson's Row."

I want to trace the lineage of the Culbertsons of "Culbertson's Row" back to the plantation of Ulster.

I want a complete history of the Elder family, of Path Valley, and I particularly want the story of James Elder, who was 106 years old at his death, and of his wife Elizabeth, who died at 104.

I also want to trace all the descendants of John Jones, who settled in Cowan's Gap after the Revolution, and reached the remarkable age of 113 years.

I want to determine the kinship of the McDowells of Mt. Parnell, the McDowells of Kishacoquillas, and the McDowells of Virginia and Kentucky.

I want to ascertain whether Thomas Poe of Conococheague was akin to the Anglo-Irish Poes of Counties Louth and Tipperary; or to the Poes of Drum, County Cavan, to which John Poe, the great-grandfather of Edgar Allan Poe, belonged; or the Powell-Poes, of Clonfeacle, County Tyrone.

I want data for a complete genealogy of the Pomeroyes.

I want to supplement the easily obtainable knowledge of the Reishers, of Chambersburg, with equally full information of their kinsmen, the Rishers of Western Pennsylvania.

And to conclude the list with which I began, I want to know all that I can learn of the forbears of the Shields and Wilson families. Judge Gillan, in his paper on the Wilson family, did not tell us the name of the father of John Wilson, and the grandfather of Sarah Wilson, the founder of Wilson College. It was Moses. I want some Pharaoh's daughter to lift this Moses out of the bulrushes, so that, guided by the rod whose lineage runs back to Adam, he may lead the lost tribes of the Wilsons of the Conococheague, out of the Wilderness, in which their shades are wandering, into their ancient heritage of reverence and affection.

Of the Conococheague ancestors whose names have disappeared from our midst—to use a favorite phrase of the gifted writers of "Duffield Drippings" and "Markes Markers"—I would write at length did not time and space forbid. While I shall not attempt to present the families I have named in alphabetical sequence I may say of them as a whole that their history and that of their kinship by inter-marriage is the early

history of the whole Conococheague region. Each of them is allied to the others by ties of blood that made the early tax-lists the threads for a magic carpet that like Solomon's had the power to waft their children wherever it was the desire of their hearts to be set down. Like the ancient nomads our early settlers quickly disappeared from the haunts that charmed them, but unlike the nomads they left traces behind them that it is our pleasure to search out and to celebrate. When Greencastle has an "Old Home Week" the chosen orators for the occasion tell of Col. John Allison, the founder, although there are no Allison's there to hear them. Had John Wallace, who platted the town of Waynesboro, been able to return to it in its centennial year he would have found no Wallaces but instead a teeming swarm of skilled mechanics issuing from the huge factories that have replaced the simple workshops of his time. Mercersburg still has its legends of the Smiths—Squire William and Captain James, typical pioneers, both of them—but the decendants of these early worthies have disappeared from the neighborhood and are scattered over the West and South, and it may be doubted if many of the dwellers in the modern town have ever heard the story of the achievements of the captain of the "Black Boys" when the incipient village was still called Smithstown. I may pause to add that the first defiance of the military authority of Great Britain in America occurred at old Fort Loudon after James Smith and his followers defeated the Indian traders in the Big Cove in 1765 and afterward besieged the garrison in the fort until the arms taken from the people in the mountains were surrendered. Even in Chambersburg it is not unlikely that the surname of its founder will become a reminiscence before many years have sped.

It is a strange feeling that comes over a man who tries to repeople a country as it was within fifty years of its first settlement. If he goes on a journey a missing ancestor is apt to peep out at him from almost every bush. With me on the trolley as far as the eastern limits of Stoufferstown is a journey of kaliedoscopic reveries. Passing the hospital to the top of the hill on the new Baltimore avenue I am at once a subject for many vivid impressions and memories. On my

left is the Falling Spring and in the far distance, almost behind me, I can catch a glimpse of the old Pritts house, built by Joseph Chambers, a son of the founder of Chambersburg, and inhabited for many years by his son-in-law, the Rev. John McKnight, and later by Joseph Pritts, editor of the "Whig." The quaint white mansion now the home of my friend, Augustus Duncan, Esq., was built by judge James Riddle, the grandfather of Mrs. Kennedy, on what was originally the Baird plantation. Thomas Baird, the first settler, was the great-grandfather of the distinguished scientist, the late Prof. Spencer Fullerton Baird, of the Smithsonian Institution. East of the Baird land, along the Falling Spring, and up Hawthorn Run to its source, was the Gass tract. The Gasses were fullers and the eider Benjamin Gass built a fulling mill near where the old Stouffer Mill has long stood. The western part of the Gass tract was sold to Robert Jack, who kept the first tavern in Chambersburg on the site of the old National Bank. The Jacks were among the earliest settlers in Guilford township. Patrick and James Jack, brothers, were the first comers. Patrick was one of the founders of the Falling Spring Presbyterian church. He removed to North Carolina with his family. He was the father of Robert Jack. James owned the lands around New Franklin, afterwards the Snyder farms. His other sons were James, Patrick and John. James settled near Newville and was the father of a large family of sons and daughters. His daughter, Mary Jack, married John Herron, and became the ancestress of the Herron family of Pittsburgh. Patrick lived in Hamilton township and was the father of John Finley Jack, a member of the Chambersburg Bar. It was from this Patrick Jack that came the famous myth of Captain Jack, sometimes called the "Wild Hunter of the Juniata." When he was a young man he was captain of a company of scouts on the Conococheague and was designated by Croghan to beat up the savage allies of the French in front of Braddock's march. With his men dressed as Indians he appeared in Braddock's camp, but his reception by that doughty and self-sufficient warrior caused him to withdraw with his command. He was afterward a captain in the Revolution, as was also his nephew, John Jack,

a son of Robert. John Jack, the son of James, removed to Westmoreland county, where he assisted in promulgating the Hannastown Declaration of Independence and was active in defending the frontier against the Indians during the Revolution. John Jack's daughter Mary married William Thompson, a son of Thomas Thompson, of Hamilton township. William Thompson and Mary Jack were the great-grand parents of Josiah V. Thompson, of Uniontown, who was a prominent candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor in 1906. The Gass lands passed into the possession of Robert Jack's sons, one of whom, James Jack, kept the hotel in the public square in Chambersburg in which the first courts of Franklin county were held. This Jack plantation extended across Baltimore avenue and included the famous Shetter's woods, in which Gen. Robert E. Lee had his headquarters in 1863. A part of the Jack farm became the property of John Brown, the first postmaster of Chambersburg. Behind Shetter's woods, which are no longer in existence, was the first Chambersburg race course in the early years of the nineteenth century.

A drive along the Falling Spring road is exceedingly interesting. At its beginning, a short distance east of the Stoufferstown school house, the Falling Spring once had an underground passage, in which the Nugent outlaws sometimes hid their plunder. The Nugent homestead was further up the Falling Spring, northeast of the Reformed Mennonite Church. All this territory, from the limits of Chambersburg almost to the head of the Falling Spring, became the property of Abraham Stouffer, the ancestor of our Stouffer family, and included the Baird and Gass tracts, the village of Stoufferstown and the two Stouffer mills. At the head of the Falling Spring were the early Lindsay farms. The Lindsays were one of the early noteworthy families of Guilford township. Somebody must help me to differentiate them and their descendants before I can write their history. Above the head of the Falling Spring were the farms of two of my great-grandfathers, Balser Oberkirsh and Frederick Hoffman. I am at a loss even when I attempt to write of my own kin, although I spent a part of my youth on the Hoffman

land, then the Geesaman farm. Adjoining the Hoffman plantation was the homestead of John Forsyth, whose sons were cousins and criminal associates of the Nugents. To the southeastward was the old Guilford Manor, of which I might have something to say if I were writing of land jobbing under the Penns in the eighteenth century. On this manor Edward Crawford obtained large tracts of land, some of which remains in the Crawford name to this day.

A trip by automobile or a carriage drive over the Bedford turnpike from Chambersburg to Fort Loudon reveals a romantic country once peopled by historic families. This is especially true of Hamilton township, including the L north of the turnpike. On Back Creek, above Brake's Mill, were the plantations of William Ramsey, afterwards owned by his sons William, Thomas, Benjamin and John. William Ramsey's descendants are to be found in Pittsburgh, in Washington county, Pa., and in Harrison county, O., but strenuous efforts were required on their behalf to identify the old Ramsey homestead, and so far it has been found impossible to establish their exact relationship with the old Ramsey family of Bucks county, to which they undoubtedly belonged. William Ramsey, the eldest son of William Ramsey, the first settler, was an ensign in active service in the Revolution. He was a member of Rocky Spring Presbyterian Church. One would imagine that the Revolutionary privileges to which his descendants are entitled could not be in doubt, but notwithstanding this apparent certainty I was shown what purported to be a full genealogy of the family, no part of which was capable of verification. I believe that all the Ramsey families of Franklin county, of which there are three distinct branches, belong to the same stock, but in all my efforts to trace the connection the proofs have eluded me. This is all the more to be regretted because there is reason to believe that the Ramseys of Burnt Cabins are descended from William Ramsey, a brother of Dr. David Ramsay, the distinguished historian, while it is not improbable that Major James Ramsey, the great-grandfather of President Benjamin Harrison, was of the same family. County records are seldom sufficient to establish a lineage of any family and, strange to

say, even with a family as noteworthy as the Ramseys, Bible records are scarce.

West of the Ramsey plantation, partly in Hamilton and partly in St. Thomas townships, were the Shields lands and the broad acres of the Wilsons. Two of the Ramseys, Benjamin and John, married Shields girls, sisters, and the only living descendants of John Wilson bear the Shields name. Part of the Wilson lands were originally settled by Capt. Joseph Armstrong, an officer in the French and Indian War and a member of the Assembly. He took great interest in the construction of the "new road" for General Braddock, even advancing money for the payment of the road-makers out of his own purse. On the 7th of August, 1755, while Dunbar, the Tardy, was making his hasty flight down the Cumberland Valley, he organized a company of voluntary associators among his neighbors for the defense of the frontier against incursions of the French and Indians. His sons, John and Thomas, were privates in this company. John Armstrong, the eldest son of Joseph, removed to Orange county, N. C., before the Revolution. His record in the Revolution was a noteworthy one. He entered the Continental service as a captain in the 2nd North Carolina Regiment, September 1, 1775; was major of the 4th North Carolina from October 6, 1777, to July 17, 1782; was appointed deputy adjutant general to General Gates, August 3, 1780; and became lieutenant colonel of the 1st Regiment, North Carolina Line, July 17, 1782. He retired January 1, 1783. He had a son Joseph. Thomas Armstrong, the second son of Captain Joseph, removed to Orange county, N. C., before the Revolution. He entered the Continental service, April 16, 1776, as a first lieutenant in the 5th Regiment, North Carolina Line, and was promoted to be captain, October 25, 1777; he served to the close of the war. Captain Armstrong was wounded and taken prisoner at Fort Fayette, June 1, 1779,—exchanged in December, 1779, he was captured the second time at Charleston, May 22, 1780, and exchanged in July, 1781. Joseph Armstrong, the third son of Joseph, the elder, was born in the Conococheague Valley in 1739 and died in 1811. He was too young to be enrolled as a member of

his father's company, in 1755, but it is probable that he saw service before the close of the French and Indian War. In 1776 he was Colonel of the 5th Battalion, Cumberland county militia. Among the captains of companies in his battalion were Samuel Culbertson, George Matthews and James McConnell, all members of Rocky Spring Church. The Rev. John Craighead, the pastor, was a private in Captain Culbertson's company. The battalion saw service in the winter campaign of 1776-77. In his will he left his farm on which he lived to Joseph Armstrong, son of his brother John, of Orange county, N. C., after the death of his wife; the "upper place" he directed to be sold and named as beneficiaries of the fund—Mary, daughter of Patrick Jack; Mary, daughter of Robert McConaughy, and wife of Jacob Cassatt; Samuel Armstrong and John, sons of John Finley, dec'd; Joseph Armstrong, son of John Blackburn, Ohio; and George Armstrong, Esq., of Greensburg, Pa. Colonel Armstrong married Elizabeth Finley, daughter of John Finley. She died March 11, 1820. They had no children. James Armstrong, fourth son of Joseph, the elder, was colonel of the 8th Regiment, North Carolina Line, from November 26, 1776, to June 1, 1778. He afterward commanded a regiment of Rangers, and was reported among the killed and wounded at Stone Ferry, June 29, 1779. William Armstrong, fifth son of Joseph, the elder, removed to Orange county, N. C., before the Revolution, where some of his descendants still own the old homestead. He entered the Continental service, January 4, 1776, as an ensign in the 1st North Carolina Regiment, and was promoted to be second lieutenant, April 10, 1776, first lieutenant, January 1, 1777, and captain, August 29, 1777. He retired January 1, 1783. Captain Armstrong was wounded at Ramsour's Mill, June 20, 1780. The family is now extinct in Pennsylvania.

I would like to continue my journey around Mt. Parnell and visit the early settlers—the Dixons, the Campbells and the McDowells—in their homes, but time admonishes me that the way is long and that I have taxed your attention sufficiently.

THE GERMAN SETTLEMENT.

BY GEO. O. SEILHAMER, ESQ.

It is to be regretted that a region typical of the beginning, development and expansion of early German settlement west of the Susquehanna should be without a historian. I do not feel that I shall prove adequate to the task that I have imposed upon myself, but circumstances render it appropriate that I should do what I can to rescue the homes of my forebears from the oblivion that threatens them.

Seventy years ago my father was a harvester in the fields of golden grain that was the fruitage of the plantations of two of my great-grandfathers. My father was not to the manor born, but he succeeded in gathering a flower from these fields that to him was more precious than the rich harvests that filled the barns of her grandfather, Balser Overkirsh and Frederick Hoffman. The name of this flower was Elizabeth Overkirsh; she was my mother.

Balser Overkirsh was born in Lancaster, now Dauphin county, November 26, 1761, and died December 14, 1846, in the Overkirsh homestead, still standing but concealed from our vision by the gentle elevation to the south of us. I remember seeing him, while on my way to school at the old Falling Spring school-house on the top of the hill just above the head of the spring, in the early autumn a few weeks before his death. He was a son of Michael Overkirsh, who emigrated to Pennsylvania on the ship "Paliena and Margaret," John Govan, master, coming from Rotterdam by way of Leith and landing at Philadelphia, October 25, 1748. On the same ship was his brother, Jacob Overkirsh. The brothers settled near each other in Dauphin county. Balser Overkirsh was married to Margaret Fetterhaffen, now written Fetterhoff, who was a sister of George Fetterhaffen, the first

A paper read on the afternoon of October 10, 1907. Upon special invitation of Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Zarger, the society was entertained at their home, "The Maples," near the head of Falling Spring, Guilford township.

settler near Fetterhoff's Chapel. George Overkirsh who spelled the family name Overcash, inherited the Overkirsh homestead, which then included the farm on which we are now being entertained by the owner, Thomas G. Zarger, whose wife was a great-granddaughter of Balsler Overkirsh. George Overkirsh was married first to Eve Hoffman, a daughter of Frederick and Catharine Hoffman. My mother was their eldest child. Frederick Hoffman's farm adjoined the Overkirsh plantation on the south. As they were not among the earliest settlers of this region and bought their lands from Scotch-Irish warrantees, it is unnecessary that I should detain you with a detailed history of their broad acres.

We are now on the eastern border of what has been known for nearly two centuries as the "German Settlement." This little Germany extended as far south as the Maryland line and included the present townships of Guilford, Quincy, Washington and part of Antrim. According to the Rev. David H. Focht, the father of the present representative in Congress from this district, in a sermon that I heard him preach in the Grindstone Hill Church, on Christmas day, 1854, the first Lutheran settler in this immediate neighborhood was Matthias George, the ancestor of the well known George family of this section. Mr. George came here, Mr. Focht said, in 1742. It is probable that this is a typographical error. The name of Johan Matthias George appears on the passenger list of the ship "Patience," Hugh Percy, master, which arrived at Philadelphia, August 11, 1750. On the same ship was Heinrich George, probably a brother of Matthias. He took up a large tract of land east of New Franklin, some of which is still in the possession of his descendants. According to the tradition of the George family he had four sons, Henry, Peter, Adam and Christopher or Stophel. It is said that Henry and Peter George settled in Philadelphia county, which I think is improbable if they were sons of Matthias because Christopher George, the youngest son, who died June 1, 1832, was not born until August 15, 1754. Adam George was a Revolutionary soldier, serving in Capt. John Jack's company, of the Cumberland County Militia, under the call of July 28, 1777. Christopher George was the ances-

tor of the George family of Guilford township. He was married to Louisa Smith. They were the parents of one daughter, Magdalene, and three sons, Jacob, Frederick and Samuel George. Jacob George, the eldest son of Christopher and Louisa (Smith) George, was married to Hannah Waldman. The late Jeremiah W. George, who was married to Margaret Gift, was their son. Even if Matthias George did not settle on the George homestead before 1752, the Georges are entitled to rank as the oldest German family now in the township.

It is not unlikely that other Germans preceded Matthias George to the Conococheague Valley and it is certain that a number of other German families were settled here before 1750, which is the date fixed in Mr. Focht's sermon for the coming of the Smiths and the Kellers. As early as October 12, 1749, William Adams obtained an order of survey for a tract of land east of the Willow Grove mill on the Falling Spring, which was surveyed December 6, 1750. Even at this early date Adams complained that Godhart Cressel had presumed to settle on this land. What was presumption in the emigrant from Germany it seems was a God-given right for a native of the parish of Cumber in County Londonderry, Ireland. Of Cressel I know nothing beyond the statement of Adams. I know of no Germans who were living in Guilford township as early as 1742, but at the time of the Adams survey Philip Stump, Peter Gazette and Frederick Croft are mentioned as neighbors of Samuel Howard.

I am not sure that I know just where the Howard land was situated. A private map constructed by a student of the part of Guilford township on the Pine Stump road, midway between New Franklin and Marion, places it east of the farm of the Hon. John W. Witherspoon, with Philip and Adam Stump on the northeast, Peter Gazette on the southeast, and Frederick Croft on the west and southwest. This description does not seem to me to be in accord with other facts that are of record. The will of Philip Stump was dated September 23, 1767, and proved November 18, 1767. In this document Antrim township is given as his place of residence. His name does not appear on the Guilford township tax list for

1751, but in 1786 Philip and Adam Stump are taxables in Guilford. In his will he names only a wife, Catharine, but it may be assumed with safety that Philip and Adam of 1786 were his sons. Philip Stump, the younger died in 1799. I have ascertained nothing relating to Adam Stump. My friend, I. James Schaff, assures me that the original Howard tract, which was surveyed to Daniel Gelwicks in 1772, was the land known in more recent years as the Vanderau farm and that east of this was the farm of Philip Stump. This land, Mr. Schaff says, lay north of the Pine Stump road, and extended to and probably beyond the Waynesboro road. The land of Adam Stump, which embraced part of the ground on which New Franklin stands, was south of the Philip Stump tract and west of the Waynesboro road.

The name of Peter Gazette is often spelled Coaset. The modern spelling of the name is Cassatt. He was probably a brother of Francis Cassatt, who settled near Hunterstown, in Adams county, and was the ancestor of Alexander J. Cassatt, the late president of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. The Cassatts were of Huguenot origin and were of the same family to which Guizot, the historian, belonged. Peter Gazette's land lay between the Waynesboro road and the Snively land, the latter being in the Snively name today. It extended along the Waynesboro road as far south as Jackson Hall. What became of Gazette or Coaset I have been unable to ascertain beyond the fact that he was a taxable in Guilford township in 1751.

Frederick Krafft was a native of Gross Readesheims, near Worms, Germany, where he was born in 1714. He died in Brother's Valley township, Somerset county, in 1802. He emigrated to Pennsylvania on the ship "Winter Galley" from Rotterdam, landing at Philadelphia, September 5, 1738. On the same vessel was Johan Jacob Krafft, who, it is believed, was a brother of Frederick. The tradition in the Croft family is that soon after their arrival in Pennsylvania the brothers came up the Cumberland Valley through Shippensburg to the site of Chambersburg, where they lived at or near the graveyard of the Falling Spring Presbyterian Church. Here they disagreed and separated, according to the tradition. It is

also a part of the Croft tradition that the brothers, upon their arrival here, lived in a cave on the land of Col. Benjamin Chambers, and that at this time there was a death in the Chambers family. I am assured that the cave still exists and I may add that the only known death in the Chambers family before 1749 was the demise of Sarah Patterson Chambers, the first wife of Colonel Benjamin Chambers. In 1749 or perhaps earlier, as is shown by the Howard survey, Mr. Krafft took up a tract of land in Guilford township. This land is bounded on the west by the road leading from the Gabby farm, four miles south of Chambersburg, to Brown's Mill. What is known as the Pine Stump road, leading from Marion to Greenwood, crosses the farm in a northeasterly direction. An order for the survey of this tract, which contained 292 acres of land, was obtained April 9, 1768. Mr. Kraft sold the farm to John Miller, May 1, 1779. It is now owned by Christian Miller, of Marion. Late in life this early settler in Guilford township removed to Somerset county. Mr. Krafft was married three times. He was married (1) October 15, 1739, to Anna Barbara Sallade, who died March 29, 1746; (2), April 29, 1746, to Maria Margareta Kusien, who died March 14, 1772; and (3), May 6, 1776, to Anna Maria Baumgardner, who died October 30, 1779. By his first marriage Mr. Krafft had two sons, Frederick and John. Of Frederick Krafft, the elder of these sons, we have no certain knowledge except a tradition that he died in this county in 1800, leaving a number of children, of whom I have the names of John, Mary, Elizabeth, Susan, Catharine and Barbara. Another Frederick Croft owned a farm, known for many years as a Keller farm, which was southeast of the Bonbrake lands, the latter being contiguous to Grindstone Hill Church. This farm passed from the Croft family before the close of the eighteenth century, as is shown by a release executed by Frederick Krafft, son of the grantee, and Elizabeth, his wife, of Frederick county, Md., and Jacob Harshberger and Margaret, his wife, daughter of the grantee, March 26, 1796. I should be happy to learn if these Fredericks are identical. John Krafft, the younger son of Frederick Krafft by his first

marriage, was a soldier of the Revolution. He enlisted in Capt. William Heyser's company in the German regiment of Continental troops, commanded by Colonel Baron Arndt, July 27, 1776, and was honorably discharged July 26, 1779. Captain Heyser, who lived at Hagerstown, was the ancestor of the Heyser family of Chambersburg. Mr. Krafft was married to Christiana Smith, of whom presently. By this marriage there were five daughters but no sons. The eldest daughter, Anna Mary, was married but the name of her husband has not been ascertained. She had at least one daughter, who was the wife of the late Major W. A. B. Thompson, of Chambersburg. Catherine, the second daughter, was married to John Steamy, of Waynesboro. A third daughter, whose name has not been ascertained, married John Shook, also of Waynesboro. Barbara, the fourth daughter, married Jacob Seiner, of Lancaster county, and died at Carlisle. Susan, the youngest daughter, was the wife of Samuel Braizon, of St. Thomas, and one of her daughters became the mother of a beloved friend of my early manhood, the Rev. Dr. W. R. Humphrey Deatrich, a minister of the Reformed Church, who died at Newport, Pa., in 1900.

Frederick and Maria Margareta (Kusien) Krafft had nine children, John Peter, Anna Dorothea, wife of Philip Wagerline or Weigley, Anna Barbara, wife of George Coleman, John Martin, John Valentine, Eva, wife of Martin Fightner, Abraham, Catharine Elizabeth, wife of Jonathan Harry, and David. David Croft, the youngest of these children, was the great-grandfather of the Rev. Samuel and Prof. Daniel C. Croft, of Chambersburg. This Croft family is not only one of the oldest in the county but it possesses a singularly interesting history. I forgot to say that Abraham Croft, one of the sons of the patriarch, served in the Revolution in the company of his neighbor, Capt. John Jack.

It has always been claimed and the claim apparently is well founded that the first German settler within the bounds of the "German Settlement" was Jacob Schnebele, now Snively, who was born in Switzerland, December 21, 1694 and died near Shady Grove, in Antrim township, August 24, 1766. It is asserted that he built his cabin in 1734 on th

site of the stone mansion built by his son Andrew in 1781, and now owned and occupied by Adam B. Zarger, Esq. The Rev. Michael Schlatter, the father of the Reformed Church in the United States, visited him at his home in 1749, speaking of him as an "honest Swiss." He was the ancestor of the well known Snively family of this county. Another early German settler in the Antrim township part of the "German settlement" was Nicholas Heickes, who was the ancestor or rather one of the ancestors of the Prather family of Green-castle.

If you will ask my friend, Rush C. Prather, clerk to the county commissioners, if he had an ancestor named Hicks he will answer you affirmatively, and if you press him for further information he will inform you that the name of this ancestor was Christian Hicks. I have seen a statement somewhere, and may even have been induced to make it myself, that this Christian Hicks was killed by the Indians in 1755 or soon afterward. If any part of these statements is correct it is evident that Nicholas Heickes did not know his own name and failed to live long enough to fall a victim of Indian savagery. His will was dated September 6, 1749, and proved at Carlisle, September 20, 1750. In this will he named a wife Christina, a daughter Mary, wife of Henry Pawling, and a daughter Elizabeth, the wife of Henry Prather. He also mentions a son, whose name is not given in the will. It may be that this son was the Christian Hicks who was killed by the Indians. In some of the printed tax lists for Antrim township for 1751 appears the name of Christian Hicks. It is a question whether this name is applicable to the son of the testator or to Christian Heickes, his widow. The oversight in this case is doubtless due to the fact that the name of the township in which Nicholas Heickes lived is not given in his will. I would have overlooked it myself but for a list of German wills on record at Carlisle furnished me by my friend, the Hon. M. A. Foltz.

It is scarcely surprising that only a few names of testators living in the "German settlement" appear in the Cumberland county will books previous to the organization of the county

of Franklin. An examination of Foltz' list shows that apart from the will of Nicholas Heickes there are only six wills of German decedents previous to 1784. These testators were Henry Detch or Dutch, Bartholomew Seegrist, Jacob Snively, Philip Stump, Jacob Stutsman, and Jacob Worts. The will of Henry Detch was dated October 29, 1782, and proved November 25, 1783. He left a wife Eve and children Henry, Abraham, John, David, Eve, wife of Ullery Bluketterfer, and Ann, wife of Henry Thomas. He was a taxable in Antrim township in 1751, which then included the townships of Washington and Quincy. His sons, Henry and David Dutch, were taxables in the township of Washington in 1786, which then included Quincy. Bartholomew Seegrist was the ancestor of the Seacrist family of Mount Hope, now Five Forks. His will was dated July 8, 1777, and proved February 27, 1778. He left a wife Susanna and children Henry, Solomon, John, Michael, Peter, Daniel, Catharine and Elizabeth. Jacob Stutsman lived in Peters township. His will was dated March 15, 1773, and proved January 2, 1776. Jacob Wortz or Wertz was the ancestor of the Wertz family of Altenwald and Quincy. With his family he emigrated to Pennsylvania on the ship "Mary," of London, John Gray, master, landing at Philadelphia, September 26, 1732, settling in York county and afterwards crossing the mountains by way of Monterey to find a permanent home at the site of the present village of Quincy. His will, in which he named his wife Barbara and children Conrad, George, John, Catharine wife of Abraham Knepper, and Margaret, whose married name was Hood, was dated March 14, 1775, and proved September 25, 1775. George Wertz was the father of a large family, his children being George, David, Jacob, Elizabeth, wife of Michael Emminger, Barbara, wife of Henry Kyler, Catharine, wife of Frederick Fisher, Eve, wife of John Bushman, and Mary, wife of Henry Cordel. David Wertz was married to Elizabeth Emerick and was the father of 'Squire Hiram Emerick Wertz, of Quincy. Jacob Wertz, brother of David, was the father of John Wertz, of Altenwald, and of Augustus Wertz, of Newark, N. J. It is claimed that Jacob Wertz, the emigrant, came to Quincy township as early as

1747. Whatever the date of his settlement, the family is one of the oldest German families in the county.

The limited number of these early German wills is easily explained. Some of the early German settlers died intestate. Most of the others, even the earliest, were very young when they came to the "German settlement" and were still living at the time of the erection of Franklin county in 1784. Besides it is unlikely that the German settlers began to arrive as early as has been claimed. The tax list for Guilford township in 1751 contains only two unmistakable German names, those of Frederick Croft and Peter Coaset. Another taxable, George Cook, may also have been a German. The late I. Daniel Rupp in his history of Franklin county claims Benjamin Gass, who settled on the Falling Spring where Stoufferstown is now situated and died in 1750, as a German. His descendants say that he was born on the River Bann, in County Antrim, Ireland. No German that I ever heard of claimed as the place of his nativity the banks of a stream so near the Giants Causeway. The Rev. Mr. Focht's list, besides those already mentioned, comprises the names of Jacob Heck and Daniel Purman about 1757, and Matthias Gift, Daniel Lob, Andrew Cover and Andrew Keyser about 1760. It is claimed by Mrs. Daniel Grove in her history of The Descendants of John Peter Snyder that the Snyder families of New Franklin and Chambersburg came to the settlement before the French and Indian War and that Nicholas Snider, the ancestor of the Chambersburg family, assisted in building the new road intended to furnish General Braddock with supplies in 1755. It seems probable that most of the early German settlers came here between 1760 and 1766, the latter being the year when the first Grindstone Hill Church was built.

I have been unable to ascertain when Matthias George was born or when he died. His wife was Magdalene Snyder, a sister of John Peter Snyder. She was still living in 1801. His son, Adam George, died in 1806, leaving a wife, Sophia, and a son Adam, besides other children.

It seems to me unlikely that the Smiths and Kellers settled in the neighborhood of Grindstone Hill quite so early as 1750. In neither case can I give you the names of the emigrant an-

cestors insured against accidents. The first of the Smith family to settle here I believe was Frederick Smith, who obtained an order for the survey of 158 acres, 96 perches of land, August 17, 1769, the survey being made April 10, 1772. This land was situated on my right, immediately north of us. Frederick Smith died in 1785, his son Anthony being his administrator. Anthony Smith removed to Friends' Cove, in Bedford county, and was the father of Frederick Smith, an eminent member of the Franklin County Bar, some of whose descendants still live in Chambersburg. He built the first grist mill in the cove a short distance north of Rainsburg. Frederick Smith's other sons, I believe, were George, Frederick, Daniel, Peter and Henry. A daughter, Christiana, married Daniel Reisher as his second wife, and was the mother of the late Samuel Reisher, for many years a justice of the peace in Chambersburg. At the time of her marriage she was the widow of John Croft, a son of Frederick and Anna Barbara (Sallade) Krafft. George Smith died in Guilford township, December 14, 1802, leaving a widow Susanna and these children, John, Jacob, Emanuel, Simon, Elizabeth, Catharine, wife of Frederick Heck, Susanna, wife of John Kern, Louisa, and Sarah, wife of John Heck. At the time of his death he owned a farm of 365 acres. The warrant for a part of this land was dated October 19, 1772, and it was surveyed November 15, 1772. Of Frederick Smith, the younger, I have no knowledge. Daniel Smith was first lieutenant of Capt. James Young's company, Cumberland County Associators, 1777-80. He was in command of a detachment of Guilford township soldiers in active service in the campaign around Philadelphia in 1777. His wife Eve was, I believe, a daughter of Jacob and Mary Heck, early settlers near Grindstone Hill. Ludwig Heck and Jacob Smith obtained letters of administration on his estate, February 20, 1822. Peter Smith was a member of the Lutheran Church at Grindstone Hill, his name appearing on the earliest membership list extant, that of 1801. He died in 1822. Henry Smith removed with his brother Anthony to Friends' Cove, in Bedford county. Whether Lieut. Daniel Smith was identical with Daniel Smith of Chambersburg, who was born

March 28, 1761, and died July 21, 1815, is uncertain, but I think it probable that Daniel Smith of Chambersburg was a son of Lieutenant Daniel and died before his father. Daniel Smith of Chambersburg was the father of three sons, Henry, Samuel and John, and of five daughters, Elizabeth, married to Benjamin Fahnestock, Anna Mary, married to Jacob Heck, Catharine, married to Frederick Smith, youngest son of Anthony Smith, Charlotte Matilda, married to David Oaks, and Anna Barbara, married to Abraham D. Kaufman. All these were prominent Chambersburg families in my youth when I was a student at the Chambersburg Academy under my esteemed preceptor, John K. Shryock, whose wife was a daughter of Frederick and Catharine (Smith) Smith. Henry Smith, the eldest son of Daniel Smith of Chambersburg, was born March 15, 1790, and died August 3, 1852. He was married to Catharine Berlin, a daughter of Philip and Mary A. (Coover) Berlin, of Chambersburg. She was born September 10, 1803, and died November 30, 1888. Samuel, the second son of Daniel Smith, was born in 1797, and died March 25, 1832. John, the youngest son of Daniel Smith, was born July 10, 1804, and died March 18, 1851. He was a merchant in Chambersburg, his store being on the east side of Main street, adjoining the Heyser properties. He died suddenly in his storeroom. At the time of his death he was manager of the Hollywell paper mill, in the ownership of which he was associated with his brothers-in-law, Barnard Wolff and William Heyser. He was an earnest supporter of the Reformed Church and its institutions. He was trustee of the Theological Seminary, 1836-51, and treasurer for the board, 1837-51; he was also a trustee of Marshall College, 1837-50. Mr. Smith was married February 15, 1827, to Amelia Heyser, daughter of Jacob and Catharine Heyser. She was born July 26, 1806, and died July 31, 1852. John and Amelia Smith had five children, three of whom, Jacob Heyser, Marion and Mary Loutzenheiser died in infancy. A daughter Amelia, now deceased, was married to William H. Trittle, and the youngest daughter, Alice, died only a year ago unmarried at the home of her cousins, William and Margaret Heyser.

While I cannot be certain I believe that the name of the first Keller was Jacob. His lands were on the Waynesboro road, north of New Franklin, adjoining the Conrad Snyder lands. When he died I have not ascertained. His wife was Mary; she died in 1799. There were two sons, probably among others, David and Jacob Keller. David Keller died about 1813, leaving six children, George, David, Elizabeth, Polly, Samuel and Jacob, of whom Peter Cook, of Altenwald, was appointed guardian. Jacob Keller was born September 30, 1759, and died May 24, 1830. He owned 200 acres of land near Grindstone Hill Church, adjoining the lands of Philip Oiler, Adam Bonbrake, the heirs of David Keller and the heirs of Christy Shetter. Jacob Keller was survived by his wife Margaret, and these children: John, Frederick, David, Samuel and Henry. I cannot follow the genealogy of this family further because I have not lived in the township for half a century, but I shall be obliged to any person who can supply me with a history of the Kellers. I believe the family has few representatives in the "German settlement" today.

In bewailing the absence of a historian for the "German settlement" I have not been unmindful of the work of the Rev. David H. Focht and of Mrs. Anna Barbara Grove. Mr. Focht's historical discourse, unfortunately, was confined to the membership of the Lutheran congregation of Grindstone Hill, and, consequently, the names of many of the early settlers are not included in it. Mrs. Grove's history of the descendants of her ancestor, John Peter Snyder, is a very creditable piece of genealogical work, but it is necessarily a history of a family and not of a community. Incidentally, however, it sheds much light on the early settlers and their descendants. John Peter Snyder, her ancestor, was born in the Palatinate on the Rhine, January 18, 1729, and died on his farm, north of New Franklin, June 18, 1807. He emigrated to Pennsylvania on the ship "Samuel" between the years 1745 and 1750, and as was the lot of many of the German emigrants at that time, he was compelled to serve for a long period of seven years in payment of his passage. These unfortunate emigrants were called redemptioners, but Mrs.

Grove does not hesitate to say that her ancestor was compelled to become a serf. The system certainly was a species of white slavery, and I may add that it was both unjust and barbarous. To claim seven years of service for a few pounds of passage money across the Atlantic was stealing a large slice of a man's lifetime. Young Snyder fulfilled the full term of his service for a master who lived in what is now Northampton county, but was in part requited for his long period of slavery by being taught the trade of a gun and locksmith. After the expiration of his service he came to the Conococheague, where he bought September 24, 1755, a tract of 198 acres, 37 perches of land, from James Jack, for which he paid the sum of four hundred pounds, Pennsylvania currency. This farm was situated north of the land of Philip Stump and was about three miles south of Chambersburg. It is now intersected by the Western Maryland Railroad. In spite and because of his early hardships Peter Snyder became very prosperous, and previous to his death he was an extensive landowner. He was married April 15, 1759, to Mary Catharine Elizabeth Stantz, of York, a daughter of Henry Stantz, who was a native of Switzerland. She was born January 28, 1739, and died November 21, 1782. John Peter and Mary Catharine Elizabeth Snyder were the parents of fourteen children: Henry, John, Peter, Catharine, John (2), Anna Barbara, Mary Elizabeth, Anna Mary, Jacob, Nicholas, Mary Elizabeth (2), Jeremiah, Mary Magdalena, and Anna Margaretta. In regard to these children and their descendants I need not enter into detail; for the family history I refer you to Mrs. Grove's valuable book, the completeness of which I am afraid few of her neighbors have appreciated. In my youth the descendants of John Peter Snyder were in the third generation. I knew some of them as well as it was possible to know them when it is remembered that they were well advanced in life and I was a boy. One of them was Peter Snyder, son of Peter, and grandson of John Peter Snyder. He lived south of New Franklin, on what is now the Christian Lehman farm. He was married to Hannah Cook, a daughter of Peter Cook, and a granddaughter of George Adam Cook or Koch, of whom I shall say a few words pre-

sently. Among their sons was Jacob Cook Snyder, for many years a justice of the peace for Guilford township, and Hiram T. Snyder, at one time register and recorder of Franklin county. Only one other son of John Peter Snyder had sons whom I remember—Jacob Snyder. His wife was Catharine Harley, daughter of John Harley, an Englishman. Their sons were John, Jacob and Henry Snyder. I have a personal reason for preserving a grateful recollection of Jacob Snyder, the second son of Jacob and Catharine Harley Snyder. He lived south of Marion, in Guilford township, of which he was a school director in 1855. Through his kindness I became teacher of the Marion school in that year when I was not yet sixteen years old. William H. Snyder, of Waynesboro, was his son and one of my pupils, as was also our host of today. Of the daughters of Jacob Snyder and Catharine Harley, Elizabeth, the eldest, was the mother of my old-time friend, John F. Zumbro, of New Franklin; Catharine was the mother of William Snyder Reed, of Chambersburg; and Anna Barbara, the youngest, wife of Daniel Grove, is the author of the best local genealogy of which I have any knowledge. The daughters of John Peter Snyder, the ancestor, intermarried with old families of the neighborhood. Anna Mary married George Zeigler, and removed to Perry county, Ohio; Mary Elizabeth married Bernard Poorman and went to Ohio with the Zieglers; and Mary Magdalena became the wife of Conrad Brown. Elizabeth Snyder, only daughter of Peter Snyder, son of John Peter Snyder, was married to John Senseny, a son of the first Dr. Abraham Senseny, of Chambersburg.

John Peter Snyder had four and perhaps five brothers. Of these I have knowledge of only two, Capt. Conrad Snyder, who owned a farm near New Franklin, and Nicholas Snider, of Chambersburg. Conrad Snider was a prominent citizen of Guilford township and an active member of the Reformed Church at Grindstone Hill. In the Revolutionary struggle he was an earnest patriot. He was commissioned a captain in Col. Frederick Watt's battalion of the "Flying Camp," September 7, 1776, but had the misfortune to be taken prisoner with Colonel Magaw's command at Fort Washington, on Manhattan Island, November 16, 1776. After being de-

tained in the prison pens of Long Island for a long period he was allowed to return home on parole. He was not exchanged until 1779. He was again commissioned a captain in Lieut.-Col. James Johnston's battalion, Cumberland county Associators, in 1780, and served on the western frontier. Captain Snider was coroner of Franklin county, 1786-88. He died in April, 1802. At the time of his death he owned a farm at New Franklin and two lots of ground, with a brick house, in Chambersburg. He was married to Catharine Stantz, of York county; their children were John, Jacob, Samuel, Anthony, Catharine, married to George Hart, Mary, married to Michael Poorman, and Elizabeth, married to Robert Philson. Mary, a daughter of Anthony Snyder, was the first wife of Jacob Eyster, who was an associate judge of Franklin county. The Philsons removed to Somerset county and the others to western Pennsylvania and Ohio. None of his descendants have lived in the "German settlement" for nearly a century.

Nicholas Snider was among the first settlers in the new town of Chambersburg and built a house on the site of the National Hotel in Main street, in which he died in 1795. The name of his wife, like that of his brother Conrad, was Catharine Stants. She was born in 1751, and died in 1835. Their sons were Jacob, Jeremiah, John, and Nicholas, and their daughters were Mary, Elizabeth, Margaret and Sarah. Jacob Snider was born at Chambersburg, October 25, 1767, and died October 29, 1850. He kept the tavern known as the "White Horse" for many years. It stood on the site now occupied by the National Hotel. He also owned a brick tavern at the West Point. He was sheriff of Franklin county, 1805-08, and a member of the Chambersburg town council in 1825 and in 1840. He was for many years an elder of Zion Reformed Church. His wife, Elizabeth Christiana, was born December 29, 1771, and died December 27, 1850. Their daughter Elmira was married first to Jacob Trout, and secondly, to William Pym. The late Dr. William F. Trout, of McConnellsburg, and Dr. Nicholas C. Trout, also deceased, were her sons. Jeremiah Snider was born June 6, 1769, and died January 15, 1847. He was colonel of the 73rd

Regiment, Pennsylvania Militia, previous to the passage of the militia act of 1807. He enlisted a company in Chambersburg, September 5, 1812, for the second war with Great Britain and was appointed colonel of the 1st Pennsylvania Regiment, serving on the Niagara frontier. He was sheriff of Franklin county, 1817-20. For many years he kept the hotel that is now the Montgomery House. Colonel Snider was married to Margaret Roemer, who was born July 14, 1771, and died December 25, 1831. Their sons were Jeremiah, Nicholas, George W., and Lewis, and their daughters were Catharine, Rosanna Maria, married to Peter Oyster, Catharine, the second of the name, married to John Noel, and Margaret, married to John Strealey. Some of their descendants are still living in Chambersburg.

Jacob Heck, who, according to Mr. Focht, came to the Grindstone Hill settlement about 1757, and died in September, 1795, was the ancestor of the Heck family of Chambersburg. The name of his wife was Mary. Their sons were Jacob, John, Frederick and Ludwig, and their daughters, Elizabeth, Eve and Rebecca. Ludwig Heck was born near Grindstone Hill in May, 1767, and died in Chambersburg, December 19, 1853. His wife Catharine was born December 19, 1770, and died May 4, 1837. Their sons were Jacob, John, George, and Lewis F. The family was prominent in Chambersburg down to the middle of the nineteenth century.

Daniel Purman, who is grouped by Mr. Focht as a settler near Grindstone Hill with Jacob Heck in 1757, was born in Lancaster, now Dauphin county, August 31, 1744. This would make him only thirteen years old at the time of his settlement. He died April 18, 1825. He was married to Barbara Hufford, who was born May 25, 1746, and died June 27, 1815. Among his children were probably Bernard, Jacob, Peter and Michael Poorman, but excepting the descendants of Bernard, who married Mary Elizabeth Snyder, whose descendants are given in Mrs. Grove's book, we have no account of them.

The Gift, Lob, Cover and Keyser families were still represented in the settlement in my youth, but I have no history of any of them. Keyser lived east of the Snyder farms,

between the George lands and the Harmony farm. Of Daniel Lob it is said that he brought the first log for the erection of the Grindstone Hill Church in 1766. At that time there was no timber in the neighborhood and the pine logs of which the first church was built were obtained a number of miles away. Two congregations, one Lutheran, the other Reformed, united in building the church, and they still worship alternately in its successor. On a set day the members of both congregations united in hauling the logs to the ground, not on wagons as would now be the method, but by dragging them. Naturally there was great rivalry as to who should deliver the first log. Although Lob was first the credit was denied him because he brought his log a part of the way on the previous evening and the honor went to John George Cook, who was, I believe, a member of the Reformed congregation. It was a very primitive building that these early pioneers erected. The logs were hewn on two sides and sunk into each other at the corners. A few panes of glass placed between the logs at different places served as windows. There was no gallery but logs were placed in position so that they might make one in the future. At a later period slabs were placed across these gallery logs and when the church was crowded some of the men occupied seats on the slabs, to which they gained access by a ladder. There was no ceiling under the roof. A graveyard was laid out north of the Chambersburg and Waynesboro road and the church stood between the road and the graveyard. This church was used by the two congregations until 1833, when the present brick church was built. In my youth a part of the foundation walls of the old church could still be traced. Soon after the erection of the church a school-house was built, which was still standing in my boyhood. It ceased to be used for school purposes, except occasionally in the summer, after the introduction of the public school system. Previous to the civil war it was sometimes used for the contests of a debating society organized in the neighborhood, of which I myself was a member and had for one of my antagonists the Rev. Dr. Harvey W. McKnight, for many years president of Pennsylvania College at Gettysburg.

The identity of John George Cook, who was awarded the credit for bringing the first log to the ground for the first Grindstone Hill Church, presents a problem that I am unable to solve. The name occurs frequently in the lists of early German emigrants but I know of no John George Cook in the Grindstone Hill settlement. It may be that he was a son of George Adam Cook or Koch, who settled at the site of Altenwald, it is claimed by his descendants, in 1753. George Adam Cook was born in Germany, probably in the Palatinate, July 22, 1719, and died on his plantation, August 17, 1785. I have not ascertained the name of his wife, but his children were George, Adam, Michael, Jacob, John, Christian, Daniel, Peter, Catharine, wife of Peter Bonbrake, Barbara, wife of Jacob Snyder, Mary, and Margaret. George Cook, the eldest son of George Adam, was probably the John George Cook who was the log winner, John being the prefix to more than one of the Christian names of the sons in many of the early families. The only one of the sons of George Adam Cook of whom I have personal knowledge was Peter Cook, who lived until 1859. He inherited the old Cook homestead at Altenwald. His son, John B. Cook, was the father of Jeremiah Cook, a member of the Franklin County Bar and at one time editor of the "Franklin Repository." Jeremiah Cook's daughter, Helen, is the wife of Walter K. Sharpe, Esq. The Cook homestead is still owned and occupied by a member of the family. Peter Bonbrake, who married Catharine Cook, was a son of Daniel Bonbrake, who died in 1790. He owned the land adjacent to and including the ground on which the Grindstone Hill Church was built, which he deeded to six trustees of the German Presbyterian congregation at Grindstone Hill, October 27, 1798. The church land was a triangular piece of ground and contained 51 acres and 144 perches. Peter and Catharine Bonbrake's son, Adam, was living on the old Bonbrake homestead, southeast of the church, in my youth. E. J. Bonbrake, Esq., and Dr. H. X. Bonbrake, of Chambersburg, are descendants of Conrad Bonbrake, a brother of Peter.

I might prolong these desultory sketches until I had written a book, including such old families as the Hermans, Fet-

terhoffs, Giesemans, Gifts, Essicks, Stengers, Lochbaums, Tritles, Waldburns, Frys, Eylers and Benedicts, but I must refrain because I have a telepathic message from Mrs. Zarger saying it is dinner time.

THE TERRITORY OF NORTH HAMILTON IN PIONEER DAYS.

BY CHARLES M. DEATRICH.

The large territory which in 1752 was named Hamilton, when the township was created, was so called after James Hamilton, Colonial Governor of Pennsylvania, 1748-1754, when its name first appeared on the records of Cumberland county. Originally and until 1818 it embraced the territory of Saint Thomas, east of Campbell's Run. It is bounded on the north by Letterkenny township, on the east by Greene and Guilford, on the south by Guilford and Antrim, and on the west by Peters, with the Conococheague on the East, Campbell's Run on the west, and Back Creek which now divides it from Saint Thomas on the west, the latter flowing through the Central Part, together with interior streams, rushing musically through their channels, from the Kittoch-tinny Mountains on the north to the Pine clad hills of the Southern border. The pioneer settlers wisely thought the territory when made arable for the pursuits of agriculture, would be an attractive place for desirable homesteads, because of its diversity of scenery, its mountains, valleys, fields, meadows and water courses.

But, it is not alone the grandeur of the North mountain scenery, the picturesqueness of field, woodland and meadow, and playful murmuring of clear streams of this section, rushing through their channels to Back Creek and the East Conococheague, although poetic and pleasing to the original Scotch-Irish settlers, that makes the territory of North Hamilton, Letterkenny and that part of Saint Thomas East of Campbell's Run, formerly belonging to Hamilton, so interesting as a narrative. The historic record of the pioneers and their sons tells of dauntless warrior deeds, privations and hard-

ships endured, combined with feats of noble daring, of trials and triumphs, successes and failures, the vicissitudes of life wrought in that formative period. These were incident to the history of that section in the provincial days, when laws were simply orders given by those possessing but brief authority, there being no military system in the early days of the old French war. Between fighting wild Indians after Braddock's defeat in Western Pennsylvania, and farming and erecting homes, the settlers were kept busy. They had to prepare to meet the incursions of hostile bands of the six nations, who inspired by the boldness which victory brought to them, raided the country, hunting and fishing and carrying into captivity the persons, or had hanging on their belts the scalps of the pale faces, whom they said cheated them in land deals; broad acres of which they were the possessors, and miles of forest had stretched far beyond the rolling blue of the Kittochtinnies, which in the Indian tongue means endless mountain.

Thus, because of no military system, the people formed companies, called Associators or rangers, built forts and blockhouses, for their common defense against the uprising of the savages. The second company, called rangers or associators, was organized under Captain Joseph Armstrong in 1755, and was composed of members of the families of the North Mountain region now embraced in the townships of Hamilton, Letterkenny and Saint Thomas. From less than three dozen families there was enlisted under Captain Joseph Armstrong a company of seventy men, showing that all the male members of the families were of good fighting stock. Captain Armstrong owned a plantation in what is now the Edenville settlement. His home had been what is now the Rhea farm of the Wilson heirs. The same plantation consisting of about 700 acres also embraced the present estate of John F. Gelwicks, whose grandfather, Frederick Gelwicks, bought it from Capt. Armstrong. In Captain Armstrong's company, thus formed after Braddock's defeat, there were five persons each of the name of Barnett, and Shields. There were Scotts and Mitchells, Stuarts, Armstrongs, Irvins, McCamants, Browns, McCamishs, Caldwelles,

Dixons, Dennys, McCords, Norris', Pattersons, Johnsons, Wilson and Patton. There were three Eattons and three Swans. One of the latter, William Swan, was the great-grandfather of Dr. J. H. Swan, of Saint Thomas and who afterwards served in Captain Jack's Company. William Dixon, who was also a Sergeant in Bouquet's command, was the grandfather of Gen. Wm. D. Dixon, of Saint Thomas.

Colonel Joseph Armstrong was next to Col. Chambers in importance, he, as well as a number of his first company of rangers becoming noted Indian fighters. He was a member of the Colonial Assembly from 1756 to 1758, and was paymaster for the colony for the great road which was built from Fort Loudon to Pittsburg, afterwards the great thoroughfare of the Pike to the west. Later he was the commander of the 5th Battalion in the Revolutionary War, which, when organized in December, 1776, marched to the defense of Philadelphia. His companies contained the flower of the North Mountain Chivalry, the roll containing names of warriors, who, for knightly courage gained great distinction. John Andrew, Samuel Patton, John McConnel, William Thompson, Charles McClay, James McKee, John Martin, John Rhea, John Murphy, George Mathews and John Boggs were company officers in the Armstrong battalion, and William Thompson and John Rea of the battalion which was raised in Hamilton, Letterkenny and Lurgan, afterwards for distinguished services rose to the rank of Brig. General. James Elder, of the company of Associators, was the grandfather of Col. James G. Elder, after whom Elder Post G. A. R. No. 578 of Saint Thomas is named, and who fell, severely wounded, at the battle of Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13th, 1862, while gallantly leading his command, which was the 126th regiment. Pa. Volunteer Infantry. The command was then taken by Lieut. Colonel D. Watson Rowe, afterwards, for years the learned judge of the Franklin county court, who was a soldier as gallant as he was heroic and brave, and who succeeded Elder. Calm as a May morning, while leading a charge, with his face toward the foe, he was wounded in the face, at Chancellorsville, Va., May 2, 1863. The adjutant of the same regiment was afterwards Judge John Stewart, who

succeeded Rowe as judge of the county courts, and who now is Justice John Stewart, the learned jurist of the Pennsylvania Supreme Court.

The following is the company roll of North Hamilton Associators or Rangers which Col. Joseph Armstrong organized for the protection of the frontier settlement against the incursion of the Indians in 1755. Then there was no military system, as referred to, and consequently the company had no subordinate officers. The men, most of whom were sturdy, brave Presbyterians, were members of the old Rocky Spring Church, who were willing to carry out to the letter the commands of their intrepid leader. To his dictates they obeyed, with more than a flimsy devotion, or the signing of a mere fragile paper bond:

Armstrong, John; Armstrong, Thomas; Barnett, James; Barnet, John; Barnett, Joshua; Barnett, Thomas, Sr.; Barnett, Thomas, Jr.; Brown, Samuel, Sr.; Brown, Samuel, Jr.; Boyd, John; Caldwell, Alexander; Caldwell, Robert; Denny, William; Denny, James; Dixon, Robert; Dixon, William; Eatton, Joseph, Sr.; Eatton, James; Eatton, John; Elder, James; Gallery, Geo.; Groin, Robert; Guthrie, James; Hindman, John; Irwin, Abraham; Irwin, Christopher; Irwin, John; Johnson, John; James, John; McCamant, James, Sr.; McCamant, James, Jr.; McCamant, Charles; McCamish, James; McCamish, John; McCamish, William; McConnell Robert; McCord, John; McCord, William; McKeaney, Jonathan; Machan, John; Mitchell, James; Mitchell, John; Mitchell, Joshua; Mitchell, William; Moore, Jonathan; Norris, John; Patterson, James; Patterson, Joshua; Rankin, William; Rippy, Jonathan; Robertson, Barnett; Scott, Francis; Scott, James; Scott, William; Scott, Patrick; Shield, David; Shield, Matthew, Sr.; Shield, Robert; Shield, Matthew, Jr.; Shield, Robert, Jr.; Shield, Robert W.; Swan, Jonathan; Swan, Joshua; Swan, William; Stuart, Charles; Stuart, Daniel; Stuart, John, Devard, William; Wilson, John.

The three Eattons referred to as members of the company of North Hamilton rangers in the Provincial days of 1755, were Joseph, James and John, who became distinguished

soldiers. The Eattons owned a large plantation which they received from the Provincial government, and the State, all of which was situated in North Hamilton, where they erected a large stone mill on Denny's Creek, which after them came down through a succession of owners, namely in 1810 to Hugh Ferguson, then Jacob Deatrich, David Eby, John H. Weaver, Wm. B. Schaeffer, Benjamin Frey, and is now owned and operated by Elmer E. Miller, it still being a millers' mill with improved machinery, saw mill and cider mill attachments, all of which has recently been improved, and whereat there will soon be a polling place established for the convenience of the latter day North Mountain patriots.

It was when this territory was a part of the county of Cumberland that Samuel Lyon, an Assistant of Colonel John Armstrong, and who was a surveyor, surveyed for Joseph Eatton, Sr., the 10th day of September, 1767, in pursuance of an order from the Surveyor General, bearing date the 20th day of April, 1767, and numbered 3540, one hundred and forty-five acres and 112 perches, which tract of land Joseph Eatton, Sr., and Jane his wife, conveyed the 6th day of June, 1801, to John Stump, of Greene township. The patentee deed was originally made by Hon. Charles Biddle with the seal of the State, who was Vice President of the Supreme Executive Council of the Commonwealth, attested by James Trimble for John Armstrong, Jr., Sec'y, Sept. 24, 1787, and which was named on the parchment "Joseph's 'Delight.'" There were five Eattons, Joseph Eatton, Sr., Joseph Eatton, Jr., James, John and Isaac. A receipt in payment of purchase money for 138 $\frac{3}{4}$ acres and allowance of 6 per cent. for roads from the State authority to Joseph Eatton, Sr., reads thus:

Philadelphia, Pa., Mch., 1788. Received of Joseph Eatton, Sr., 6 pounds in Pennsylvania State money and 19 Pounds in Pennsylvania certificates, making together 25 pounds in full of the purchase money and interest for 138 $\frac{3}{4}$ acres in Hamilton township, Franklin county, on his plantation No. 3540, dated 20th April, 1767." Signed Francis Johnston, Recorder.

"Joseph's Delight" was sold to John Stump of Greene township, Joseph Eatton receiving for the same 1040 pounds

12 shillings and 6 pence. A record of said land being in patent book No. 13, page 64. This is the same tract, which on November 30, 1802 was conveyed by John Stump and his wife Barbara to Michael Palmer, a German settler from Lancaster Co., whose father was Samuel Palmer, from whom he inherited sufficient means to purchase other lands in the near locality than the plantation on which he and his young wife settled. This purchase made one among the first divisions of the large estates acquired by the original Scotch-Irish settlers to Germans in that locality who came across the South Mountains from Lancaster, York and other Eastern counties. Michael Palmer early in life married Catharine Redsecker of his native county of Lancaster, and together on the hillside in North Hamilton, in the midst of the gigantic woodland which was covered with numerous different species of forest trees, which cast their shadows to the ground, the young couple lived in a temporary log house at the place at which Eatton on the parchment of his deed had first written the name of "Joseph's Delight". There for 100 years the Palmer pear trees which were brought by the elder Palmer from Lancaster and planted, have to this day stood and have borne each year their luscious fruit; so that the Palmer pear of a century ago, twigs from which trees had been often grafted by the neighbors, and the fruit thus perpetuated is yet known and enjoyed along the North Mountain. It was not long until the substantial stone house of dressed limestone and stone barn and other buildings, which have withstood the storms and ravages of time, took the place of the pioneer log structure, situated on the nearby course of Denny's Creek, which is an historical and romantic stream, winding with its grassy border in poetic adornment "Through meadows green and whose rivulets, running happy and free, haunted with its wild flowers on the brink our earlier days, and which, altogether could have disclosed secrets, that, unsuspectingly were told, beyond the limits of to-day's dull page, when there were haunts along the hillside and nooks along the shore."

The stream has its head in mountain springs of cold, sparkling water which gurgles forth from the rocks. At intervals in its course the stream is shaded by walnut, hickory, birch

and wide-spreading beech, chestnut and poplars, and there and elsewhere in the expanse of meadows which meet the waters edge, from a warble to a full sounded swell, tuned in pleasing melody with the musical flow of the current to Back Creek and the East Conococheague, may be seen the feathered songsters of wood and field, while giant elms and stately oaks tip with becoming courtesy to the graceful festoonings of willows, which, dressed in the gay garb of their lovely drapery of yellow and green, make majestic bows to hardy, long-lived alders, or embrace the hawthorn bush that scents the evening gales. From the homestead is a lovely viewpoint of the mountain and the picturesque Keefer valley. On the hillside, where grow wild strawberries and the smiling golden rod, gurgling forth from a gum stump case-ment, made from the shell of a huge gum tree 100 years ago by the elder Palmer, and which is in good preservation, is a spring of the purest, coldest water of which North Mountain disciples of Isaac Walton, who know its reputation, slake their thirst when passing that way, after having sat at the old Eatton mill dam for hours, casting their lines into the green obscurity to such as could be enticed to the barbed clutch of their hooks.

Michael Palmer was fond of the sportsman's joy, and in autumn's pleasant weather, when large, wild game was plentiful, with rifle in hand, and the huntsman's horn, he would traverse the wild woodland, through dim defiles and over mountain gorges; his pulses thrilling with delight when the dogs took their scented courses, and joyed at the echo of the wild baying of his hounds over mountain and through valley, as they, in hot pursuit of the game took their quartered round.

Of the sons born to this couple there was George, who died in early youth, Jacob, Michael and Jonas C. The daughters were Mary, Elizabeth, Barbara and Catharine, all of whom married. In the division of the estate by will, before death, the old homestead herein referred to was settled upon Jonas C. Palmer, who married Catherine Flack, both of whom after a happy, busy and useful life together, whose good works are well and kindly remembered, as of a generation who lived

contemporary with the good people of the North Mountain families of their period, and having subserved their allotted time, have all passed to their reward. Mrs. Catherine Palmer died in December, 1884, her husband Jonas C. Palmer, in August, 1887, and their remains with one son Harry, and George W.; the latter of whom married Flora Alberta Keefer, who latterly owned and occupied the old homestead, lie buried in Cedar Grove Cemetery, Chambersburg. Their families and homes feel the test of severed ties and become scattered in the maze which is incident to human affairs. In the cemetery of Keefer's Church a memorial reads: "Sacred to the memory of Michael Palmer, who died April 7, 1853, aged 82 years, 10 months and 1 day, also to his wife, Catharine Palmer, who was born July 19th, 1775, and died June 3rd, 1846." Michael Palmer, the brother of Jonas C., and Jacob Palmer, is well remembered as a school teacher in his day, whose chirography is familiar in beautiful pen pictures, and which may be found in old copy books, preserved in many a North Mountain home. The survivors of the family of Jonas C. Palmer, who were reared at the old homestead, are Wm. P. Palmer, Sterling, Ills.; B. Frank Palmer, Mansfield, Ohio; D. D. Palmer, Modesto, California; Dr. Charles F. Palmer, Chambersburg; Mrs. M. A. Keefer, Chambersburg; Mrs. John F. Mish, Mercersburg; Mrs. C. M. Deatrich, Saint Thomas.

Not only upon the smooth, polished under casement of the century living tortoise has the writer seen carved a name that bore the Palm—the—"er" having been long since obliterated and thus worn off, because the curvature of the under shell, as the creature migrated over the real estate of the slate, gravel and limestone, wore more heavily on the outer surface where the latter letters "er" which made up the Palmer name had been cut; but initials in memorial of those hereinbefore named and other laborers of by-gone days, who spent many days of happy boyhood on the farm; while deep cut in the cavernous abdomen of a huge feed chest in the barn, as if the operator possessed the nerve and a clean cut knife with which to successfully perform the operation, altogether thus evincing an early inclination for surgery, are left the memo-

rial initials, C. F. P., the now well-known surgeon and physician of Chambersburg.

Thus it was in the earlier history of the North Mountain country, which is now better known as the Edenville settlement and the Keefers valley, that for services rendered in Indian warfare, and little money, and to prepare the land for the pursuits of agriculture, those early pioneers who were Indian fighters secured from the proprietary of Pa. letters patent of large plantations which were latterly sold and divided, as other settlers came from the Eastern counties. The Eatton plantation was originally granted to Joseph Eatton by the Supreme Executive Council under the hand of Hon. Peter Muhlenbergh, Vice President under the Seal of the Commonwealth, and was named in the written parchment "Eattonton." It joined the plantations of Col. Joseph Armstrong, Matthew Patton, James Warden, John Buzzard, Samuel Patton, Christian Stump, John Mitchell, Robert Grey, Nathaniel McKinstry, John Stump, who sold to Michael Palmer. The latter named persons figured in the divisions in about 1800, as shown by a draft made by Daniel Henderson, and at a time when Edward Crawford was the first Recorder of Deeds for Franklin county, which with the office of Prothonotary, he held for 21 years. The farm on which is now Miller's Mill is owned by John K. Lehman. The Matthew Patton Plantation passed to the Wilsons and is now the estate of James Shields. The estate of the original John Buzzard was settled on William Bossart, and from thence to John W. Bossart the present owner. William Bossart's sister married Rev. Reuben Weiser, a Lutheran minister who was once pastor at Saint Thomas, whose father, Conrad Weiser, living with the Indians, acquired their language, and thus was well qualified to perform, in the early days, as the friend of William and Thomas Penn. that part of Colonial history in which he figured in the double role of land agent and interpreter, dealing with the Indians for land, which was written in the agreement "to the setting sun" which the Indians then thought was just on the other side of the Kittochtinny Mountains. This sort of diplomacy and wagering

rifles for acres of forest, caused the Indians finally to be the bitter foes of the white man.

Conrad Weiser was the author of a book entitled "Regina, the German Captive," by the Indians, wherein it is said that a young girl from captivity was rescued to her mother by the sagacity of Col. Henry Bouquet.

The paternal head of three generations of the Bossarts had been justices of the peace for North Hamilton for many years. John Bossert, William Bossert, the present official; J. W. Bossart, performing the judicial functions, as a popular and peaceful ruler of that region for a number of years. The Elder Bossart dispensed wholesome liquor from a distillery which he operated as well as law from his sanctum. He was jovial and fun loving, and when he wanted a friendly gathering at his home, it is said, he would institute a mock trial by issuing a warrant for some supposed person for wrongdoing, have a subpoena served to witnesses who were friends he wanted present, and when the hour named for the trial to begin, and when the gathering of his North Mountain cronies was complete, he would order the suit nol prossed because of insufficient evidence against the criminal, who was arraigned. Then in a speech in which was stated that "we have met under circumstances of the most auspicious nature," and with long laughs along the line, he would say like Lord Byron, "Boys take a drink; who would not, since in life's merry round, in the goblet alone, no deception is found." Then getting his violin in the sprightly playing of which he was an adept, there would follow a live long night of dancing and merriment.

Fort McCord, which was a blockhouse constructed of logs, was so called after the McCord boys, who for knightly courage gained great distinction as members of Col. Joseph Armstrong's North Mountain rangers. For the protection of the settlement they were skilled in the mysteries of the Kitchitniny trail after redskins. Fort McCord was located between the Bossart and Palmer homesteads, south of where J. W. Bossart's barn now stands. When the twenty-seven inmates of McCord's Fort were either killed or carried into captivity in April, 1756, among whom was Dr. Jamison, of

Col. Armstrong's battalion, the uprising for revenge was so great that Captain William Denny (after whom the beautiful stream of clear, sparkling mountain water took its name of Denny's Creek, and is to this day so named), and Francis Campbell, headed a party of the brave fighters of Sandy Hook, who had a knowledge of woodcraft, and run the redskins over the mountains west of Sideling Hill in the Tuscaroras, where in a battle William Denny was killed and Francis Campbell was severely wounded. It was about that time, when upon William Mitchell's plantation, as reference to old deeds and drafts show, adjoined Joseph Eatton's estate, latterly the Palmer homestead, the persons employed by Wm. Mitchell to cut his grain crop were all massacred or captured in the fields when at work.

Distilleries at rural places for making whiskey in the early days were as plentiful as wayside inns, or taverns. Along the great public thoroughfare of the pike were numerous places for dispensing it. These hotels, as they would now be called, with large signs to almost compel the rural wayfarer, hungry and thirsty for old Monongahela to stop, were named with large letters on a sign posted at a conspicuous place, after generals or statesmen of prominence, such as Washington, Franklin, Penn, &c. In 1800, the person who presided as judge of the court of this district was Judge Riddle. His brother who was also a practitioner at law, succeeded to the judge's law practice when the latter was elevated to the bench, and thus with a large practice Samuel Riddle made plenty of money. He was of a speculative mind and among other investments he bought Parnell's Knob, to which, from the turnpike, which was constructed later, he dug a road of great expanse through the mountain forest. He planted peach and apple orchards on Parnell's Knob, erected a chopping mill, and a distillery and commenced the manufacture of apple jack and peach brandy. The adventure was not stimulating enough to be successful, and the buildings becoming in time rotten, the ruins took the name of "Riddle's Folly." After the Mount Parnell Chopping Mill and Distillery became ruins, a similar one was erected by John Reigel, near the old Franklin Furnace, where at the gap in the mountain

the famous Explorers, The Colonels, annually pitch their tents of awning cloth, making a picturesque robe to a summer scene. Robert Carson was the distiller who ran the distillery and chopping mill at this point, at which the young North Mountain bloods, as a loafing place, then gathered. One night when the buhr stones of the chopping mill imperfectly and slowly ground the grists of grain and corn for his patrons, John Reigel, the proprietor, "set up" the whisky to the boys, suggesting to them his plan of getting a new set of buhrs. Accordingly Jacob Ault, James Noonan, William Mills and Andrew Hemphill and a dozen or more of the brave North Mountain boys, then in a condition of high wrought enthusiasm, started for Parnell's Knob, stole the buhr stones from the old Riddle Mill and conveyed them to their employer Reigel, who used them for a long time. The last seen of the buhr stones was when the well known German, George Eckert used them in a cider mill of his own construction.

For many years Nancy Grey's plantation in the North Mountain has been named the "Yankee Gap," after a backwoods philosopher of the Mormon faith by the name of Amos Tomlinson. He was of an intelligent, Connecticut family, who ruled that region, and whose religious belief was the story of the Bible literally.

Robert Grey, the original settler, and the husband of Nancy Grey, died early after locating in his mountain home, and Nancy became the proprietress until her death, when she was only a few months short of 100 years old. She was a wiry, snappy, Scotch-Irish lady, who always had fire in her spirit as well as in her eight feet fire place of her mountain cabin, to which abode the settlers living in the country and at Sandy Hook would often go for fire (ashes and coals in a bucket), which was before matches were made, and when fire was kindled with the use of steel, flint and punk.

Nancy was a crack shot with the rifle, for which she moulded the bullets at her fire place, and her disposition to use it, as did Fenimore Cooper's hero of "The Leather Stocking Tales," made Nancy a noted character as she rode her grey mare over the plantation on a saddle which, being shaped like the gap of the mountain, it was thus originally

named "Nancy Grey's Saddle," after the proprietress of that mountain plantation. With the use of the rifle there is a well supported tradition, handed down through a succession of old settlers, that Nancy at shooting matches, which were the leading sports of the early days, was quite unlike the latter day sportsmen, who use an ounce and a quarter of leaden pellets and three and one-half drams of smokeless powder for a load, and then miss the object, because Nancy would drive the tack, which was the bulls eye of the target, with a single pellet, and score equally with the best marksmen whose pride was to handle the rifle with consummate skill. Whether armed thus with their long rifles going to church at Rocky Spring or watching wild Indians when toiling in the woodland or fields, harvesting their crops, all that they needed to make shooting events more spirited and memorable, as the saying has been handed down, was to take "a horn," which does not mean to take the receptacle made from the horns of cattle in which they kept their powder dry, but "to take a horn together" was a phrase coined before drinking cups were made, and when cattle's horns were used to drink from at springs and social gatherings. The phrase seems not more humorous than the cultivation of the social features today, when the Fulton county veteran, once on parade invited the bronzed statue of the soldier at the Chambersburg memorial fountain, as his comrade whom he thought was standing on guard at one place so long and needed refreshments other than the outside sprinkling occasioned by the playful gurgling of the fountain down to Rube Miley's saloon to take with him a "schooner" of beer.

Nancy Grey's daughter married Isaac Irvine, a noted North Mountain personage, and when the estate was later owned by the Yankee referred to, the wife of the owner, an intelligent woman and fine teacher of astronomy, died, after which the family scattered to the west. It is not generally known that one of the poor, fair haired and blue eyed little girls, whom with the rest of her brothers and sisters sometimes hungry and half clad, walked in winter to the North Hamilton school, and whose tracks in the snow might have been seen through the mountain forest from the Yankee Gap, became a

graduate of a Western College for young ladies, and whose graduating paper, as her speech delivered as the salutatorian of her class, and which was the thrilling story of a life, vividly a portrayal of her own, lived in part in the North Mountain forests, when to and from school they roared and tossed in the storm, was so well received that a publishing house bought the paper and thousands of copies were sold in book form. The authoress became a popular educator in her western home. There, unexpectedly at a social event, she met the person who had been her young lady teacher of North Hamilton school. Then, so far as the program of merriment for the evening to the assembly of guests was concerned, in a quiet corner, apart from the gaiety, the former teacher of North Hamilton and scholar recalled from the well springs of recollection that interesting part of a "Psalm of life" which fond memory brought, "the light of other days around them."

Another gap in the mountain about one mile east of the Yankee Gap, from above which, along the wall of the mountain, is a splendid view point of the Keefer Valley, is named the Keefer Gap, after the numerous families of Keefers, who bear that name. The place is sometimes named the Quarry because of the beautiful flat stones abounding there. The stones used in the entrance space of the Chambersburg Court house steps had been taken from the quarry. Dewalt Keefer, Abraham Keefer, Joseph and Lewis Keefer were the heads of the families from whom most of the Keefers have sprung. They were a numerous family. The names of forty-seven Keefers at one time constituted almost the entire membership of Keefer's Church (union, Reformed and Lutheran), which was built on land given by Frederick Karper in 1828.

Among the German settlers of about 1800, or prior thereto, were the Keefers, Bosserts, Palmers, Weists, Weavers, Karper, Decks and others, who acquired the divided plantation from the Scotch-Irish and erected substantial stone houses. The country from Fort Loudon, along the North Mountain through the Keefer Valley to Strasburg extends through a ledge which divides the limestone, slate and gravel lands. Through this belt from St. Thomas and Edenville leads three roads, named the Mountain, Middle and Loudon roads, the

latter being named after Lord Loudon, the commander of the British Provincial troops, who went that way from Carlisle to the West in 1755, to the forests of the Alleghenies. Lewis Keefer, as the saying was, "kept the old store" on the hillside between where Keefer's store now is located and Strasburg. Free whisky rather than trading stamps and advertising was the merchants reach for customers in those by-gone days, when the jug free to all was set on the counter, and one day when a large hogshead of molasses came to the store front on a large Conestoga wagon, in a crescent shaped bed, which was the inland ship of commerce of those days, plenty of customers, whose pride was their strength were ready to assist at the loading and the unloading at the store. A hogshead of golden drips syrup, which was about five barrels, one day slipped in the unloading from the grasp of the fun-loving boys (or perhaps when on purpose they left it slip), down the hill of the roadway, the golden molasses drips flying in all directions, like fire flies in a summer beam, the package landing at the bottom at a road bridge across a stream where the balance of the molasses sweetened the happy flow of the current and overflowed its grassy border. That day the streamlet was baptized in the name of "Molasses Run," and as such it is known to this day.

Dewalt Keefer was an old settler and active in his day as a business man and progressive citizen. He, in the fall of 1789, laid out the town plot of Strasburg, which, it is said was called after Strasburg, in Germany.

The striking changes which have occurred in the last quarter century, removals by death and families scattered thereby have left many original names of old families on the marble memorials of the old Keefer grave yard, or Cedar Grove Cemetery, and the survivors of many only live in memory's fading shadows; who have removed elsewhere away from the locality.

Where the large stone house erected by the Wiest's, and which during his lifetime was the home of Henry Keefer, and which now is the property of Grove Keefer, was being constructed, the lovely "Garfield" flower of party harmony did not always bloom over the garden wall of party politics, such

as Garfield the martyred President once said was the sweetest flower that grew in all the garden of the world. Party spirit and contentions with heated arguments ran high between the Democrats and and Whigs of those days. One of the Weists, with a mind superstitiously inclined, was a "spook" fighter, and "hot" democrat, who in the elder Harrison's campaign, coming home from Chambersburg, his mind filled with conflicting emotions, politics, and more whiskey gotten at the distillery, which was then located near where the bridge over Denny's Creek now is on the roadway which leads from what is now Miller's mill to Chambersburg. A hot presidential campaign was on and Weist said he could whip any Whig about the building, when he got home. In the meantime, during his visit to town the masons who were doing structural stone work at the building had, because it was crippled, caught a large hawk. The hawk they had penned in the cellar. Weist was told by the workmen there was a man in the cellar who could whip him, in fact tear him up by the roots and scatter his solid contents to the winds of the North Mountain. Becoming raving mad, waving high his fists and heaving his breast in pugilistic attitude, Weist was taken to begin the encounter with his political antagonist, and down the dark cellar way strode he in the darkness, using high wrought invective, when he saw the fierce, glaring eyes of the crippled hawk. The hawk had seen a streak of light and flying toward the cellar way to rescue itself from prison, lighted with talons inserted squarely on the breast of Weist, who, scared, at the first round of the encounter, fell backward to the ground. The hawk's talons fast in his shirt, flapped its wings against the breast of Weist, who, to the amusement of the workmen yelled tragically and repeatedly: "Enough! Enough!"

The lands which now join the Palmer homestead which is now the estate of C. M. Deatrach, of St. Thomas, are owned by Denton W. Keefer, J. W. Bossart, Christ Brechbill, John Dice, James Shields and John K. Lehman.

The territory from James Shields' to the Loudon road, and from thence to near Saint Thomas, was once the property of the Wilsons, who working together gained large possessions

of real estate, amounting to 31 farms in Franklin county. Many broad acres of which were in the North Mountain territory. Cicero, the distinguished Grecian Philosopher, in an oration in which he pleaded for the offerings of friendship, said that man had received nothing better from the immortal gods, nothing more delightful than friendship. He might have added that to retain it, there must be cultivated that reciprocity of manners and acts, which are of the very essence of friendship. Yes, remarked an old labor knight of the North Mountain, who had been a sun browned toiler in the furrowed field, the Wilson boys were industriously inclined, but their habits for the strictest economy did not make them popular favorites with the broad-minded, good natured and more fun loving boys of their period. Davy Wilson, he said, had such an easy pacing mare and she was possessed of such quiet manners that he would mount astride her with a two bushel bag of eggs and ride to Sammy Lynn's store at St. Thomas and dispose of them for the cash, never cultivating any reciprocal trade relations; verily, he said, they had always corn to sell if they got in hand the coined and yellow metal, and thus they rolled up all their surplus earnings, which they invested in real estate, which finally, like the most of the belongings of the original Scotch-Irish settlers, passed to their contemporary brethren, the Germans. The Scotch-Irish had brought with them fighting qualities inherited from the dauntless deeds of the knighthood of the Clansmen, who mostly settled the territory after the Stuart rebellion of 1745. As the writer previously had said in a paper, they brought with them patriotism, poetry, romance, and many other useful, business like and very necessary industrious characteristics. The Germans who followed after, mostly from the Palatinate, also of heroic blood, brought with them their deliberate, careful thought, their power for persistent effort, economical way of living, their literature, their capacity for organized scientific investigation and innumerable treasures of their race. The descendants in many instances of the North Mountain settlers, and of other sections in Franklin county, whose forefathers of the Scotch-Irish race delighted in tilling the soil, and making the waste places blossom to

fruitfulness, have betaken themselves many years ago to the pursuit of wealth and happiness in other channels of business effort or the professions. The plodding, painstaking, economical Germans have in most instances acquired the places which were the possessions of those who were the original owners under titles from the proprietories or the Colonial authorities, their very names leaving no history except that given in old church records, or from that given as their noble record as warriors and officials who governed honestly and well; and thus their names are almost forgotten, but for these records and traditions, in the land for which they did so much. The only remembrance left is because of deeds of bravery done, that is thus preserved, and which serve to keep them distinctly as a race in grateful remembrance long after all personal recollections of them shall have passed away in the region in which they had lived, acted and died, or their descendants, remained and intermarried.

Over a century and a half of time has passed since this heritage of a peaceful, happy, contented and industrious citizenship was first, by the wisdom of the early settlers, thus begun by felling the woodland and erecting homes. "The Indian with his pipe of peace had slowly passed away, and the Scotch Irishman with his piece of pipe had come prepared to stay. The blood of the Scotch-Irish race, in the generations which followed, in many instances has blended, by the marriage bond, in ties of blood, with their contemporary neighbors of the German race, and produced such a people, as belong to the ultimate American, to the great and good, that in a sketch such as this, already lengthy, are left untouched, except as a citizenship than whom none won greater distinction in business, the professions, or in war. The strength of wondrous endurance, courage and unselfish patriotism of hundreds of the over 5,000 gallant men, who at different times when calls were made by the governmental authority, during the War of the Rebellion, went out from Franklin county, in the strength of their young manhood at their country's call to duty, and in defense of their homes, and in honor of the flag, to engage in the conflict for the Union from 1861 to 1865, and are traceable to that parentage; that blended blood which pro-

duced a strong, vigorous and energetic manhood, possessing intelligence of a high order. It is one of the duties which should engage the surviving veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic, or Historical Societies, to gather and keep a roster of the names of all comrades in every locality, who thus responded to that call of duty, that the future historian may have access to that list of names, lest like many of those who served in wars of the past, some of the names lost to the lists of honor, shall be neglected and forgotten.

This sketch has been written with the view-point of urging some representative citizen of old Hamilton, some Hamiltonian historian of the Keefer Valley, that picturesque part of fair Kittochtinny, to further make it, or rather so make of the whole territory of Hamilton a more descriptive subject for a "write up" and thus place the township more properly, as all the history of the township of the county should be placed, in the archives of the Kittochtinny Historical Society of Franklin county; that old mother Hamilton shall thereby take her proper place for pioneer and later good works along with her early historical and contemporary neighbors and in a manner which shall show the high honor due her to compare favorably with her noble achievements and progress since the adventurous days of her early pioneers. For no lovelier landscape can the eye behold than that which stretches along with pleasing diversity of scenery, and which fringes the North Mountain territory from Mount Parnell through the Keefer Valley to Strasburg, or that better deserves, as a descriptive writer has said to be celebrated by pen and pencil and the artists touch, than the knightly deeds of its inhabitants, and the civil and domestic virtue of its men and women, than that territory of Franklin county now embraced in the township of Hamilton, Letterkenny and Saint Thomas, having for its pillow the gray wall of the old North Mountain dressed in a casement pattern of lovely diversity of mountain forest, and its covering a spread of finely cultivated and checkered farms, princely mansions, churches and school houses, all of which, in the wonderful progression of the last century have taken the place of the cabins and log structures of the early North Mountain Pioneers, whose toils and priva-

tions should be held in grateful remembrance, in that they braved the perils of life in the western wilderness, amid savage beasts and more savage men for the sake of religious principles, and that they might be freholders and freemen. Wherever heroic deeds have been done, wherever the battles of human civilization have been fought and won—that is hallowed ground full of deepest interest to every thoughtful person with an historical spirit who would safeguard society and be an element of stability in the front rank of civilization, culture and progress.

In its account of the meeting at which Mr. Deatrich's paper was presented, a synopsis of the production was printed in *Repository*, a copy of which came to the notice of a descendant of Joseph Eatton—Mrs. Orra E. Monnette, Los Angeles, Cal. Due acknowledgement was made to the author for his interesting paper, and the correspondence that followed resulted in the preparation and transmission to Mr. Deatrich of the following Revolutionary and family record of the Eattons, at the hands of the husband of Mrs. Monette, who is a prominent lawyer of Los Angeles:

JOSEPH EATTON; HIS REVOLUTIONARY RECORD AND A FEW OF HIS DESCENDANTS.

The Eaton family was one of the early pioneer families of Franklin county, Pa., and the name appears quite frequently in the early county records. Three brothers of the name emigrated to America at an early date, one of whom settled in Connecticut, from whom the famous General William Eaton was descended; one of whom went to Maryland or Virginia, and one of whom settled in Franklin county, Pa. The names of these three brothers are known to have been William, Joseph and the third, probably David or James. Which one of the three, by name, settled in Franklin county, has not been determined. But, he had at least two sons Joseph and James, and probably a third, named John. These were the progenitors of large and honorable families. This sketch more particularly concerns the son Joseph, who with his brother, James, served in the Revolutionary War. Joseph Eaton, himself, used the spelling "Eatton," which was probably historically incorrect, and which has never been adopted by his descendants. He was born in Franklin county, Pa., March 18th, 1756 and died in Guernsey county, Ohio, December 15th, 1832. The records of the county show the

ownership of land by Joseph, James and John Eaton, that they were hardy pioneers and industrious people, and honored members of the Old Rocky Spring Presbyterian Church. It was in the Revolutionary War, in behalf of the American Independence, that the three Eatons exhibited their most patriotic and heroic character.

Joseph Eaton, enlisted in 1775, for one year, under Captain James Chambers, in Colonel William Thompson's Battalion. In the Pennsylvania Archives, Volume 10, New Series, Volume 2, there is some history of this Bataiion (to be found in Public or Historical Libraries) with letters from the officers, and Eatton's name is in Volume 10, pages 16 and 339. From which it appears that Captain Chamber's Company were riflemen raised in Cumberland, that part now Fraklin county, Pa., in June 1775, and went to the siege of Boston, arriving there July 7th. On the new organization of the army in January and February, 1776, the Battalion became the First Pennsylvania Regiment. He re-enlisted in February, 1776, for three years in the same company, at first commanded by Captain James Grier, next by Captain Thomas Buchanan in the regiment of James Chambers. who had been promoted to Colonel.

Boston was evacuated by the British, March 17, 1776, and he must have been ordered to New York City, for he stated that he was in the battle of Long Island (August 27th, 1776 and New York City, evacuated September 15th, 1776), in the Battle of Brandywine, Delaware, (September 11, 1777, and Philadelphia occupied by the British, September 26th, 1777, and in the Battle of Germantown, Pa., (October 4th, 1777), at which time, he was one of the assaulting party that unsuccessfully attacked the stone "Chew House" in which the almost defeated enemy took refuge. He must have been, though he does not confirm it, in winter quarters in the historic camp at Valley Forge, Chester county, Pa., in 1777-8, from whence the army pursued the British on their march from Philadelphia across New Jersey, overtook them at Monmouth, June 28th, 1778 and Eaton was in that battle on an excessive hot day.

About 1787 Joseph Eaton married Jeanet Ramsey, who was a daughter of William Ramsey and Martha Allen. The latter lived in the vicinity of Chester. To this union there were born several children; among them, William and John, who emigrated and settled in Morristown, Ohio. Joseph settled at Mt. Vernon, Ohio. Catharine married a Sharon and moved to Schuyler county, Ill. Two of the children were twins, Benjamin and his sister Martha. Benjamin was born in Franklin county, May 2, 1791, and died March 17th, 1863. He married Mary Coony ——— Scott. They had several children, among whom, was Ellza Eaton, who married William Houston. A son of the latter, Adelbert D. Houston is now living at No. 473 Central Park, New York City, and a daughter, Mrs. Mary Margaret Houston Moxley, now living at 107 West Union Avenue, Los Angeles, California. Benjamin's twin sister married Jas. Sharon about 1815. James was born in 1790, and was a son of William Sharon and Sarah Smiley. The Sharons were of

Scotch-Irish descent, originally settling in Westmoreland county, Pa., and later moving to Jefferson county, Ohio. James Sharon had a brother William, who was the father of Senator William Sharon, of Nevada. James Sharon and Martha Eaton had four children, two sons and two daughters; (1) Joseph married Eliza Mayholm; (2) Smiley married Loretta Shotwell; (3) Sarah married Jonas Bernard; (4) Jane married James Gill Elrick.

James Gill Elrick was a son of Bernard Elrick and Serena Gill of Bedford county, Pa., and a grandson of George Elrick, also a Revolutionary soldier. To him and his wife Jane were born four children (1) Helen Sharon Elrick, unmarried, and now living at Columbus, Ohio; (2) Clara Belle Elrick, unmarried and now living at Columbus, Ohio; (3) Anna Eaton Elrick, who married William Francis Janeway, now deceased, and is living at Columbus, Ohio, and (4) Mary Elizabeth Elrick, who married John Mackall, and is living at Barnesville, Ohio.

William Francis Janeway and Anna Eaton Elrick had seven children: (1) Carrie Lucile, born at Zanesville, Ohio, August 3, 1874, married the writer, Orra Eugène Monnette, November 6, 1895, and now living at No. 911 Western Avenue, Los Angeles, California; (2) Louella Sharon, born at Zanesville, Ohio, December 26th, 1875, died February 18th, 1876; (3) Edith Francis, born at Barnesville, Ohio, January 3, 1878, now living at Columbus, Ohio, unmarried; (4) Mary Viola, born Barnesville, Ohio, October 10th, 1881, married Alfred Cookman de Bruin, June 27th, 1905, and now living at Columbus, Ohio; (5) William Ralph, born Barnesville, Ohio, December 6th, 1884, unmarried and now living at Columbus, Ohio; (6) a child died in infancy; (7) George Harold, born Columbus, Ohio, December 5th, 1888, and living with his widowed mother.

In May, 1829, Joseph Eaton, residing at Morristown, Ohio, aged 73, and in October, 1832, he was living in Guernsey county, Ohio, aged 76 years, and badly afflicted with dropsy. In May, 1829, his wife, Jeanet, was living, aged 59 years. He died December 15th, 1832.

It is realized that this sketch is somewhat meager, but the search for data has only recently been inaugurated, and the preparation of this paper has been hastened. It will however give some present interest and afford a foundation for a more exhaustive biography to be placed among the records of the Kitchichtinny Historical Society. This has been prepared at the request of Hon. Chas. M. Deatrich, in the interest of all Eaton descendants, of whom the wife of the writer, with pardonable pride is glad to be counted.

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(Note.—Mr. Monnette is author of "Monnet Family Genealogy," now being prepared.)

THE GEOLOGY AND TOPOGRAPHY OF CUMBERLAND VALLEY, PENNSYLVANIA.

BY M. C. IHLSENG.

Cumberland Valley is a portion of a very extended valley that ranges from Virginia to New York, with the same mountain ranges on either side but modified by local conditions effected during the process of mountain making ages ago. On the east or south we have the Blue Range and on the west or north, the hills which are included in the North Mountain—Kittoctinny Mountains. The early settlers of Eastern Pennsylvania called this the Great Valley to distinguish it from the Little Valley, from both of which came their market produce. The Little Valley is that which passes through Chester and is quite short. Another Valley of significance in the State is Nittany Valley though it was not a source of supply for the Philadelphians.

These three fertile valleys owe their productiveness to the limestone soil bounded on either side by the sandstone mountains and narrow slate or shale belt near their foot. At the lines of juncture are found the flowing streams of the valleys. In these respects the three valleys of the State are identical as is also their geological history.

The curved appearance of the mountains sweeping to the north east is due to the eschelon arrangement of the successive short ridges along the main hills. This is particularly true on our east where the northern extremity is like that of a human hand with four blunt fingers and a short thumb on our side of the valley. The axis of this Blue Ridge is of granite, is nearly 600 miles long and broken only by a gap of 60 miles wide (Dillsburg to Reading) as a gateway for the Susquehanna, with Millbaugh's hill to mark the continuation.

A paper read at the postponed meeting for December, 1907, held at Penn Hall, January 8, 1908.

*In the main hall of State College will be found a huge topographical map in relief, showing also the various rock formations of the State.

Its flanks of moderate slope are of sandstone and quartzite. Few cliffs and no rocky peaks mark its line—the highest ridge being 2100 feet. On the West is North Mountain, a singular mass of upfolds of various rocks—limestones, red shales and red sandstones, giving rise to numerous valleys and coves. Some are without any apparent outlet but all were born in the same convulsion that raised South Mountain and modified by the atmospheric agencies which have broken down and washed away the softer rocks. This line of mountains has an important bearing on the river system and drainage of this State and, indeed, of the entire North Atlantic coast.

The width of the valley is quite constant except for two set backs—one opposite Chambersburg of four miles and the other opposite Greensburg of five miles with corresponding outlets in Adams county.

The general level across the valley is represented by divides at the heads of small coves with an average of 500 feet A. T. At the summit beyond Shippensburg it is 783 feet high on the C. V. R. R. where the waters divide to the Conococheague or the Conodoguinet and tributaries. These streams flow along the line of contact of shale or slate and the limestone.

Four prominent rivers cross the valley from N. to S. and all enter it at about the same elevation of 300 feet. The present system of drainage was formed after the period of the worlds history when the plains covered this State in a flat uninteresting marsh which was upheaved in the vioient eruptions following the Carboniferous age. This latter period was the critical age in the animal and vegetable life of the globe. Moreover it was the age in which grew the dense green tropical vegetation of gigantic ferns, mosses, palms and fruitless, flowerless trees that have since died, rotted into peat and coal under the cover of the rocks that later overlaid them. At that time there existed only marine life and no land animals. The air was dense and humid and the land swampy. But there came convulsions in the earth's crust which not only raised the backbone of the continent through Pennsylvania but also cleared the atmosphere, buried the vegetation and afforded favorable conditions for the maintenance of lung breathing animals. Thus, Pennsylvania

became the backbone to the rocky arch of fifteen thousand feet, or more, thickness—the keystone in the geological history of the American continent as it is also the keystone to the political history of the United States.

Cumberland Valley did not then exist, but was actually buried under a mass of fifteen thousand feet of rock which arched over us and lay against the flank of the huge mountain that to the east of us had its east flank laved by the waters of the Atlantic ocean. The rocks lay like a set of tilted books on a shelf. There were several folds of the rocks besides the one grand uplift and these looked like minor waves produced by the squeezing of the crust. The limestone of our valley was, and is, among the lowest of the rocks while above it rested the shale, the red sandstone and the other rocks now found on the West of us 15,000 feet thick. These all lie in a given, definite and known order, and any traveller over the Pennsylvania Railroad north from Harrisburg or west to Tyrone will pass through cuts revealing these rocks in sequence from the lowest of the series toward the higher ones. Passing Huntingdon one will observe the reversed dip of the rocks, showing one of the folds in the rock-waves. All along the Juniata this can be readily studied from the car window.

Each rock formation has its own distinctive identifying mark and a geologist has but to note the character of its life remains to be able to place the formation in its proper position in the life history of the globe. In our limestone and that of Chester and Nittany valleys the fossil remains consist of molluscs, trilobites and fish which distinguish it from other limestones further west. This limestone is named and numbered as No. II. The slate at the west of our valley is No. III and lies above the lime. It also dips under No. IV which is the sandstone found at Ft. Loudon. This in turn dips under the limestone shale No. V. This nomenclature continues westward and upward to those rocks above the coal which are No. XIII and No. XIV. No. XII is a coarse grained sandstone, miles of rock-thickness above our No. II limestone, but important the world over as the stratum *below which no coal* of any consequence occurs. This has a significant bearing on the economic history of the valley. Each of

the strata carries its own writing in fossils that he who reads may know.* Our slate, No. II, is distinguished by the extraordinary abundance of graptolites, fishes and trilobites to whose decay is due the black organic color and likewise its inflammable nature. No other rock contains such fossils and none other can be confused with it.

Cumberland valley has therefore the series of strata from No. I to No. IV and those only, the formations above them, to No. XIV, having been eroded and washed away. This being true there is no reason for expecting coal seams within the county or valley, the coal which did exist here once having been swept away long ages ago. It is therefore useless to prospect for coal in Pine Grove, or Path Valley or in Amber-son or even in any location south of Sharp Mountain in the Schuylkill or Dauphin counties, or anywhere between the small local patch on the top of the Broad Top Hills and the Cambria-Clearfield basins. The black slate of the valley glows in the fire for a short time but does not burn independently. It is mere deception to claim this as coal. There are no workable coal seams in the valley.

More to be welcomed and desired is the great wealth in the fertile lime, No. II. The limestone varies in color from white to black, in texture from a soft bed to compact marble and in properties from a high grade hydraulic cement to a poor lime. As the Atlas, Saylor, Lehigh and Copley brands come from this formation, No. II, there is hope that it may be found here. From the north end of the valley over 15,000,000 barrels were produced last year. This was forty per cent. of the entire U. S. product.

Zinc, lead and iron are the three metals whose habitat may be laid here. Isolated finds have been occasionally made here though there is every reason for expecting a copious deposit.

The dark blue limestone is harder than the pale stone and forms the ridges that divide the creek flows. The softer varieties are easily affected by the elements and, being soluble, give rise to the numerous sink holes and crevices leading

*On the campus of State College stands a tall pyramid built of blocks of stone from the various formations in the State and laid in their geological order.

down to caverns through which subterranean streams flow. The entire valley is honeycombed and its surface pitted, with Caves, underground passages and caverns, some dry, some with flowing waters, some filled with mud and others lined with crystals. Mammoth Cave, Luray Caverns, Penn's Cave and that at Williamson, have been revealed and others are yet to be located. Into and through these flow submerged waters by the Falling Springs, Sinking River, Lost Spring, etc. Occasionally they reappear at Boiling Springs, Hot Spring, Clear Spring, Rock Springs, etc. Whether clear or cold they may be pure or contaminated, but all are hard from the presence of the dissolved limestone matter which the waters have taken from the soil, and thus worn down the surface of the valley. The creek waters of the valley are also hard from their lime contents and any housekeeper knows the difference between them and the pure rain water from the cistern. Much more soap is required in washing with hard water than is needed to get a good lather from rain water. Indeed a prominent engineer has stated that the city of Chambersburg is using annually \$8,000 more of soap than would be used if we had soft water in our city supply. The water welling up through the sands at the mountains are equally pure with rain water and would save a corresponding amount. Gravity water would therefore be cheaper than our present supply by \$8,000 in the matter of soap alone.

That the waters of the limestone springs may not be pure, indeed may be positively dangerous, is evident when we recall that cesspools are built with the anticipation of striking a crevice which will carry off the effluent from them. These crevices with their subterranean connections to the springs may discharge their contamination into any unsuspected source. Springs in a limestone country are therefore to be cautiously used.

The dark blue shale or slate of No. III extending along the west side of the valley is a great source of wealth to the State in the slate quarries north of us. The famous Peach Bottom slate, the Bangor and other varieties give an economic value to the formation and redeem it from utter barrenness. From this belt, Pennsylvania produces three-fourths of all

that is mined in the United States—over 800,000 squares. There appears not to be any hard metamorphosed beds in our vicinity to give encouragement to slate mining here. There are no inducements to exploration in Franklin or Cumberland or even in Lebanon county. This belt is the so-called coal seams that has deluded many minds and denuded many pocket books.

Iron ore banks are a faded industry in our valley. In Path Valley are rich limonite beds to reach which the South Penn branch was originally constructed. Like many of the other deposits which seemed to be of great extent and purity, it has proved to be an expensive disappointment to those interested. Thousands of tons have been mined and thousands can be mined, but they can not be extracted as cheaply as the ores of the Northwest. Moreover, experience has proved that it is cheaper to haul the ore to the fuel than the coal to the ore. The east side of our valley is particularly well blessed with ore but charcoal iron is not much in demand and failures on a more or less monumental scale have followed mining efforts.

Neither oil nor gas are to be had from No. II or No. III in this valley though the wonderful fields of Lima and Indiana are located in this stratum. The remunerative drilling enterprises of the Ohio Valley have found the oil and gas in these formations where they have lain for ages undisturbed. Here, however, the rock edges are exposed and the very crevices which formed such good channels for the underground streams are equally serviceable for the escape of the volatile oil and gas upward. So, we have lost ages ago by evaporation, whatever oil and gas ever existed here. The Trenton lime No. II at Chambersburg is like the younger son who spent his patrimony, whatever it was, in riotous living (by the uplift and mountain formations) and there is no more left.

In the red sandstone, No. IV, on the crest of North Mountain are casual lumps of copper, but no more frequent than is to be met with in other places. The history of such finds has read failure. Nor would it be more than a gamble to hope for results on South Mountain. The same may be said

of the periodical gold fever. That gold may be found in our streams there is no doubt—every brick in the old Philadelphia houses is gold charged—but its extraction is too costly for wise heads.

One feature of the landscape may be worthy of mention. Across the valley at about half way between Carlisle and Mechanicsburg, stands a wall several feet high. This Great Horse Shoe dyke is a volcanic intrusion that has been ejected from the nether region and extends up into Watts township, Perry county. It is visible from the car windows. Its age is very recent for it cuts clear through all the rock series No. II to No. XIV and even through the Hummelstown brownstone.

Thus it may be said that, aside from the prospects for cement, lime and natural rock phosphate this valley presents no unusual features, though the high fertility that made the valley famous to the early settlers is an asset far more stable and far more lasting than are the natural resources which entrance but finally disenchant the unwary investor.

TRUTHS AND TRADITIONS OF EARLY TIMES.

BY LINN HARBAUGH, ESQ.

The annoyance about to be inflicted upon you is nothing more than an odd lot of undigested historical securities, or perhaps, in more dignified expression, some nubbins of history which, if not taken care of now, may be destroyed at the bottom of the well-stored crib by the ruthless rats of oblivion.

Each little fact here presented is not to be regarded as of very much importance standing alone, but as in the parable of the talents, it is expected to gather unto itself other facts as time goes on. Every faithful historian knows from experience how one insignificant fact when introduced to another of equally low degree, clears away the fog, and opens up the way to stores of authentic material—more even than one can use to advantage in his allotted half hour.

If an example of this were needed, no more striking one could be given than the world-famed work of the great French scholar, Champollion in deciphering the Rosetta Stone, and by that means setting free to the world the great storehouse of Egyptian learning.

None of us is a Champollion, perhaps, and your orator, for present purposes at least, has cast learning and logic and reason to the winds. Even time and distance are not to be respected, and in a wild chase over the Conococheague settlement we shall jump from Concord Narrows to Beuna Vista Springs. From Mill-stone Point on the south, to Strasburg on the north, and beyond to the mountain "Where through its gap the gladsome waters leap," as Nevin, the gentle poet sings.

There may be a faint suspicion that our thoughts this evening are wool-gathering along the by-paths of folk-lore, but the writer has not been faithful enough at his studies to per-

mit the use of that word as a title for these desultory paragraphs. The word itself is somewhat difficult to define, but it is commonly held to mean popular superstitions, tales and legends. May it not, however, by its very roots (folk and lore) extend itself so as to cover any little odds and ends of history not yet preserved to us in print or writing? If so, it must comprehend the series of life stories and disconnected or unappropriated thoughts which have sprung into existence from time to time since settlement days, and which are to be found in out of the way places, and oftentimes in fragmentary form.

Our local historical pages, however, ought not to be burdened with the recital of popular traditions and legends which the Germans brought from the Fatherland, and the Scotch-Irish from their own highland country. These have already been the subject of earnest research and study, and are accessible to all who have an interest in them.

But even to these a local interest attaches, arising from the tenacity with which people cling to them, and the way in which they are still observed and practised with pious care and unquestioning faith.

Almost any time one may hear that there is a certain day in August when, if timber be cut in the forenoon, the leaves will drop off that same day. The late 'Squire Reisher is said to have discovered the day by accident. He cut a walnut tree in the forenoon, and went out in the afternoon to find that every leaf had fallen off.

Rack off cider on the first Friday of the dark of the moon; cut hickory timber in the dark of the moon or it will be full of worm holes. A wagon maker at Orrstown always made this one of the conditions upon which he would purchase his material. Shingle a roof in the down sign lest the shingles turn up and rot. One of our citizens tested this matter by shingling one side of his house roof in the up and the other in the down sign. The result was all that might have been expected.

Plant potatoes on April ninth, rain or snow, and St. Patrick's day is for cabbage seed, always. A demure little woman told me one day that she and her son had walked to

town, because if a collar were put on a horse on Ascension Day, the horse would die during that same year.

We are all familiar with the pow-wow, and the various remedies for the common ills of life. It was a common, though vulgar practice in early times to persuade one afflicted with the mumps to enter a pig-sty and rub his swollen neck back and forth on the edge of the trough—an odd number of times, of course.

It is so long ago, that you will pardon a personal allusion to the time when Dr. Thomas G. Apple's son and myself were boys of eight years. The boy burned his fingers severely in some way, and said that we would go over to the good old German woman at the student's boarding house and have the pain taken away. The process was mysterious, the relief was prompt. The boy was loyal to his old German friend and declared that the pain was all gone, but the look of agony on his face as we passed out, left the present scribe in that strange and contradictory frame of mind of him whose son had a dumb spirit, and who, after the great Master had cast it out, "cried out, and said with tears, Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief."

One of the medicinal terrors of childhood, though a genuine remedy, prescribed by Dr. John McDowell, of blessed memory, was the mixture of sulphur and molasses. How much more pleasant the retrospect, if one were able to look back upon that as a mere superstition!

But there is a more decided local coloring to this theme, and without doubt this community has a folk-lore peculiar to itself. The geography and geology of the locality would give rise to it; the hills and caves, the flora and fauna, the peculiar manner of life in early times, and the strange commingling of German and Scotsman, and the supplanting of one by the other here and there in the life of the valley—all these would proclaim it and would lend themselves to the growth of this hazy, floating, baffling spirit—call it folk-lore, if you will.

There is still another, and a more elusive and subtle source of this will o' the wisp, and it was the contemplation of this phase of the subject that gave rise to so much discouragement, and constrained me to declare that this theme must be post-

poned to some future occasion, and should be placed in the care of one of the doctors of philosophy in the Kittochtinny brotherhood, with the request that he go ahead and keep to the right as well as to the left, and occasionally to stop, and look and listen.

This inquiry from which we shrink at present, has to do with the influence of the several languages upon the growth and character of our local folk-lore. The written language and literature of course is not meant, for in that view we would have a different question, and one too, that has been largely worked out by our religious and educational institutions. The point of confluence has long since been reached (especially in the theological world) from which the German and English life and thought have flown on together; not the one absorbing the other, but the commingling of both, in the process of which and in the logic of events, the English language survives as the fittest medium of expression.

But the student of folk-lore would have to apply himself to the spoken language—the colloquial, the every-day expressions of the people in various walks of life.

And in doing this, he would find three well defined influences bearing upon the subject—(1) The English language, having the stamp of the Scotch-Irish race; (2) The German language, in its provincial character, as it has affected our manner of speech; (3) The vernacular dialect of the negro.

One example may be given of this mixture of languages, and perhaps a better one may be at hand, among those of you who have conversed with and have observed the conversation of those who yield to that peculiar tendency in the human mind to follow the line of least resistance in the expression of thought:

A man from the country was asked how the corn husking was coming on. "Not very fast this cold weather. Sure," he continued, "I taken a couple hundred bundles in the barn floor and hust it there a'ready."

That sentence has not only the ear-marks, but the actual words of the English, German and negro languages, and while it might be open to criticism from the standpoint of the

etymologist, yet no one will deny that it is intelligible and easily said.

At first blush, one may feel inclined to repel the idea that the negro people have anything to do with the moulding of our thought or speech. It is true that they have made no impression on our written language or literature. Their ordinary life, however, among the white race has made itself felt, and their inroads upon our colloquial speech have been lasting and substantial.

Where do we get the word persimmon? It is a Virginian Indian name. And whence the word hominy, and the article itself? The word 'possum, and the combination 'possum and sweet pertaters, are to be attributed to the Virginia negro.

There are many words of like import, and some of them are the expression of customs and life of the negro, around which cluster stories and superstitions, humorous and pathetic, of this susceptible and emotional branch of the human race.

Many citizens of Franklin county, not beyond middle life, can recall their experiences at a debate or religious service of the colored folk.

An especially impressive and beautiful custom was their observance of watch-night. It was the custom in Chambersburg for men and women, young and old to meet at some place previously fixed, to watch the old year out. Then upon the coming in of the New year, they would form in line and march through the streets of the town, singing their hymns at the various street corners. Occasionally the leader would line out a hymn which was not altogether familiar to the singers. But they would sing:

"When I can read my title clear,
To mansions in the skies.
I bid farewell to every fear
And wipe my weeping eyes."

And again:

"A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify"—

And one which was especially familiar, because of its repeating lines, was:

"There were ten virgins when the Bridegroom came."

And the second and third stanzas—

(2) "Five of them were foolish, when the Bridegroom came."

(3) "Five of them were wise, when the Bridegroom came."

The tune used for this hymn was especially adapted for gathering enthusiasm, and the fervor of the singers and volume of sound became tremendous.

Between three and four in the morning the company of singers would arrive at the church for service, singing as they marched in:

"And must this body die,
This well-wrought frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie moldering in the clay?"

Prominent among the leaders in this observance were, Bidy Plouden and John Berry. The latter was for many years in the employ of Judge James Kennedy at the old homestead west of town.

These were the voices of the natural, untutored negro, but the music was ever sweet and strong, and the melody, as it was borne on the crisp air of a winter morning at Mercersburg, lingers in my memory. The words of these hymns we may know, but the weird harmony, the intensity of feeling and action, the waiving of arms and the swinging back and forth of the body and the awe-inspiring attitude as though in the presence of something supernatural—all these are lost to us!

I can see now the Rev. Alexander Watson kneeling before a table which served as a pulpit. Taking hold of the table leg with both hands he literally wrestled in prayer. Now his face would break into a kindly smile, and then it would take on an expression of defiance and agony, as his jaws snapped together, and he would deplore the wiles of the Evil one, and call lustily for help from Above to have the "fangs of sin and depravity drawn out of my people."

Then from different parts of the church, at the appropriate moments, would come fervent expressions, "Come down," "Hallelujah," "Go away," "B'ress the Lord," "Amen,"

It is said that on one occasion the petition came to a conclusion, with the words:

"No matter what time in the New Year the Angel of the Lord knock at the door, thy servants are ready to go."

And at that moment some impious person at the rear of the church, knocked heavily on the door. The consternation was great.

It is almost a pity to record the fact that this pious Watch-night observance was broken up some years ago largely by the interference of rowdies and ruffians, not of the colored race.

Providence sometimes moves in mysterious ways to reach immediate results. It is said that on one New Year's morning, John Berry, who was not only a good singer but also a stalwart, well-built man, allowed his anger to get the better of him.

While the band of singers was passing through Spring street, near the old town mill, a number of rowdies attacked them. John laid aside his coat and his religious convictions for the time being, and smote them hip and thigh, and after having given them a good whipping all around, joined the procession again.

Mr. Alfred Bradford, an old time debater and contemporary of Moses Wells, gives some further reasons for the discontinuance of the custom. He attributes it somewhat to the lack of piety in the people of to-day, and "even the ministers," he declares "refuse to preach this year at the same rate as last, and appear to have a sort of exumptious air about them."

The expression watch-night is not far removed from night-watch, and the foregoing allusion to John Berry's conflict with the ruffians reminds one of the picturesque night watchman, and the necessity of having him in ye olden times. During the long winter nights three or four of them went about in different parts of the town, attending to their duties as guardians of the persons and property of the slumbering citizens. Time was when the beat of the night watchman extended on Front street to North Fording, and later perhaps to the lime-kiln where Mr. H. A. Riddle now lives. Also on

Cow street one square east and west of Front. Out east Market street almost as far as the bars at the lane which led down to the brick yards in front of Mr. Brereton's residence. They would see that peace and good order were kept by the wagoners and other lodgers at the "Golden Lamb," the "White Swan," and the "Green Tree" taverns, and perhaps would visit in the course of the evening Jeremiah Mahoney's log tavern called the "Light House," which stood where the present residence of President Pomeroy stands.

On one occasion a night watchman being up on Federal hill, heard a voice moaning and groaning at a great rate, and upon investigating, found a man lying drunk in the gutter, with a crock half full of whiskey beside him. It was in an emergency like this that the watchman's rattle came into play to call his fellow watchmen to his assistance. This rattle was of rather quaint construction, and the one used by David Lippy, one of the last of the night watchmen, is in the possession of his grandson, Charles Lippy, and it is an interesting relic. It is like a carpenter's chisel handle, about six inches long, with a cogged or toothed wooden wheel at the end about two to three inches in diameter. Then a block of wood two inches square and nine inches long, made to revolve around the handle, and fastened to it is a thin strip of hickory which plays on the teeth of the wheel. The description is not at all clear, but the noise the rattle makes is unmistakable.

One of the quaint customs of the night watchman was to call out the hour and half hour, and also the state and prospects of the weather. During the night a wakeful citizen might hear the call "ten o'clock, and a moon-light night," or "eleven o'clock, and snowing."

My old friend, the late Christian C. Foltz, who leaned somewhat to the bright and humorous side of life, was wont to give this version of the call of the night watchman: "Half past nine o'clock, half past nine o'clock," (it had to be said over three times), half past nine o'clock, and it looks like drizzle."

I have learned that among the last of the night watchmen were David Lippy, George Gross, Caleb Atherton, George Mason, John Forbes and Honus Casemen.

These references are to the early days in the last century, after Chambersburg had begun to wake up, and had become a more important place than Strasburg which as an active business centre held the palm about 1790 to 1800. But our town had been laid out almost fifty years, when the historian in the town ordinance book tells us: "The town as yet (about 1800) presented a rough and unpleasant appearance. The streets were neither graded nor paved, and in wet weather the mud was so deep as to render them nearly impassible." That was over a hundred years ago. But it was not until some years later that the sewer question came up. In 1823, Council passed a resolution to build a sewer, to commence from the creek near G. Barnitz' brewery, and to extend to the alley at S. Calhoun's and S. Purviance's lots, to be three and a half feet wide in the clear, four and a half feet deep in the clear, the side walls to be one and a half feet thick, to be built on a paved bottom and to be arched over, to have four receivers for water at the street, and four ventilators at their proper places." The cost was \$438 dollars, and was paid for by two drafts, eight months after its completion, and there was no bond issue.

In order to exploit another little old fact, we drop back a little beyond the middle of the last century. A number of persons have expressed the hope that inasmuch as mine host of this evening has recently practically rebuilt the old Franklin railroad, he will some time give us a history of it. When this is realized I want him to have the following little gem contained in a letter written by a college student (Henry Harbaugh) at Mercersburg to a friend in Ohio in 1843:

"I left Mercersburg" he writes, "on Saturday in the stage to Greencastle, 10 miles, and from there I went to Hagerstown, Md., the same day in the rail-cars. It is a beautiful way of traveling. We went nine miles in a half hour. It looks singular to see a steam locomotive with a train of cars moving over the country like a thing of life, and at so fast a rate. Now it runs fast over an even plane, now it winds around a hill, and now it shoots into a deep cut, and then out again, and so on puffing and blowing like a great monster. May it not be that some day you will ride on it?"

This fully justifies the bold announcement made by President McCulloh of the Cumberland Valley Railroad on January 25, 1839, that: "On the first day of next February the regular train of passenger cars will commence running as follows: "Leave Chambersburg at 4 o'clock in the morning; arrive at Harrisburg at 8, at Lancaster at 12, and at Philadelphia before 6 p. m. Returning it will leave Harrisburg as soon as the cars from Philadelphia arrive, about 5 o'clock in the evening and arrive at Chambersburg at 10 p. m." Perhaps the only original specimen of this announcement or time table in existence is the one which Mr. W. Linn Ritchey, Treasurer of the Cumberland Valley Railroad Company, has framed and hung on his office wall. It is adorned with a picture of a quaint locomotive and several passenger coaches of the earliest type used by the company.

Sometime the history of our streams from source to mouth will be traced, and on this subject we turn from facts to a tradition, as to the origin of the name of Conodoguinet creek. The only weak feature about this tradition is that Mr. John G. Orr, in his very complete history of that locality, makes no mention of it.

Two Indians, so the story runs, had discovered a deer at or near the present site of Orrstown, and were chasing it towards the mountain. With a few bounds it had cleared the stream and was already beyond the further shore, while the hunter's dog was bravely but slowly swimming the stream in pursuit. Both the hunters paused on the near bank and were watching intently the progress of the chase—the dog against the deer. Presently the one Indian turned to the other, and gazing calmly into his face, and without a tremor in his voice, said: "Can a dog win it?"

These Indians are both dead.

Want of time prevents us giving the origin of the names of other streams in the county.

A VOTER'S EXCUSE.

The historian who is to write of the early elections and polling places in this county, when he becomes weary of acts of assembly and tabulated facts and figures, may turn with

some sense of relief to the following very human and touching little document. A candidate for constable, not far from Waynesboro, along the South mountain, had asked his fellow-citizen to vote for him, and had received promises, just as men do in these days; and on the day of the election he received this pathetic little note which must appeal, even now, to the sympathies of all of us:

Sept. 7, 1801.

Sir—

I wood of Come to the Election but have a Bad Tooth ak
and sweled face and can not Come, From your friend,

Biggar Head.

Jacob Harbaugh, Senior.

A history of our mountain knobs and coves is long overdue, and it is especially looked for now in view of Dr. Ihseng's excellent lecture on the geology of the valley.

HIGH ROCK HALF CENTURY AGO.

There are lots of canny little stories about Parnell and Jordan's knobs, about Two Top mountain, and the Punch Bowl. It would be interesting to know how the various tracts of land on South Mountain came to be named. There are tracts originally designated "Sweetland," "Mount Olivet" and "The Tied Dog." Then too, "Mount Misery," the most prominent of all, on which stands High Rock. And when was it first known as "High Rock?" It must have been at a very early day, but I can trace it back by record to 1845. In a letter written by my father in that year, he says:

"Dr. Traill Green is going to visit my home with me, and we intend to go up to High Rock. It is on the mountain about four miles from my home. It is one of the most splendid views I ever beheld. It towers high, and from it is to be seen a level valley forty miles long and twenty-five broad, extending from the South Mountain to the Alleghenies in width, and nearly from the Susquehanna to the Potomac rivers in length. All this valley can be seen from the rock—houses, fields, woods and streams—all lie in silent grandeur before the spectator."

SARAH'S DELIGHT.

An old deed in my possession conveying an ancestral tract in this same locality, describes it as "The third re-survey on Sarah's Delight," located "for Frederick, the then absolute lord and original proprietor of the province of Maryland under the direction and authority of the Honorable Horatio Sharpe, Esquire, lieutenant general and chief governor of the said province."

Upon "Sarah's Delight," almost within the shadow of South Mountain there is an old homestead. The house is of stone and the barn is of solid timbers, oak, locust and walnut. Nearly one hundred years ago the boys were wont to gather in the orchard directly across the road from the barn to have a talk with "The little man in the barn."

A generation or more after this one of these same boys together with a friend of his later years, made a pilgrimage to the old home.

THE MAN IN THE BARN.

This friend, Rev. Dr. Benjamin Bausman, well known to many of you, gives this account of it in the little magazine called "The Guardian."

"At length he took me to the 'old apple tree' still bringing forth fruit in its old age. The tree faces the barn door. Standing here, the boys used to call to the little man in the barn, as they called the echo of their voices, who would mock them with his prompt replies to their questions. We both stood under the old tree, facing the barn door, when he, with grotesque solemnity, and, if I err not, with hat in hand, woke up with his trumpet voice the little man in the barn as follows:

Ho! ho! still alive?

(Ho! still alive.)

Little man in the barn!

(Man in the barn)

Are you getting old?

(You getting old!)

Still your voice is good.

(Voice is good.)

Little man, farewell.

(Man, farewell!)

You shall not be detained much longer. I only wish to mention one more field of our local history—one that has as yet been practically untouched. It is the militia with its reviews, parades and inspections. Military spirit and activity ran high in this valley from the close of the war of 1812 to the time of the Civil War.

I shall not stop to refer to Franklin county as a field of naval operations, except to remind you that the Conococheague Improvement Company was created by Legislative act, approved February 7, 1803, and it gave full power to a company charged with the work of opening the navigation of the Conococheague creek from the mouth of the Falling Spring in the town of Chambersburg to the Maryland line. (See B. M. Nead's "Franklin County, Pennsylvania, in State and Nation Building.")

But for a few facts about the militia, let me call your attention to several advertisements in a weekly paper called the "Mercersburg Visitor." A bound volume for the years 1843-1845, inclusive, is owned by W. E. McKinstry, Esq., and it may come into the possession of this Society some day.

"ATTENTION CAVALRY!!

"The First Troop of Franklin County Cavalry will parade at Loudon on Saturday the 14th of October at 10 o'clock.

"By order,

"CEPHUS B. HUSTON, O. S.

"An appeal will be held immediately after the parade.

"Mercersburg, Sept. 30, 1843."

"REGIMENT NOTICE.

"Notice is hereby given that the 1st Battalion 118th Regiment P. M. will meet for drill and inspection at Mercersburg on Wednesday the 10th day of May next at 10 o'clock, and the 2nd Battalion of said regiment will meet at Loudon on Thursday the 11th day of May at 10 o'clock a. m., precisely on each day.

By order of

"COL. F. P. BREWER.

"E. Negly, Adj't.

"ATTENTION ARTILLERISTS!

"You are ordered to parade at your usual place on Wednesday the tenth day of May at 10 o'clock in summer uniform.

"CALEB C. CHAMBERS, O. S.

"There will be an election held on that day at the house of Capt. John Shaffer, to elect one person for Captain of said Company. Irvin Bennet will superintend the election.

"T. C. BOYD, Maj.

"1st bat. 118th Reg. P. M."

"UNION SQUADRON.

"The Union Squadron of Franklin County Cavalry are ordered to parade for drill and inspection at St. Thomas on Thursday the 30th day of May at 10 o'clock a. m.

"By order of MAJ. JOHN ROWE,

"WM. H. WOLF, Adj't.

"May 4, 1844."

"Brigade inspector Wallace, then

Dismounted and proceeded—

Inspecting arms as well as men,

And told them what was needed."

(H. L. Fisher, in Olden Times.)

On the occasion of an assembly of militia near the village of Upton, one of our German citizens of a former generation, filled with military zeal and with an honorable ambition to become an officer, made a speech advocating his candidacy. He is said to have mounted a five rail fence and addressed the crowd. He told his beloved friends and soldiers that on the sixth of the following June he would come out for Brigade Inspector. But that if they were fortunate enough to choose another instead of him, then he would be "condemned!"

The language used is not the best of German, nor is it as refined as it might be, but it has the merit of being brief and to the point. Moreover it must have been effective, for it is

said that his opponent, having heard it, fled in dismay, and he was elected at the time appointed by an overwhelming majority.

As has been said, he mounted a five rail fence and unburdened himself something in this manner:

"Meine Liebe Freunden und Soldaten:

Den nachsten sechsten Juni will Ich aus kommen fur Brigade Inspector. Wenn sie sollen Gluchliche sein Meier hoher zu haben, dann soll Ich verdammt sein."

INTERNATIONAL

A JOURNAL

OF THE



OF THE

OF THE

RETROSPECTIVE.

A DECADE

OF THE

Kittochtinny Historical Society,

CHAMBERSBURG, PA.

"The Work of the Society."

1898-1908.

Paper by Hon. M. A. Foltz.



PREFATORY.

At the January meeting of the Kittochtinny Historical Society (1908), Vice President T. J. Brereton, Secretary James R. Gilmore and Captain G. W. Skinner were appointed a committee to arrange a program for a proper observance of its Tenth Anniversary. The committee met on the evening of the 15th of February and decided to hold the anniversary in the Assembly rooms of the Chambersburg Trust Company, Tuesday evening, February 25. Upon request, Hon. M. A. Foltz consented to prepare a resume of the work of the society. No formal program was proposed, but as will be seen later one was arranged for the occasion and carried out in a manner that proved instructive, entertaining and enjoyable for the large and appreciative audience.

At the regular meeting, March 25, a resolution was adopted directing the Executive Committee to have 300 copies of the paper read by Mr. Foltz printed in pamphlet form for distribution among members, and for mailing to kindred associations and Public Libraries, preliminary to its appearance in the large volume which will complete the first decade of the Society.

Chambersburg, Pa.
April 7, 1908.

JAMES R. GILMORE,
Secretary.



AN EPOCHAL PERIOD.

TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE KITTOCHTINNY HISTORICAL SOCIETY—LARGE AND APPRECIATIVE AUDIENCE—ADDRESS BY DR. MARTIN, FOUNDER OF THE SOCIETY; PAPER BY HON. M. A. FOLTZ, ITS THIRD PRESIDENT; PRESENCE AND ADDRESS BY STATE LIBRARIAN MONTGOMERY—BANQUET, DANCE AND OTHER SOCIAL FEATURES.

The tenth anniversary celebration of the Kitchochtinny Historical Society, in the assembly rooms of The Chambersburg Trust Company, Tuesday evening, February 25, 1908, was attended by the wives, daughters and sweethearts of the members and over one hundred invited guests. As an epochal period in the life of the society, the retiring president and committee of arrangements succeeded in surrounding the event with a social and literary charm that made it one of the most brilliant occasions of the season.

The assembly room was almost entirely filled, when after a selection by the Chambersburg orchestra, President Pomeroy spoke a few words of greeting to the members and guests. He was followed by music by a quartet composed of John W. and Charles E. Hoke, B. B. Holler and T. M. Nelson, Jr., after which Rev. Dr. Samuel A. Martin, President of the Shippensburg State Normal School, was introduced. It was at the instance of Dr. Martin, then president of Wilson College, that the society was founded, and he spoke concerning this and felicitated it upon the work now being carried on. Miss Mae C. Koehler, of Penn Hall, next sang a solo. Hon. M. A. Foltz was then presented by President Pomeroy and delivered an interesting and comprehensive address on "The Work of the Society."

Miss Estelle Hitchcock, of Wilson College, sang and she was followed by State Librarian Dr. Thomas Lynch Montgomery, who made a brief address on the value of biographical and family research. The quartet again sang, and

while the orchestra played the guests were escorted to the banquet room, where a dainty supper was served.

When coffee and cigars were served, President Pomeroy, acting as toastmaster, called upon the following gentlemen, who happily responded: B. M. Nead, Esq., Harrisburg; Dr. William Mann Irvine, Mercersburg; the Rev. John Allan Blair and Judge W. Rush Gillan. At the close of the banquet, the affairs of the society were turned over to President-elect Brereton, who thanked the members for the honor bestowed upon him.

The guests of the evening were received by President and Mrs. A. Nevin Pomeroy, assisted by the following ex-presidents of the society and their wives: Dr. S. A. Martin and Mrs. Martin, Hon. M. A. Foltz, Mr. John G. Orr and Mrs. Orr, Joshua W. Sharpe and Mrs. Sharpe, Hon. W. Rush Gillan and Mrs. Gillan, and President-elect Brereton and Mrs. Brereton. Among other members and guests present were:

President Reaser, Dean and Mrs. Vieh, Dr. and Mrs. Ryder, Misses Hitchcock, Koehler, Wallace, Lund, Barr, Kennedy and Stevenson, of Wilson College; Dr. and Mrs. Ihlseng, of Penn Hall; Dr. and Mrs. Irvine, of Mercersburg Academy; Hon. Thos. L. Montgomery, Hon. Benj. M. Nead and the Misses Nead, Mr. and Mrs. Irvin C. Elder, the Misses Bard, Mrs. Nixon, Mrs. W. E. Foltz and son Herbert S., Mr. and Mrs. Criswell, of Pittsburgh, Dr. and Mrs. W. F. Skinner, Mr. and Mrs. Jno. M. McDowell, the Misses Wood, Rev. Dr. W. C. Cremer, Miss Shumaker, Colonel and Mrs. Gilmore, Mrs. Ellen G. Shumaker, Rev. and Mrs. E. V. Collins, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Riddle, Rev. and Mrs. John Allan Blair, Capt. and Mrs. George W. Skinner, Hon. T. M. Mahon, Mr. and Mrs. A. Buchanan, Dr. and Mrs. P. B. Montgomery, Mrs. Chas. W. Cremer, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. S. Hoerner, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Kennedy, Rev. and Mrs. A. F. Waldo, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Hoke, Mrs. Walter K. Sharpe, Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Holler, Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Nelson, Jr., and Mrs. Nelson, Mrs. Sydney Johnson, of Tennessee, Dr. G. F. Platt and Miss Platt, Rev. Luther A. Oates, of Bridgeton, N. J., Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Irvin W. Hendricks, Mr. and Mrs. Morris Lloyd, Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Black, J. M. Runk, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Strite, W. J. Zacharias.

The Misses King, McKeehan, Curriden, Davison, Bard, Gillan, Hoopes, Oyler, Wiestling, Sharpe, McDowell.

Messrs. Dr. Chas. F. Palmer, John S. McIlvaine, A. W. Gillan, John H. Pomeroy, Herbert C. Foltz, Ross K. Gilbert, Chas. E. Hoke, Dr.

J. P. Selbert, Dr. John K. Gordon, Robert Criswell, David Riddle, Dr. C. L. Hartman, G. Herbert Wood, Parker Skinner, Chambers George, Hunter Riddle, M. Ritchey, Robt. Nelson, Jack Vernet, Alex. Sharpe, Geo. Hollinger, D. K. Appenzellar, Thos. L. Brereton, Robert Seilhamer, John Buchanan, John Tull.

Mr. Brereton was chairman of the committee, which planned and carried out so successfully the celebration. His associates were Col. Gilmore and Capt. Skinner.

After the banquet the rooms were surrendered to the juniors, who wound up the proceedings with an enjoyable dance extending into the wee sma' hours.

Before the entertainment, at a brief business meeting of the society, the election of officers for the ensuing year was held, and the following gentlemen were chosen:

President, Mr. Thos. J. Brereton.

First Vice President, Linn Harbaugh, Esq.

Second Vice President, Mr. John S. McIlvaine.

Secretary, Col. James R. Gilmore.

Treasurer, D. O. Gehr, Esq.

Executive Committee: Irvin C. Elder, Esq., Hon. John W. Hoke, Rev. E. V. Collins, Capt. G. W. Skinner, and Hon. M. A. Foltz.

Dr. W. F. Skinner was elected a member of the society.

THE WORK OF THE SOCIETY.

BY HON. M. A. FOLTZ.

It was on the evening of the 3rd of February, 1898, that a number of gentlemen, on invitation of Rev. Dr. S. A. Martin, President of Wilson College, met at his residence to consider the formation of a historical society. Assembled in the spacious parlors were Judge Stewart, J. S. McIlvaine, B. L. Maurer, H. A. Riddle, W. H. H. Mackey, J. W. Sharpe, Chauncey Ives, James Cree, James R. Gilmore, Dr. Johnston McLanahan, Frank Mehaffey, John M. McDowell, William Alexander, John G. Orr, A. Nevin Pomeroy, Dr. George F. Platt, Ed. B. Wiestling, Prof. M. R. Alexander, D. O. Gehr and M. A. Foltz.

In stating the object of the meeting, Dr. Martin said that there was a wealth of material never yet touched upon that would enlist the interest of a local historical society. Judge Stewart was called to the chair and John M. McDowell, Esq., was chosen secretary.

As a result of a free expression on the part of all present, a committee of five was appointed to prepare and submit a plan of organization, and report a constitution and by-laws. After a recess of an hour it reported upon the name and object of the society, and a constitution and by-laws, which were adopted.

The infant was named the Kittochtinny Historical Society, the purpose to be the collection and preservation of matters or historic interest, and the encouragement and cultivation of interest in historical research.

Officers were then elected as follows: Hon. John Stewart, president; Rev. S. A. Martin, D. D., first vice president; M. A. Foltz, second vice president; H. A. Riddle, treasurer; B. L. Maurer, secretary. Executive committee, James R. Gilmore, William Alexander, John G. Orr, Dr. McLanahan and Major Chauncey Ives.

The meeting was in every way a success, and the stories indulged in by members relating to John Brown and his lieutenants, whilst in Chambersburg, were instructive and entertaining.

The first regular meeting of the society was held at the home of Dr. Martin, again at his invitation, Thursday evening, February 24, 1898. The attendance was large and great interest manifested in the proposed work of the society.

Secretary B. L. Maurer read a paper on "The Old Church Yard." No spot in the Cumberland Valley, he said, was held in deeper reverence than the cemetery of the Falling Spring Presbyterian Church, where, quoting Mr. Garrard, "Amid the swaying of the pensile boughs of this sacred wood we silently ponder over the cold marble that tells in few brief lines the beginning and endings of some of those who toiled and wearied not in the good fight of faith and liberty in the Cumberland Valley, and who for opinion's sake risked their lives and fortunes for a home of free thought in this distant-land of promise."

Mr. Maurer also took up the "Old Indian Burying Ground," lying just south of the "Old Church Yard," which had been the burial ground of the Indians for years before our town was laid out, and to which the Indians of the West were wont to send delegations to see if it had been disturbed in violation of a contract. About 1834 the visiting delegation found it disturbed by cultivation, and leaving the spot with tears and groans, returned to their homes in the West, and have never visited the place from that day to this.

All this and much more brought out by Mr. Maurer's paper elicited a spirited discussion. Mrs. Sarah Denig, answered the historian of the evening, was the (then) only living witness to this last visit of the Indians to their burying ground in 1834. Another interesting point brought out by the author of the paper, and a subject of discussion, was the course of the Falling Spring through the graveyard, which, according to tradition, was changed by the beavers building a dam. Incidentally the former course of the Conococheague was also referred to.

The first meeting of the society was voted a success, and as good night was said, Dr. and Mrs. Martin were thanked for their hospitality.

Thus it was for Dr. Martin, at that time the head of our chief educational institution, to become the founder of this society, and the means of successfully launching an institution that has in many essentials, in line with its object, modestly endeavored to collect and perpetuate matters of historical interest and research. Four volumes, aggregating 1,000 pages, comprise the work of the society up to February, 1905. The fifth volume, which will comprise the contributions of the past three years, and complete the decade we are commemorating this evening, will furnish a total of fourteen or fifteen hundred printed pages to the archives of the Kittochtinny Historical Society.

The story of the work and achievements of the society in ten years, not to occupy too much of your time and attention, is best told by a classification and presentation of the subjects handled.

In securing, collating and preparing the historical incidents, legends and traditions of the county and Cumberland Valley, the papers show, for the most part, industry and careful research. The subjects, classified, relate to

1. THE RED MAN AND COLONIAL PERIOD .

"The Indians of the Valley." By Major Ives.

"Colonial Defences of Franklin County." Mr. Hoerner.

"From the Cumberland Valley to the Western Reserve; A Sketch of the Life of Captain Samuel Brady." Mr. Collins.

"John Wilkins, Carlisle Merchant and Indian Trader." Mr. Brereton.

"The Indians of the Lower Susquehanna." Robert C. Blair, York, Pa.

"Penn's Land Purchases." Mr. Sellhamer.

2. THE EARLY HIGHWAYS.

"Braddock's Route." Major Ives.

"Our Old Highways." (Two Papers). Mr. Orr.

3. RELATING TO THE BARRENS, etc.

"The Traditions Relating to the Barrens of the Limestone Lands of the Cumberland Valley, with Special Reference to Franklin County." Mr. Orr.

"The Tradition Concerning Our Limestone Lands." Mr. Cooper.

4. RELATING TO OUR MINERAL WEALTH.

"Franklin County, Past, Present and Future, Geologically and Mineralogically Considered." Colonel Demming, Harrisburg.

"The Geology and Topography of Cumberland Valley, Pennsylvania." Dr. Ihseng.

5. EARLY SCHOOL DAYS AND SCHOOLS.

"Early School Girls of the Conococheague." Mr. Seilhamer.

"The Schools of Our Fathers." Prof. Alexander.

"The Old Academy." Mr. Cree.

"The Mercersburg Academy." Dr. Irvine.

6. RELATING TO THE SCOTCH-IRISH.

"The Origin and Early History of the Scotch-Irish." Dr. Crawford.

"Mother Cumberland." Mr. Seilhamer.

"A Backward Glance at the Traits, Traditions and Personality of the Early Scotch-Irish." Mr. Foltz.

"Scotch-Irish Occupancy and Exodus." Judge Stewart.

"An Ancestry Hunt in Ulster." Mr. Seilhamer.

"Missing Branches of Our Oldest Family." Mr. Seilhamer.

"Some Missing and Misplaced Ancestors." Mr. Seilhamer.

"Old Conococheague Families." Mr. Seilhamer.

"Contents of a Barrel." Mr. Seilhamer.

"Scenes and Incidents of the Cumberland Valley." Mr. Brerton.

7. GERMAN SETTLEMENT AND GERMAN INFLUENCE.

"An Early Literary By-Path Along the Conococheague." Mr. Harbaugh.

"The German Settlement." Mr. Seilhamer.

"German Influence in Pennsylvania with Special Reference to Franklin County." Mr. Foltz.

"Facts Suggested by German Influence Paper." Mr. Cooper.

8. CHAMBERSBURG AND ITS FOUNDERS.

"The Founders of Chambersburg." Mr. Seilhamer.

"Benjamin Chambers." Mr. Cooper.

9. THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

"Path Valley Before the Revolution." Mr. Pomeroy.

"The Cumberland Valley in the Revolutionary War." Captain John Hays, Carlisle, Pa.

10. THE WHISKEY INSURRECTION.

"The Relations that the People of the Cumberland and Franklin Counties Bore to the Whiskey Insurrection." C. P. Humrich, Carlisle, Pa.

"General Washington in Franklin County." Mr. Orr.

11. TRADITIONS OF AN EARLY DAY.

- "The Doctor Woman of Southampton Township." Mr. Orr.
 "Truths and Traditions of Early Days." Mr. Harbaugh.
 "Lewis, the Robber and Outlaw." Joshua W. Sharpe, Esq.
 "The Old Church Yard." Mr. Maurer.
 "A Romance of Cowan's Gap." Mr. Maurer.

12. ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

- "The Story of an Ancient Law Suit." Mr. Hoerner.
 "Manners and Morals One Hundred Years Ago." Dr. Martin.
 "Transitions of a Century." Mr. Foltz.

13. STATESMEN, SOLDIERS AND THEOLOGIANS, etc.

- "Franklin County in State and Nation Building." Mr. Nead.
 "James Buchanan, 15th President of the United States."
 Judge Gillan.
 "Dr. Hugh Mercer and Colonel Robert Magaw." Dr. Mont-
 gomery.
 "The Men of the Middle Spring." Mr. Seilhamer.
 "The ~~unpublished~~ Scholar—Dr. Philip Schaff." Mr. Harbaugh.
 "Dr. John Williamson Nevin, the Theologian." Rev. John
 C. Bowman, D. D., Lancaster, Pa.
 "Rev. Dr. E. Elnathan Higbee." Prof. George F. Mull, Lan-
 caster, Pa.
 "Culbertson Row." Mr. Orr.

14. RELATING TO OLD FAMILIES.

- "History of the Wilson Family." Judge Gillan.
 "J. Orr & Brothers." Mr. Orr.

15. EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS.

- "John M. Cooper, Journalist and Historian." Mr. Foltz.
 "A Notable Publication House in Chambersburg, 1835-64."
 Mr. Foltz.

16. RELATING TO INSURRECTIONS.

- "The Buckshot War." Mr. Cooper.
 "John Brown." James P. Matthews, Esq., Washington, D. C.
 "What I Saw in Charlestown, Va., in December, 1859." Mr.
 Maurer.

17. RELATING TO SOME OF OUR NATIVE POETS.

- "Some of Our Native Poets." Mr. Harbaugh.
 "Isabella Oliver, an Early Poetess of the Cumberland Valley."
 Joshua W. Sharpe.

18. VILLAGE AND TOWNSHIP SKETCHES.

- "Fort Loudon." Rev. James M. Mullan, Baltimore, Md.
 "St. Thomas." C. M. Deatrich.
 "North Hamilton Township." C. M. Deatrich.

19. OTHER LOCAL SUBJECTS.

- "The Flora and Fauna of Franklin County." Dr. Palmer.
 "A Forgotten Battle of the Civil War." Linn Harbaugh, Esq.
 "An Account of Jenkin's Raid." By Mrs. Cree.
 "Our Banks." Mr. McIlvaine.
 "New England and Federal Hills." Mr. Maurer.
 "The Falling Spring." Mr. Maurer.
 "Our Mountain Streams." Mr. Maurer.
 "Personal Pickings from a Political Field." William I. Cook,
 Baltimore, Md.
 "Early Grist Mills of Lurgan Township." Mr. Orr.
 "Wagons and Wagoners of 1840." B. K. Goodyear, Esq.,
 Carlisle, Pa.
 "Arnold Brooks; a Noted Colored Man of Mercersburg." Mr.
 Harbaugh.

Two of the papers read before the society by Mr. Seilhamer were not furnished for publication in the volumes that have appeared, viz:

- "Penn's Land Purchases from the Indians," and
 "In Medias Res Scripta Est." ("This Writing is in the
 Midst of Things.")

Also—One by Mr. Maurer and one by Mr. Matthews.

In all, about eighty papers have been prepared and read before the society by the following:

WRITERS.	No. of Papers
Major Chauncey Ives,	2
Rev. Ernest V. Collins,	1
Thomas J. Brereton,	2
William S. Hoerner,	2
George O. Seilhamer,	12
J. G. Orr,	8
Hon. A. Nevin Pomeroy,	1
Hon. M. A. Foltz,	5
John M. Cooper, Esq.,	4
Linn Harbaugh, Esq.,	5
Rev. J. A. Crawford, D. D.,	1
Hon. John Stewart,	1
Hon. W. Rush Gillan,	2
Hon. B. M. Nead,	1
Dr. John Montgomery,	1
Dr. John C. Bowman, Lancaster, Pa.,	1
Dr. M. C. Ihseng,	1

Rev. S. A. Martin, D. D.,	1
Joshua W. Sharpe, Esq.,	2
B. Latrobe Maurer,	7
William Mann Irvine, Ph. D.,	1
Prof. M. R. Alexander,	1
James P. Matthews, Esq.,	2
James W. Cree,	3
Rev. James M. Mullan,	1
C. M. Deatrich, Esq.,	2
Dr. Charles F. Palmer,	1
J. S. McIlvaine, Esq.,	1
Robert C. Bair, York, Pa.,	1
Captain John Hays, Carlisle, Pa.,	1
C. P. Humrich, Carlisle, Pa.,	1
Prof. George F. Mull, Lancaster, Pa.,	1
Colonel Demming, Harrisburg, Pa.,	1
B. K. Goodyear, Carlisle, Pa.,	1
William I. Cook, Esq., Baltimore, Md.,	1
Total,	79

But this was by no means all of the work of the society.

Chambersburg was chosen as the place of meeting of the Scotch-Irish Congress—May 30 to June 2, 1901—upon invitation of The Kittochtinny Historical Society, and by it all the arrangements were made for the reception and entertainment of the distinguished visitors. Not only was Judge Stewart, the President of this society, at that time, made president of the Tenth Congress when it met, but the table of contents in its annual volume contains the names of ten or a dozen members of this society as contributors of valuable papers and addresses.

The round of pleasures given the visitors on this occasion included an excursion to Mont Alto park, where the sessions of the second day were held, and a concert and reception at Wilson College Saturday evening. At the park the ladies, among them colonial and other charming dames, gave to the members of the Congress, Governor of the State and other distinguished guests, their cheerful attentions in dispensing a generous hospitality.

The crowning event, planned by Colonel Gilmore, chairman of the executive committee, was the Covenanter service

in the historic Rocky Spring Presbyterian church, Sunday morning, June 2. At 11:15 the venerable Dr. MacIntosh slowly and reverently ascended the ancient stairway to the high pulpit and pronounced the invocation and preached the sermon. Rev. Dr. Crawford read and expounded the 23rd Psalm. William G. Reed occupied the chair at the desk of the precentor and conducted the singing, while Dr. Crawford lined out the words according to the Covenanter custom of old. The Psalm was sung to the tune of old "Flushing," the congregation heartily joining, and the precentor singing in a sweet tenor the closing line. Rev. Dr. McLanahan then read Psalm 44 and Hebrew 12. Dr. Macloskie, before offering prayer, said he was reminded of like services in Ireland, where he once gave lessons to a youth in 1859, who later entered the ministry, and whose son was now in this country preaching the gospel. But his voice began to falter, and tears began to flow, while many, including the reporters, broke into sympathetic sobs. Said one of these, in his account, "Nobody could have given any good reason for crying, but the fact that tears did unbidden flow could not be denied!" Dr. Macloskie then made a fervent prayer, thanking God for this old church and the sparkling waters outside and asked blessings upon the large congregation. "Make them," he implored, "as the fathers who worshipped here—faithful, and as one family."

That the members of the Tenth Scotch-Irish Congress were delighted with the advancement of their work in the Cumberland Valley, and especially Chambersburg, the beautiful cradle city of the Scotch-Irish race in America, was made quite apparent in the hearty acknowledgments made for the historical papers prepared and handed in by members of the Kittochtinny society. They were equally pleased with the characteristic hospitality of our people.

The time allotted to this part of the program is far too short to refer to the good things said of much of the work of this society during the past ten years. Histories, we are

told, are as perfect as the historian is wise, and is gifted with an eye and soul. The immortal bard says:

"Instructed by the antiquary times
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise."

Fully appreciating our short-comings, no claim is made for perfection in any such exalted ideals. In a fertile local field that has scarcely been touched, the aim is for faithful research and truthful narrative to aid the future historian. "As for a moral, if he tell his story well, it will need none; if he tell it ill, it will deserve none."

To attempt a description of the social features of the meetings of the ten years last past were an impossible task. The meetings are usually held at the homes of members, where invited guests share in the hospitality of the host and hostess, and good fellowship is supreme. Here it is that we may

"Laugh at the jests that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale."

"The cradle of the Scotch-Irish babe" is upon occasion ruthlessly rocked by the obstinate "Dutch." Harbaugh, who is Dutch-Scotch-Irish, hardly knew where he was at when asked to appear before the Scotch-Irish Congress with a paper. In his own words he thus meditated: "Knowing that I was associated somewhat with German attributes, I felt that I had better inquire of some of my friends what would be the modest and proper thing to do. Among others I asked my friend, Dr. Montgomery, and said: 'You know of this visitation that is coming on our beautiful valley, and I thought I would like to ask you'— 'O,' interrupted the Doctor, 'you ought to be vaccinated by all means.'"

Pilgrimages for the enjoyment of rural scenes and country life have been occasional innovations for the members of the society. The excursions to "Ragged Edge," upon invitation of Mr. M. C. Kennedy, its fortunate owner, were a delight, not alone for the genuine hospitality of the host and hostess, but for the lovers of the beautiful and historic, and the thronging traditions and legendary lore the winding,

tree-bordered Conococheague suggest. The subtle beauty and charm a visit to "Ragged Edge" afforded, never once found a laggard on the part of the members of this society.

An excursion to the ancestral home of the great-hearted Dr. Lesley M. Kauffman, and a more recent automobile trip to "The Maples," the hospitable and attractive home of ex-Commissioner T. G. Zarger, also are lingering memories, a delight to dwell upon.

To go back further is to recall an excursion to Mercersburg on the evening of May 1, 1902, upon invitation of Dr. Irvine, to hear an address, before the students, from James D. Law, the distinguished author and historian, on "General Hugh Mercer," patriot and Christian gentleman, whose services as a physician in the Conococheague settlement were as eminent as was his valor as a soldier. The members were accompanied by their wives and daughters, and the occasion proved one of the most brilliant in the history of the society.

Yet another delightful event to be recalled was the manner in which the speeding of the last hours of the 19th and welcoming of the 20th century was observed. This was made possible through a reception and function at the home of Colonel James R. Gilmore, Monday night, December 31st, 1900, in honor of United States Senator Thomas R. Bard, of California, a native of Chambersburg, and the boyhood friend and companion of the host. Several hundred invitations had been issued, and to avoid anything like a crush, the guests were invited in groups. The first began to arrive at 8 o'clock and from that hour to 11 there was a stream of arriving and departing friends. The last group was comprised almost wholly of members of the Kittochtinny Historical Society, and these prolonged their stay until after midnight.

Senator Bard was proud of the greeting he received, as all present bade him "Good Morning" at the last stroke of twelve, and the company, standing, united in good wishes to the host and his family and to each other, and took their departure, congratulating themselves that they had the opportunity of so pleasantly bidding farewell to the old and welcoming the new century.

An exchange with kindred societies and contributions from other sources, bring to the archives of this society many works of historic value. For these, quarters have been secured in the room of the Public Library in this building, (Chambersburg Trust Company), where a section is set apart for the Library of our society, its curios, mementoes, old works, maps, antiquities, rare manuscripts, and so on.

This society is a member of the State Federation of Historical Societies, and at a late meeting of the American Historical Association was represented by Hon. B. M. Nead, a member of the Kittochtinny Historical Society. This important affiliation greatly enhances our resources for historic research.

An undertaking regarded of such importance as no longer to be neglected, is the marking of points of historic interest in our county, a committee appointed for this purpose, recommending as an inauguration of the work, the marking of the place at Mont Alto where Captain Cook, chief officer in John Brown's raid, was arrested.

In the ten years of the existence of this society, the Grim Reaper has been busy with its membership. So far the number of our dead reaches ten—one for each year. Let us speak reverently of our departed companions, the Rev. James F. Kennedy, D. D., Captain John H. Walker, B. Latrobe Maurer, John M. Cooper, Captain W. H. H. Mackey, F. H. Shumaker, Thomas B. Kennedy, James W. Cree, General J. F. Boyd, and the Rev. J. Agnew Crawford, D. D. "Lives such as theirs build their own monument."

The late B. Latrobe Maurer, for the first four years was secretary of the society. Interested from young manhood in our town and county's wealth of history and tradition, it was a devotion with him to do what he could to preserve and perpetuate them. As with his contributions to the press, his papers before this society were distinguished for their breadth and accuracy, and the ease and sprightliness of narrative given. A model secretary, his annual reports teem with good things said of the society. In his first report, in referring to the work accomplished, he said it was doing well for a child just out of its swaddling clothes and as it grew and

continued to improve, he termed it "a proud boy yet in his knee breeches." Were the lamented secretary with us to-night—rest his soul in peace—he would see it a cheerful young man, and join in the wish that the Kittochtinny Historical society, like the brook, might say:

"And men may come, and men may go,
But I live on forever, ever;
I live on forever."





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